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MACDONALD OF THE ISLES

A ROMANCE OF THE PAST AND PRESENT

By A. M. W. STIRLING

AUTHOR OF "COKE OF NORFOLK AND HIS FRIENDS" ETC. ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

NEW YORK
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THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

TO

ALICE

WIFE OF

ALEXANDER

MACDONALD OF THE ISLES

(14TH BARONET, 21ST CHIEF OF SLEAT)

THROUGH WHOM

THE WRONG WAS RIGHTED

O ! sprung from the Kings who in Islay kept state,
Proud Chiefs of Clan Ranald, Glengarry, and Sleat !
Combine like three streams from one mountain of snow,
And resistless in union rush down on the foe !

Song of Flora Mac-Ivor in "Waverley."

THE Author desires to express very sincere thanks to all the owners of pictures, miniatures, or photographs which are reproduced in the present volume; viz. to Sir Douglas Seton-Steuart, Bart., of Touch; to Sir Archibald Sinclair, Bart., of Ulbster, for lending his miniature of Lady Macdonald, *née* Elizabeth Diana Bosville; to Mrs. Turnor of Kiplin for the portrait by Romney of Lady Almeria Carpenter; to the Rev. A. J. Macdonald of Killearnan, for his photograph of the miniature of Miss Elizabeth Macdonald (Miss Mhor Leandal); to the Proprietors of the *Northern Chronicle*; and to Harry Farmer, Esq., for his photograph of Macdonald's Table. The Author also desires to thank Lady Macdonald of the Isles for the Pedigree and Notes at the end of this volume, as well as for the interesting old list printed in Appendix IV. Thanks are likewise due to the Rev. A. J. Macdonald for allowing various quotations to be made from the history of the Clan Donald.

PREFACE

One word of explanation is perhaps necessary with regard to the present book.

In relating this story, which for romance and interest is surely difficult to surpass in this prosaic age, I have purposely avoided dealing at greater length with the more intricate problems and innumerable side issues connected with the earlier history of the Hebrides and the great Clan Donald. In order, however, to give to this latter-day romance its real sequence in the long chain of events which preceded it, it has been necessary to review that history as a whole. But in so doing, while well aware that there are varying accounts of the more legendary matter referred to in these pages, I have not wearied my reader with discussions upon such disputed points, but have preferred to present as a plain, unvarnished tale what appears to be the most generally accepted version of the events referred to. In brief, my aim has been to deal but lightly with that portion of my story which has already been treated exhaustively by authorities

more ably qualified for the task, and to dwell rather on that portion of it of which I am the sole historian, and which I trust the public may find as full of interest as it seems to that humble seanachie,

THE AUTHOR.

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MACDONALD OF THE ISLES

CHAPTER I

Somerled the Warrior

To review the story of the Macdonalds of Sleat is to probe into an almost prehistoric past, where the actual and the supernatural, fact and legend, are eternally intermingled, and where the connecting links must be tracked through an abiding haze of romance, of poesy, of folklore, and of the angry clash of ancient feuds. To eliminate the element of fantasy from such records would be not merely to reduce poetry to prose, but to rob them of their most faithful characteristics, the haunting echo of the dead centuries, the heritage of a strong people who, entrenched in their sea-girt isles, still preserve, in its pristine freshness, something of the simplicity, as well as the mystery, of their age-old past.

Yet, despite its antiquity, the tale as told by their historians is singularly circumstantial in

detail; and their conclusions may be summarised as follows.

Conn-Ceud-Chathach, or Constantinus Centimachus, "Conn of the Hundred Fights," one of the greatest heroes of antiquity, was "Ard Righ," or Supreme King of Ireland, in the second century of our era, and held his Court at Tara, a name said to be derived from *Teamhair*, meaning "the place of the wide prospect." To-day, this palace of vanished royalty is represented by a broad, grassy hill in County Meath, covered with earthworks, showing the sites of the ancient royal buildings, which can yet be clearly located from descriptions which have survived.[1]

Fourth in descent from the famous Conn, the Irish chroniclers trace Eochaid Dubhlin, King of Ireland, who married a Scottish Princess, Aileach, a daughter of the King of Alba, "a mild, true woman, modest and blooming." This royal couple had three sons, all called Colla, with another name attached, which title, according to an ancient poem, was given them for being rebellious, and probably means a strong man.[2] These Princes obtained extensive settlements in Scotland, founding there the "Clann Cholla"; indeed, the oldest of them, Colla Uais, gave his share of Ireland to his brothers,

[1] See *Myths and Legends of the Celtic Race*, by T. W. Rolleston (1911), p. 124, note 2.

[2] The galley in the coat of arms of the Chief of Sleat is supposed to represent the ship in which the three Princes Colla sailed over from Ireland to Scotland. Very early seals of the Lords of the Isles depict the galley with rowers in it.

and lived for fifteen years in Scotland, although he eventually died at Tara of the Kings, in A.D. 337.

Thus was the Scottish element grafted on to the Irish; and, twenty-two generations in a direct line from Conn of the Hundred Fights, his descendant, Godfrey MacFergus, was known as Toshach, or Ruler of the Isles, until, according to tradition, he was expelled from his kingdom by the Norsemen.

About the year 880 a revolution had taken place in Norway, Harald Harfager established himself as King of that country, and, many of his opponents flying from his tyranny, formed a settlement in the Western Isles, whence they issued forth in piratical expeditions, to harass and plunder the ships and country of the usurper. Harald at length sent strong forces to subdue these Vikings, and triumphantly added to Norway both the Western Isles and the Isle of Man, whose kings were subsequently forced to hold their titles in subservience to his own.

The history of the Isles throughout the following centuries is the story of ceaseless battles between the invaders and the invaded, in the course of which Gilledomnan (or the Servant of Adamnan, *i.e.* Iona), a descendant of Godfrey MacFergus, fled before the conquering Danes to take refuge in the land of his ancestors, Ireland. While his daughter, whether of choice

or necessity, married Harold Gillies, the King of Norway, his son Gillebride, or the Servant of St. Bride, strove valiantly to regain the inheritance which his father had lost. Probably in those troublous times father and son, in turn, wielded the sovereignty of their little kingdom and in turn were overthrown by their many foes; but it is said that, after the death of Malcolm, King of Scotland, Gillebride, with other Celtic inhabitants of Scotland, fought for the exclusion of Malcolm's son and consequently incurred the vengeance of the Anglo-Saxon party who triumphed in the struggle.[1] An angry fugitive, he took refuge in a cave in the district of Morvern [2] in Argyleshire, of which country he was the ostensible owner, and, dwelling there in this primitive stronghold, he acquired the name of Gillebride Na'n Uaimh, or Gillebride of the Cave.

Now of the sons of Gillebride Somerled [3] was reputed to be the handsomest and best, celebrated alike for his beauty, strength and courage. "He was," says an ancient chronicler quaintly, "a well-tempered man, in body shapely, of a

[1] *History of the Western Highlands and Isles of Scotland*, by Donald Gregory, 2nd ed. p. 12.

[2] The district now called Morvern was, in former time, apparently known as Kenalban, or the promontory of Alban or Scotland.

[3] Somerled is said to have been the same as Somerhairle or Samuel, but Sir Andrew Agnew, in his *Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway*, vol. i., note p. 31, states that it is a Norwegian name meaning Summer Warrior, and that it is not the same as Somerhairle, which is Gaelic for Samuel. Sumar lidi, or summer soldiers, was a name early applied to the Vikings, who, as sea rovers, usually marauded in the summer-time.

fair and piercing eye, of middle stature and quick discernment." [1] Historians of a later date have loved to ascribe to this warrior the gigantic stature with which semi-mythical heroes invariably become endowed when seen through the mist of centuries. Such a conclusion, however, is contrary to the actual teachings of history, which tend to show that the men who have left their mark upon the world's story were rarely giants in physique, but men, rather, whose sturdy bodies could afford to nourish a mighty brain. Somerled therefore, apart from the romance of the ages, was abnormal but in intellect and prowess, while even this was not at first apparent. Judged by the standard of worth prevalent in his day, he was, for a time, a ne'er-do-weel. This phase of his life, as preserved by tradition, has been told during recent years, in a story wholly unauthenticated, but picturesque withal, and rich with local colour.[2] The tale runs that Somerled was the son of a King Godfrey, the youngest of four princes, and that, devoid of ambition and of warlike propensities, while his brothers carried fire and sword into the haunts of their enemies, he, indolent and indifferent, passed his days in the peaceful pursuits of hunting and fishing, and earned contempt for his portion :—

[1] From *A Manuscript History of the Macdonalds*, written by Hugh Macdonald, a seanachie of the end of the seventeenth century.

[2] *A Summer in Skye*, by Alexander Smith, edited with notes, etc., by L. Maclean Watt.

His looking-glass was the stream; his drinking-cup the heel of his shoe; he would rather spear a salmon than spear his foe; he burned no churches, the only throats he cut were the throats of the deer; he cared more to caress the skins of seals and otters than the shining hair of women. Old Godfrey liked the lad's looks, but had a contempt for his peaceful ways, and, shaking his head, thought him little better than a ne'er-do-weel, or a silly one. But for all this there was a deal of unsuspected matter in Somerled. At present he was as peaceful as a torch or a beacon—unlit. The hour was coming when he would be changed, when he would blaze like a burnished torch or a beacon on a hill-top against which the wind is blowing.[1]

In short, Somerled's indifference was assumed, and he was but biding the moment to come forth in his true character. Then, by and by, while he still awaited the call to leadership, it came about that the Island people over whom his ancestors had ruled fell into sore straits for a leader. Pressed on all sides by foes who had invaded the land, and with whom, bereft of a chief, they could not contend, they sought about for someone to aid them in their plight, and at length bethought themselves of a suitable lord, the descendant of Godfra, Toshach of the Isles, the handsome young hunter who was chasing deer on the Argyleshire hills.

A council was held, and it was resolved that a deputation should be sent to Somerled to state their case, and to offer, if he would accept the

[1] *A Summer in Skye*, by Alexander Smith, p. 108.

office of Chieftain, that he and his children should be their Chieftains for ever. In some half-dozen galleys the deputation set sail, and finally arrived at the Court of old Godfrey. When they told him what they wanted, that potentate sent them to seek Somerled; and him they found fishing. Somerled listened to their words with an unmoved countenance, and when they were done he went aside a little to think over the matter. That done, he came forward—"Islesmen," he said, "there's a newly-run salmon in the black pool yonder. If I catch him, I will go with you as your chief; if I catch him not, I shall remain where I am." [1]

The answer was characteristic alike of the reckless young Nimrod, and of the men with whom he had to deal—a race who pinned their faith on the verdict of omens and the ruling of Chance. So the Islesmen, well content, sat down by the river to watch, and Somerled, the expert fisherman, cast his line over the black pool. And lo! the waters of the black pool stirred, and a shining salmon leapt in the sun, and soon, so great was the skill of the angler, or so decisive the mandate of Fate, the silvery fish lay writhing on the golden sand of the river bank. Then the Islesmen rose with a great shout and hailed Somerled as their leader, and standing proudly before them, he told them that he was ready either to be their Chief, or to serve in their ranks, as they willed; but that if they once accepted him as leader, they must

[1] *A Summer in Skye*, p. 108.

swear implicit obedience to his commands—so only would he consent to rule over them. And it is further recorded how, to emphasise the solemnity of that oath of allegiance, he turned to where beside the cave which had previously sheltered him there waved a sapling which had sprouted there from those his earliest years. With his prodigious strength, plucking up the tree by the root, he cast it upon his shoulder; and a King in bearing as in fact, amidst the plaudits of the people who acclaimed him, he "desired them to be of good courage and do as he did; and so by his persuasion, all of them having pulled a branch and putting the same on their shoulder, went on encouraging each other."[1]

Thus through the hazy legends of the past we can still see Somerled as he stepped into the large galley destined for him, and with those of lesser honour following in his wake, sailed away towards Skye as Chief. And even while he hastened to their rescue the plight of the Islanders who awaited him had grown worse, till in their extreme need they agreed to accept as their leader the first man who should appear. Then again the ruling of Fate was apparent, for, at this crisis, on the horizon the sails of the returning galleys became visible, and shortly there stepped on to the shore "Somerled with his bow, quiver and spear, ready armed for conquest," so that upon his appearance they raised a

[1] MS. of Hugh Macdonald.

great shout of joyous laughter. Their champion was come who should lead them to victory. Their Chief was come before whom the Norsemen should scatter like sand before the sea-wind. The Lord of the Isles was come; and in that moment when he trod upon the shore of Skye, was decided the future of the Islanders and their remote descendants.[1]

Forthwith Somerled, *Rex Insularum*, from whose loins was to spring a race of kings, proud rulers who ranked themselves before the Monarchs of Scotland, stands out for all time a figure romantic, half-mythical, yet wholly convincing. Vanished from that day forward was the indolent young hunter, who had expended his giant strength in the childish joys of the chase. In his place uprose a doughty warrior, mighty alike in body, brain, and soul, a veritable king and a slayer of men. With the dew of the mountains upon his brow, with the breath of the ocean in his nostrils, with his dauntless courage and his invincible sword, he struck terror into the hearts of his foes, and dyed his garments red in their blood. Nor did he owe less to his matchless courage than to the "quick discernment" and ready strategy with which he was gifted. One of his first acts was a ruse which proved singularly effective:—

[1] The seanachie of Sleat, however, places the scene of Somerled's first achievements as a warrior in Morvern, and his conquest of the Isles at a subsequent date. It must again be emphasised that the above is related merely as a picturesque local tradition in Skye.

"Being once on a very small island, with only a hundred followers, he was besieged by the whole Norwegian fleet, and, apprehensive that the enemy might overpower him, he adopted a singular stratagem to intimidate them from landing. The whole force under his command being clothed in goats' skins, he ordered the Highlanders to march round the island with their colours flying and their bagpipes playing. This attracted attention, and the moment his troops had passed out of sight, the men were desired to turn their coats inside out, and with this altered exterior, and a different gathering played on the bagpipes, they marched past the Norwegian fleet again. Having repeated this singular metamorphosis several times, the invaders became intimidated at the number of regiments apparently mustering to oppose them, and set sail without beat of drum. This is the only instance on record when a Lord of the Isles became a turncoat." [1]

The story is related thus, by the seanachie of Sleat:—

There was a hill betwixt them (the forces of Somerled) and the enemy, and Somerled ordered his men to put off their coats and put their

[1] *Scotland and the Scotch or the Western Circuit*, by Catherine Sinclair, 1840, pp. 191–192.

Another version states that each man was ordered to kill his cow, and this having been done and the animals skinned, the Gaels awaited the approach of the enemy, when the little army marched in the manner described, round and round the eminence on which they had been camped (*The Clan Donald*, vol. i. p. 40).

shorts and full armour above their coats. So, making them go three times in a disguised manner about the hill, that they might seem more in number than they really were, at last he ordered them to engage the Danes, saying that some of them were on shore and the rest in their ships; that those on shore would fight but faintly so near their ships; withal he exhorted his soldiers to be of good courage, and to do as they would see him do, so they led on the charge. The first whom Somerled slew he ript up and took out his heart, desiring the rest to do the same, because that the Danes were no Christians. So the Danes were put to the flight; many of them were lost in the sea endeavouring to gain their ships; the lands of Mull and Morverin (Morvern) being freed at that time from their yoke and slavery.[1]

No sooner had Somerled rid the Isles from his foes, than he "thought to recover Argyle from those who, contrary to right, had possessed it." In a short time he had mastered Lorn, Argyle, Kintyre, Knapdale; "most of the inhabitants knowing these lands were his by right, as formerly belonging to and possessed by his predecessors."[2] Having driven his foes before him, in truth, like the drifting sand along his Island shore, he, according to Hugh Macdonald, assumed the title of Thane of Argyle, which, as the Chronicler assures us, "was one of the highest titles in those times, being equal to a Prince . . . he was not created Thane by the King, but pursued for his own rights, for

[1] MS. of Hugh Macdonald. [2] *Ibid.*

there were eight or nine of Somerled's predecessors who were Thanes of Argyle." [1]

But peace was of short duration in those days, and the Island property of Somerled was quickly threatened. Olave the Red, King of Man, Isla, Mull and the Isles southward of the point of Ardnamurchan, determined to seize all the Isles south and north, pretending his right to them from the King of Denmark. He arrived with a fleet and encamped at Loch Stornua, when again Somerled's diplomacy came to his aid. He went down in an apparently friendly spirit to meet the invader, and arriving at the opposite side of the Loch, he "cried out to know if Olave were there, and how he fared?" Olave replied briefly that he was well. Somerled then continued—"I come from Somerled, Thane of Argyle, who promises to assist you conditionally in your expedition, provided you bestow upon him the hand of your daughter Ragnhildis in marriage."

Olave, however, was neither to be deceived nor coerced. He replied that he knew well who was his interlocutor, and that he refused to give his daughter in marriage to Somerled; nevertheless he charged Somerled and his men to follow upon the present expedition. Somerled, who, tradition relates, was deeply enamoured of the fair Ragnhildis, with apparently imper-

[1] MS. of Hugh Macdonald. Argyle, however, was not a Thanedom, and Somerled is more generally termed Regulus of Argyle.

turbable amiability, agreed to this latter proposition, for what he could not gain by persuasion and did not want to enforce by enmity, he was minded to achieve ere long by a stroke of diplomacy.

In this he found an unexpected coadjutor. There was in Olave's company a devoted friend of Somerled, Maurice MacNeil, who was likewise foster-brother to Olave. Doubtless anxious to see the two men whom he loved united in the bond of relationship, Maurice waited until Somerled had brought his two galleys hard by the ship of Olave, and then secretly visiting Somerled, Maurice revealed to him a plan whereby he might win the promise to marry the daughter of Olave. Somerled having approved his suggestion, Maurice went subsequently in the night-time and "bored Olave's ship under water with many holes, and made a pin for each hole, overlaying them with tallow and butter." Olave, nothing suspecting, arose early and put out to sea, but after passing the point of Ardnamurchan, his galley sprung a leak, "casting the tallow and butter out of the holes, by the ship tossing on the waves; and beginning to sink, Olave and his men cried for help to Somerled. Maurice replied that Somerled would not save him unless he bestowed his daughter upon him. At last Olave, being in danger of his life, confirmed by an oath that he would give his daughter to Somerled, who received him immediately

into his galley. Maurice went into Olave's galley and fixed the pins to the holes which he had formerly prepared for them, and by these means they landed in safety. From that time the posterity of Maurice are called MacIntyres (or Wright's sons) to this day" [1]

After this little incident Somerled and his prospective father-in-law, having joined forces, went together on an expedition which appears to have been pre-eminently successful; "they killed Macleid, who possessed Strath within the Isles of Skye. They killed Godfrey Du, or the Black, by putting out his eyes," which we are told was accomplished out of vengeance by a hermit appropriately named MacPoke, "because Godfrey Du had killed his father formerly. Olave killed MacNickoll in North Uist likewise."

Great renown thus came to the successful raiders, and about the year 1140, Somerled, according to promise, married Ragnhildis, the daughter of Olave.[2] About fourteen years later Olave, after a reign of forty years, was murdered by his nephews, who made a claim to half the kingdom of the Isles. His son Godred, on hearing of this, hastened from Norway, and was welcomed with joy by the Islanders as their

[1] MS. of Hugh Macdonald.

[2] Donald Gregory states this to be the "first authentic event in the life of Somerled." See the *History of the Western Highlands and the Isles of Scotland*, 2nd ed., 1881, p. 12.

King; but having attempted to rule tyranically, his subjects revolted, so that Somerled, assisting them, seized half the kingdom, thus becoming Righ Innsegall [1] as well as Regulus of Argyle.

He now waxed so powerful that the nobles of Scotland trembled before him, and, recognising that their King, Malcolm IV., the Maiden, was but young and weak, they feared that both he and they would fare ill in a contest with Somerled if the power of the latter were not diminished. They therefore sent a powerful army into Argyle under command of the Mormaor of Angus, who, harassing the country wherever he went, demanded that Somerled should renounce either his right to Argyle or his rulership of the Isles. Somerled, however, meeting his foes, a battle ensued, which was fought so fiercely on either side that nine thousand men were left dead upon the field, and the combatants were too exhausted to continue hostilities.

Comparative peace subsequently reigned for a time, but on Malcolm the Maiden attaining manhood the nobles strove again to rouse his ire against Somerled, "hoping, if he should be crushed, they might get his estate to be divided among themselves, and at least to get him expelled from the country." Some chroniclers, indeed, assert that Somerled was in truth a bloody tyrant, whose boundless ambition induced him to contemplate the conquest of the whole

[1] See p. 22.

of Scotland, but Hugh Macdonald staunchly upholds his cause, stating that he merely strove bravely to retain what was lawfully his against the depredations of jealous foes. There seems little doubt that the policy of the Crown was to crush the independent Princes of Scotland, and that the Celtic population were determined to resist this attempt to rob them of their freedom. Thus, while it is impossible to deny that Somerled was ambitious, we must also recognise that the Scottish King at this date was attempting to grasp the mainland territories which did not form part of his own kingdom, and thus compelling Somerled to assume the defensive. Meanwhile Hugh asserts confidently that Malcolm had no personal animosity against Somerled,[1] whom it would, apparently, have been more diplomatic on his part to conciliate than to alienate, but that, a weakling in the hands of his councillors, he agreed to attempt what they dictated.

Somerled, being informed thereof, resolved "to lose all or possess all he had in the Highlands"; therefore, gathering together all his forces from the Isles and Continent, and shipping them in one-hundred-and-sixty galleys, he sailed up the Clyde and landed at Greenock. "The

[1] Donald Gregory, in his *History of the Western Highlands*, p. 15, however, states that Somerled had early made himself obnoxious to Malcolm IV. by espousing the cause of his nephews, the sons of Malcolm MacHeth, whose claim now seems, on minute inquiry, to have been well founded. Somerled had given MacHeth his sister in marriage, which shows the opinion he entertained of the justice of MacHeth's claim.

King came up with his army to Glasgow, in order to give battle to Somerled, who marched up the south side of the Clyde leaving his galleys at Greenock. The King's party quartered at Renfrew. Those about him thought proper to send a message to Somerled, the contents of which were that the King would not molest Somerled for the Isles, which were properly his wife's right; but as for the lands of Argyle and Kintyre, he would have them restored to himself." [1]

Somerled's answer to this insulting mandate was, according to the ancient chronicler, both reasonable and courageous. He pointed out that he "had as good a right to the lands upon the Continent as he had to the Isles"; that with regard to the Isles, so far from their being his only through right of his wife, he "had an undoubted right to them, his predecessors being possessed of them," and he finally stated that he would aid Malcolm in all else, and be as loyal as any of the King's other friends, but that "as long as he breathed he would not condescend to resign any of his rights which he possessed to any man, and that he thought himself as worthy of his own as any about the King's Court."

When the messenger returned to Malcolm with this manly and reasonable answer the King was perplexed. While he still had no desire for the destruction of Somerled,

[1] MS. of Hugh Macdonald.

his nobles, mindful of Somerled's prowess, were afraid to pit their strength against so powerful a foe. But what they were fearful of attempting by fair means, they at last determined to accomplish by treachery, and the ruse which they employed was singularly revolting.

Various are the accounts of the battle of Renfrew, in which both forces claimed the victory, but historians agree in narrating this foul deed which blackens the memory of Malcolm. There was among the followers of the King a young nephew of Somerled, his sister's son. By dint of a large reward they bribed this youth to visit his uncle in an ostensibly friendly spirit, and, having gained access to him, to accomplish his murder. Young MacNeil, having been won over by their fair promises, sailed across in a little boat to where the opposing army was encamped, "at the confluence of the river Paisley into Clyde," when, seeing a solitary man coming thus amicably to visit a relation, for once the astute Somerled and his followers were deceived. Maurice was readily admitted to a private audience with his uncle, whom he murdered, and then made good his escape. When Somerled's followers discovered what had happened they fled terror-stricken to their galleys, while Malcolm the Maiden and his nobles came triumphantly to view the corpse of their late powerful foe.

Then a dramatic incident happened. As the nobles stood gazing joyfully upon the helpless body of the man before whom they had so recently trembled, one of them, more contemptible than the rest, kicked the dead warrior with his feet. And when Maurice MacNeil saw this, the shame of his foul deed burnt like fire in his brain. He uprose before them all and denounced his past treachery. He had, he cried, done the deed "most villainously and against his conscience"; he was "unworthy and base to do so." Then he drew his "long scian," and, stabbing the man who had insulted the great Somerled, he fled from the vengeance of his companions and escaped again by swimming over the river.

Then in one particular did Malcolm the Maiden show a spirit worthy of a nobler monarch. He not only pardoned Maurice MacNeil for the murder of his noble, but at his own expense he sent a boat to carry the corpse of the dead Somerled, with all honour, for interment to Icolmkill, although it is said that it was accorded burial finally at the church of Saddell, in Kintyre, where the dead hero had commenced to build a monastery, afterwards completed to his memory by Reginald, his son.

Thus died Somerled the Warrior, to whom came great power and fortune through one Maurice MacNeil, and to whom, in the height

of his strength and glory, came death at the hands of another of that name, Maurice MacNeil, his own sister's son. And although legendary, indeed, may now be the tales which have gathered about his name, dimmed or distorted by the mist of ages the deeds of valour ascribed to his prowess, one thing is unquestioned—Somerled, the stalwart leader of lesser men, the man beside whom all others became but as dwarfs and pigmies in their puny strength—Somerled, King of the Isles and Lord of Argyle, was the mighty founder and progenitor of a mighty race, who are with us to this day, "the great family of de Insulis, or Macdonald of the Isles." [1]

[1] *History of the Western Highlands and Isles of Scotland*, by Donald Gregory, 2nd ed. p. 9.

CHAPTER II

The Trap of Clan Donald

After the death of Somerled his kingdom was *gavelled* or divided amongst his surviving offspring, according to the custom of his day. He left three sons by Ragnhildis, named Dugall, Reginald, and Angus.[1] From King Dugall[2] sprang the great House of Argyle or Lorn, patronymically called Macdugall; while from King Reginald, who succeeded to Isla, Kintyre and part of Lorn, sprang two great families, that of Isla, descended from his son Donald, and therefore patronymically styled *Macdonald*, and that of Bute, descended from his son Ruari, and therefore called MacRuari. Both the Macdonalds and the MacRuaries used the terri-

[1] According to the Orkneyinga Saga.

[2] "Both Dugall and Reginald were called Kings of the Isles at the same time that Reginald, the son of Godred the Black, was styled King of Man and the Isles; and in the next generation we find in a Norse Chronicle mention of three Kings of the Isles of the race of Somerled existing at one time. It is evident, therefore, that the word King, as used by the Norwegians and their vassals in the Isles, was not confined as in Scotland to one supreme ruler, but that it had with them an additional meaning, corresponding either to Prince of the blood-royal or to magnate" (*History of the Western Highlands and Isles of Scotland*, pp. 17–18).

torial surnames of "de Yla," or "of Isla" and "de Insulis," or "of the Isles."[1]

Of the sons of Reginald MacSomerled—three Princes named Donald, Roderick and Dugall—we are concerned only with the descendants of Donald, the powerful clan which still bears his name.

Out of that shadowy past there clings to them a legend of which it seems probable that Donald himself was the hero. Having inherited Kintyre, Isla and other islands, he was known as King of Innsegall,[2] and besides joining forces with the King of Norway (to whom the Isles still owed allegiance) against Alexander III. of Scotland, he aided the Norsemen when they sought to wrest the Isles from Godred, son of Olave the Red, who had regained possession of them. The tale runs that on one occasion when the galleys of the invading force lay battling in

[1] The main line alone used the designation of *De Yle* (of Isla). The Macruaries were styled *De Insulis*. Reginald, son of Somerled, was the first of the family recorded as *De Yle*, though the Isles must have been the home of the race several centuries before his day. The title of *De Yle* was the oldest territorial designation of his family, and always stood first in the order of their honours and dignities. "It was confined to the heads of the race, and while cadets of Macdonald might designate themselves *de Insulis*, or assume any other title they chose, they never presumed to adopt that of *De Yle*" (*The Clan Donald*, vol ii. p. 437).

[2] The name Gall has always been applied by the Gael to foreigners or strangers, to men of different race and language from themselves. The Western Isles, the theatre of the worst piratical ravages of the Scandinavian pirates, came to be known to the Gael as Innse-Gall, or the Islands of the Strangers. The family of De Ile, who were undoubtedly the heads of the Clan Cholla, both in Ireland and Scotland were frequently designated Righ Innsegall—Kings of the Isles—and in the beginning of the fifteenth century we find the bard MacVurich addressing Donald of the Isles as King of Innse-gall.

the surf, their leader, hot for the fray and anxious to encourage his followers, swore with a mighty oath that the warrior whose hand first touched the land before them should be the owner of that land for ever. No sooner had he spoken than Donald—or the Macdonald hero of the legend—sprang to the prow of his galley, and, with one bold stroke of his dirk severing his wrist in twain, he cast his bleeding hand with the sword still lodged in it far over the waves on to the shore beyond, thus obtaining for himself and his descendants indisputable possession of the coveted land of his ancestors. To this day the crest of the Macdonalds is the bleeding hand, and to this day the inhabitants of Skye tell the tale as though it had happened but yesterday, and point with assurance to the precise spot where the "red hand" fell upon their shores.[1]

It is said that in later life Donald, burdened with the crimes of an adventurous past, journeyed

[1] The spot is a point to the south of Score Bay. The above story is here told as it is related in Skye, but a similar legend has survived respecting Oban. This latter tale states that Somerled made his two sons, Dugall and Reginald, swim over from Oban to the Island of Kerrera opposite, and said that the swimmer whose hand first touched the land should be Lord of the Isles after him. Reginald (ancestor of the present Sir Alexander Macdonald, fourteenth Baronet and twenty-first Chief of Sleat), finding that he was getting beaten, cut off his hand and cast it upon the shore as described, thus acquiring the right of succession to his father's kingdom. In view of the persistence of the tradition, it is probable that some such incident actually took place, and it may be remarked that the legend as preserved in Skye not only appears more in conformity with the warlike age to which it is ascribed, but is likewise more plausible in that it is difficult to conceive how a man could cut off his hand while swimming.

upon a pilgrimage to Rome, in order to be reconciled to the Pope and the Church, taking with him seven priests, a number which, as we shall see, it was customary should be present on any great occasion, such as the proclamation of a Lord of the Isles. The Pontiff, on receiving the penitent warrior, asked the latter if he would indeed be willing to endure any torment which the Church might see fit to inflict upon him in expiation of his sins. Donald replied earnestly that if the Church so decreed he would be quite willing that they should burn him in a cauldron of lead—a rash suggestion at a date when it might have seemed fitting to the supreme Pontiff to put his piety to such a test. But the Pope, greatly impressed with this humility and penitence, at once gave him dispensation without the proffered ordeal; and Donald, returning shriven to Scotland, on the site where rested the bones of the great Somerled, rebuilt or restored the monastery of Saddell to the honour of the Blessed Virgin.

Donald was succeeded in turn by his sons and grandsons, the latter of whom were involved in the Scottish War of Independence. Alexander, the elder, espoused the cause of Edward I. of England, but Angus Og, the younger, having eventually thrown in his fortunes with Robert the Bruce, not only sheltered the latter when a fugitive for over half a year in his Castle of Saddell, in Kintyre, but later, with five thousand

"The Point where the Hand was thrown," Ru Bornaskitaig, Skye.

From a water colour by Murray Macdonald.

To face p. 24.

clansmen, fought for him at Bannockburn against Edward II. Although it is generally said that a great following of Highland Chiefs battled for Bruce on this occasion, yet such supreme faith had the latter in the devotion of Macdonald that before the fight he turned to him and said, "*My hope is constant in thee*"; a motto which is born to-day by the Clan Ranald branch of the Clan Donald, and which, many generations later, was thus sung by a Lowland poet, Sir Walter Scott—

> "One effort more and Scotland's free!
> Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee
> Is firm as Ailsa rock;
> Rush on with Highland sword and targe,
> I with my Carrick spearmen charge;
> Now forward to the shock!"

Moreover, although the military ranks of the clans were otherwise fixed and perpetual, the oldest cadet commanding the right wing, the youngest the rear, from that time forth, on account of the bravery and loyalty displayed at Bannockburn by the Clan Donald, there was granted to them the proud privilege in every encounter with their foes, of occupying the place of honour upon the right of all the clans present—a privilege to which, as we shall hear, was attributed, over four centuries later, an issue of which Bruce little dreamed.

True, the military success of the Macdonalds has by some been ascribed to a wondrous green

stone which, through the ages, is said to have brought to that Clan comfort for their sick and victory for their arms. With regard to this magic stone, a writer of the seventeenth century has left the following record :—

I had like to have forgot a valuable curiosity which they call Baul Muluy,[1] *i.e.* Molingus his Stone Globe ; this Saint was Chaplain to Mack Donald of the Isles ; his name is celebrated here (in Arran) on account of this Globe, so much esteem'd by the Inhabitants. This stone for its intrinsick value has been carefully transmitted to Posterity for several Ages. It is a green Stone, much like a Globe in Figure, about the bigness of a Goose Egg. The Vertues of it is to remove Stiches from the sides of Sick Persons, by laying it close to the Place affected, and if the Patient does not outlive the Distemper, they say the Stone removes out of the Bed of its own accord. They ascribe another extraordinary Vertue to it and 'tis this ; the

[1] Baul, the proper spelling of which is ball, means any round object. Muluy would appear to be a corruption from Maol-iosa or Malise, literally the shaveling of Jesus (*i.e.* one who was dedicated to, or the servant of, Jesus), the name by which was known St. Laserian, a Saint of Irish birth who flourished during the early Columban period. His name was corrupted by John of Fordoun and others to Maelios and Molies. Mael, however, is older Gaelic than Maol, and means, not bald-headed in the usual acceptance of the term, but shaven on the crown in the manner of Churchmen. According to the Scottish calendar, this saint died in 639, at the age of 100, and was buried at Shisken in Arran. Other authorities put his death at an earlier date. He was probably Chaplain to the Kings of the Scots of Dalriada, ancestors of the Lords of the Isles, under whose ægis flourished St. Columba and many Irish saints. His cell, scooped out of a rock, is still pointed out on Holy Island at the entrance of Lamlash Bay in Arran, with his stone chair, a shelf in the cave, and a well, close beside the cave, which, like the stone, possessed many virtues. His chapel or oratory is also there, and in the churchyard is his tombstone, on which he is represented with a chalice in his hands and a crozier beside him.

credulous Vulgar firmly believe that if this Stone is cast among the Front of an Enemy, they will all run away, and that as often as the Enemy rallies, if this Stone is cast amongst them, they still lose courage and retire. They say that *MackDonald* of the Isles carried this Stone about him, and that Victory was always on his side when he threw it among the Enemy.[1]

Why the foes of the Macdonalds did not pick up the magic stone when flung into their midst, and in their turn fling it back upon the Macdonalds, Martin does not suggest; but possibly its magic properties lay dormant save in the hands of the Clan who were its lawful owners. However that may be, either through the virtues ascribed to this possession by the "credulous vulgar," or through the might of his own prowess, Angus Macdonald greatly furthered the cause of

[1] *A Description of the Western Islands of Scotland*, by M. Martin Gent, London, printed for Andrew Bell at the *Cross Keys and Bible*, in Cornhill, near Stocks Market, edition 1703.

Martin goes on to explain with regard to this Stone how, at the date at which he wrote, "The Custody of the Globe is the peculiar Privilege of a little family called Mack Intosh, they were ancient followers of Mack Donald of the Isles. This Stone is now in the Custody of Margaret Millar, alias Mack Intosh. She lives in Baellmianiack and preserves the Globe with abundance of care; it is wrapped up in a fair linen Cloath, and about that there is a piece of Wollen Cloath, and she keeps it still lock'd up in her Chest, when it is not given out to exert its qualities." It may be added that this stone which had come down through the centuries and was believed to have procured in many a field victory for the Macdonalds, remained in the custody of Margaret Miller, alias Mackintosh, till about 1840, being then still used for the "cure of both man and beast." It was subsequently lost, it is said, "by being committed to the custody of a gentleman who partook too much of the scepticism of the age to have any faith in its virtue."

Robert the Bruce; and when the latter was firmly established upon the throne of Scotland, he did not forget the friend who had adhered to him in his need. While Alexander Macdonald, the opponent of Bruce, ended his days in captivity, the estates of which that luckless Chief was dispossessed by the newly made King were bestowed upon Angus, who thus, in his elder brother's stead, became Lord of the Isles.

Nevertheless, it was the son of Angus, John of Isla (usually known as *The Good* on account of his munificence to the Church), who subsequently regained nearly all the possessions of his ancestor Somerled, and thus once more held that Lordship in its entirety. He married his cousin Amie, daughter of Roderick, son of Allan MacRuari, and twelve years later, the brother of that lady being slain in a quarrel with the Earl of Ross, she consequently became the heiress to her father's estates. John of Isla, therefore, in 1344, joined her inheritance to his own, and thus again the Lordship of the Northern and of the Southern Isles, the property of the Macdonalds and of the MacRuaries, were united under one ruler, who henceforth assumed the style of *Dominus Insularum* in its complete signification.[1]

Yet John of Isla, surnamed *The Good* by the grateful churchmen who reaped his favours,

[1] The first recorded instance of this style being used by John of Isla is in an indenture with the Lord of Lorn in 1354 (*History of the Western Highlands and Islands*, by Donald Gregory, p. 24).

ruler of a devoted people and proud dispenser of justice to all who owned his sway, appears himself to have been guilty of an act of questionable integrity, respecting which, however, it is now impossible to unravel the true history. Despite the fact of his having acquired a great inheritance through Amie, his wife, he eventually decided to repudiate her in order that he might marry another of his cousins, the Lady Margaret, great-granddaughter of Robert the Bruce, and daughter of Robert, High Steward of Scotland, who afterwards ascended the Scottish throne as Robert II., the first Stewart King. Now, although the Lady Amie had been within the degree of consanguinity prohibited by the Church, the Pope had allowed a dispensation for her marriage with John of Isla, dated 1337, therefore, since the union had been thus legalised, and since it is amply admitted that she had been guilty of no fault, it is difficult to imagine on what grounds John of Isla was able to discard a wife who was nobly born and the mother of three sons. Still more astonishing is it to find that, besides ridding himself thus easily of the heiress of the MacRuaries, he could retain the lands of Garmoran and the North Isles, which were her lawful inheritance. Moreover, to exclude any future claims on her part, he procured a Royal Charter of these lands, in which her name is not even mentioned; while by various other charters, still in the public records,

her children were likewise barred from accession to the Lordship of the Isles. Thus, though the divorced wife of John of Isla seems to have been amply provided for both in wealth and castles, and though some of her lands were ultimately transferred to her sons even in the lifetime of their father, yet the remainder of her existence was passed in retirement and neglect, while the rest of her property continued in the possession of her former husband till the date of his death, which occurred in 1386. That year, having been carried while yet alive to his Castle of Ardtornish, in Morvern, the Lord of the Isles expired there three nights after, and was subsequently buried with untold splendour in Iona by the grateful churchmen whom he had enriched.

Thus it came about that while the strange fate of Amie and the reason of her abandonment by the Good John of Isla, can best be explained on the ground of political expediency, it also befell that, in the generations which followed, there were rival claimants to the Lordship of the Isles and to the supreme Chiefship of the Clan Donald—the descendants of John's first marriage with Amie MacRuari, and the descendants of his second union with Margaret Stewart. Therefore it is necessary to pause here in order to consider this situation more fully.

John of Isla by his first wife had three sons : John, who predeceased his father ; Reginald, or Ranald, the ancestor of Clanranald and Glen-

garry; and Godfrey, whom some authorities state to be older, some younger, than Reginald. By his second wife, the Princess Margaret, he had various sons, of whom the eldest was Donald.

Now at the death of the Lord of the Isles, although under Feudal law the sons of his first marriage would have succeeded by the right of seniority, that did not necessarily follow under the Celtic law of tanistry, or the system of elective Chiefship. Moreover, by the terms of the Royal Charters of Robert II., the "destination of the Lordship of the Isles was so altered as to cause it to descend to the grandchildren of the King."[1] Thus Donald became the undoubted Lord of the Isles, and was so recognised by his half-brothers and all his contemporaries.[2]

And in this, it cannot be too strongly emphasised, there was nothing unusual at that date, or of doubtful equity. In the history of the

[1] *History of the Western Highlands and Isles of Scotland*, by Donald Gregory, 2nd ed. p. 29.

[2] True that Godfrey, the son of Amie, during the lifetime of his mother upheld her claim to her own estates, but subsequent to the death of John of Isla, no opposition appears to have been offered to the succession of the son of the Princess Margaret to the Lordship of the Isles. Although Ranald, the son of the first marriage, during the seniority of Donald, became tutor or guardian to his half-brother and temporary ruler of the Isles, yet on Donald arriving at manhood, *Ranald, apparently without protest, resigned the power which he had wielded*. Still more remarkable is it that when, on the death of Ranald, his young children were callously dispossessed by their uncle Godfrey, who assumed the title of Lord of Uist, yet this same Godfrey likewise never disputed the claims of his half-brother Donald to the Lordship of the Isles. Finally, when Donald became involved in a war with the Regent, Duke of Albany, "the whole array of the Lordship of the Isles followed him on that occasion, and he was not weakened by any opposition on the part of his elder brothers and their descendants" (*History of the Western Islands of Scotland*, D. Gregory, 2nd ed. p. 3).

Kings of Scotland, as well as in the previous history of the Clan Donald, many similar instances may be cited ;[1] "the feudal law of primogeniture was not operative in the Isles ; lands were gavelled equally among the male members of a family."[2] But, above all, it is argued, the Chiefship of a Highland Clan was not a feudal dignity, and was held only by the consent of the clan itself—a consent which might be totally at variance with the rules which govern feudal succession, and which was not affected even by acknowledged irregularity of descent.[3] In short, the title of "Lord of the Isles—an assertion of

[1] The numerous claims set up to the throne of Scotland when that was rendered vacant by Alexander III. may be quoted as a case in point ; and we see likewise how, by an ancient practice in Scotland, the brother of a deceased monarch was often called to the throne in preference to his son or grandson. Even at a later period, when the law of primogeniture was more rigidly set forth, we yet find in the family of Hamilton, in 1513, that the descendants of the third Lord, by Lady Janet Home, were set aside in order that the succession should devolve upon the sons born to him by a subsequent marriage with Janet Beatoun.

[2] *The Clan Donald*, by the Rev. A. Macdonald, Minister of Killearnan, and the Rev. A. Macdonald, Minister of Kiltarlity, vol. i. p. 61.

[3] *Ibid.* vol. iii. p. 156 : "The question of the Chiefship of a Highland Clan has to be decided by the laws and customs which have regulated the community which formed the clan. It is a Celtic not a feudal dignity. . . . The Chief derives his position as such from the clan, and he cannot be put over them without their consent by any authority whatsoever. This may involve a collision with feudal authority. Several instances of this are to be found in the history of the Clan Donald, and in each case the will of the clan prevailed."

"While the law of primogeniture is the dominating principle of the feudal succession, the law of tanistry is the regulative law of Celtic succession. This law of tanistry embraced certain main features, one of which was that the succession was always continued in the family of the Chief within three degrees of relationship to the main line. Brothers succeeded preferably to sons . . . while the succession must always be carried on with the approval of the clan. . . . *If the clan accepted him and called him to his position, the Chief's right is not to be questioned*" (*ibid.* vol. iii. p. 157).

independence—was itself a Celtic dignity," and the ceremony by which it was inaugurated, "Celtic in its spirit, conception, and details," irrevocably settled the question of the Chiefship.[1]

Wherefore, in reviewing the matter from this standpoint, the primary question which we have to decide is, not who was the feudal heir of John of Isla, whether the eldest son of his first or of his second marriage, *but to whom, at his death, was the Lordship of the Isles and the supreme Chiefship of the Clan Donald actually transmitted in the order of Celtic succession.* And on this point there seems to be not the faintest shadow of doubt. "On a certain day at Kildonan, in the Island of Eigg, Reginald, the son of John of Isla, who, according to MacVurich, was Steward of the Isles at that time, handed over to Donald the sceptre of Innsegall, in the presence, and finally with the consent, of the men of the Isles," when "he was nominated Macdonald and Donald of Isla."[2] This act constituted the eldest son of John and the Princess Margaret the patriarchal head of his race; in that capacity he became "most undoubtedly feudal superior and actual Chief of his brothers, whether of the full or of the half blood";[3] and in recognition of this fact all the branches of the family of Macdonald unquestionably followed the banner

[1] *The Clan Donald*, p. 131. [2] *Ibid.* p. 162.
[3] *History of the Western Highlands and Isles*, p. 30.

of Donald and his successors through fortune and misfortune down to 1493.[1]

Now it is readily comprehensible that an understanding with regard to this disposition of the succession had existed betwixt John of Isla and Robert II. previous to the marriage of the former with the daughter of the latter. Still more is it credible that ere the death of John, his first family "had been thrown into the shade by his splendid alliance with the family of the High Steward of Scotland through his marriage with the Lady Margaret, daughter of the now reigning King, if not also by the degradation of their mother, Amie Macruari,"[2] and therefore that the sons of Amie, having been handsomely provided for, even in their father's lifetime, out of his vast possessions, were content that their supreme Chief should be chosen from what was viewed, certainly in diplomatic circles, as the more popular and more important branch of John's family. Nevertheless, it would appear probable that a yet more subtle reason may have operated in thus determining the destination of the succession. The Kings of Scotland had learnt that these Island Lords were rival rulers, whom it might be possible temporarily to quell, but whom it was impracticable permanently to crush. It behoved the Scottish monarchs, therefore, if they would ensure peace for their dominions, not only to bind in the bonds

[1] *The Clan Donald*, vol. iii. p. 162. [2] *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 132.

of friendship those whom they could attach by none other means, but likewise that no opportunity should be neglected whereby they might hope to cripple the strength of such formidable and indomitable competitors. Indeed, despite his gratitude to the Clan Donald, this fact had been so clearly recognised by King Robert the Bruce that he had left behind as one of the most weighty counsels for the future welfare of his kingdom that the Lordship of the Hebridean Isles should never be allowed to remain in the hands of one man.[1]

"The advice which King Robert the Bruce had left for the guidance of his successors, in regard to the Lords of the Isles," writes the historian Browne, "was certainly dictated by sound political wisdom. He foresaw the danger which would result to the crown were the extensive territories and consequent influence of these insular chiefs ever again to be concentrated in the person of one individual; and he earnestly recommended to those who should come after him, never, under any circumstances, to permit or sanction such aggrandisement . . . and though Robert Stewart could scarcely have been insensible of the eventual danger which might result from disregarding the admonition of Bruce, yet . . . since he could not with propriety obstruct the accumulation of so much property in one house, [he] attempted to sow the seeds of future discord by bringing about a division of property amongst the different branches of the

[1] "Ne quemquam unum Hebridarum insularum insularum dominum facerent" (Buchanan, lib. viii. 57).

family. With this view he persuaded John, who had been twice married, not only to gavel the lands among his offspring, which was the usual practice of his family, but also to render the children of both marriages feudally independent of each other. . . ."[1]

Although this is inaccurate in that, as we have clearly shown, the brothers of Donald were not feudally independent of him, but had accepted him as the acknowledged head of the entire Clan Donald, nevertheless it appears probable that Robert II., in promoting this situation, may have foreseen that such a condition of harmony was not likely to last, and may have furthered it with this ulterior object. Since all the surviving sons of John of Isla inherited great possessions and were powerful Chiefs, it was but probable that at some future date differences might arise between their descendants and their interests be at variance; wherefore thus cunningly were "the seeds of future dissension and discord sown among them." For one thing was amply apparent. The Clan Donald, ambitious, strong, and feared both by its allies and its antagonists, united was all-powerful, divided was weakened. To decimate its strength, to further rival factions among the branches of this vast family, was to enhance the safety of those to whom its unity presented a source of danger. A

[1] Browne's *History of the Highlands and Clans*, vol. iv. pp. 434–5.

kingdom divided against itself must surely fall.

Thus was the trap prepared for the family of Macdonald, and thus, by and by, did that great Clan fall therein, to its immediate detriment and to the evil of those that came after.

Donald, it must be stated, ably justified his selection to the rulership of the Isles. Bold, dauntless, and astute, he was a true descendant of Somerled, who fiercely maintained his independence and defended his possessions. Having married the Lady Mary Leslie, who became Countess of Ross in her own right, he claimed that Earldom through his wife, and embarked upon a contest with the Duke of Albany, then Regent of Scotland, who strove to wrest it from him. Thus on the eve of the Feast of St. James the Apostle, July 24th, 1411, was fought the famous battle of Harlaw, in which, although Donald was forced to retreat in order to recruit his exhausted strength, the victory remained disputed.

Hugh, the seanachie of Sleat, indeed, relates the following tale to prove that the day lay with Macdonald of the Isles. A certain Callum Beg MacIntosh, he says, who was for long retained a prisoner by the enemy, and was therefore reported to be slain, was, subsequent to his release from captivity in England, one day out riding with King James I., when the

King took the route which led to the site where the battle had been fought. After a time, turning to his companion, James asked, apparently cynically, how far the forces of Macdonald had "followed the chase." MacIntosh replied significantly that they had followed it farther than His Majesty thought. Thereat the King galloped on briskly for some distance, when, turning again to his companion, he inquired whether Macdonald's troops had "come that length." MacIntosh replied briefly that yonder lay a heap of stones in which was a token that would prove how far they had followed the chase. Arrived at the spot, he stooped down and from the heap of stones drew forth a grim but convincing trophy—the severed arm and gauntleted hand of a dead soldier. The King curtly commanded MacIntosh to report himself that night in Aberdeen, and MacIntosh, probably not daring to disobey the Royal mandate, duly repaired thither; but, having thus proved his obedience, he promptly fled from the city, fearful of the fate in store for him.

In short, the upshot of the battle of Harlaw is thus wittily summarised: "Patrick, Earl of Tullibardin, said, as other noblemen were talking of the battle of Harlaw, we know that Macdonald had the victory, but the Governor had the printer!" [1]

Nevertheless Donald, Lord of the Isles, was

[1] *Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis*, pp. 300–2.

ever afterwards known as "Donald of Harlaw"; moreover since his claim to the Earldom of Ross in right of his wife was, subsequent to his death, "virtually admitted by King James I., and as Donald was actually in possession of that Earldom and acknowledged by the vassals in 1411, he may without impropriety be called the first Earl of Ross of his family."[1] So, too, at his demise, he was succeeded in both dignities by his son Alexander, who thus became third Lord of the Isles of that dynasty, and second holder of the Earldom of Ross, of the race of Somerled.

Now this said Alexander had three sons: John, who succeeded him, and two others—Celestine, who became Lord of Lochalsh, and Hugh, Lord of Sleat.[2] The male line of Celestine became extinct about 1518, and therefore, on the death of the last direct male descendant of John in 1545, the representation of the dynasty passed to the descendants of Hugh, or Huistean, the founder of the family of Sleat, or Clan Uisdein.

It was, however, not till the actual Lordship of the Isles was nominally ended, that the question was raised as to who was indeed the rightful representative of that ancient line of

[1] *History of the Western Highlands and Isles*, pp. 31–2.

[2] Some authorities consider Celestine older, some younger, than Hugh; but as the descendants of the former are extinct, the point is immaterial; whereas every link in the descent of the present Chief from Hugh is known. See Pedigree, also Appendix I.

Princes and the true head of the great Clan Donald.

Now it is essentially not within the province of the present writer to enter into the intricacies of, or to express any opinion upon, the rival claims either to the Chiefship of Clan Donald or to the time-honoured Earldom of Ross; but for the elucidation of what follows, the former may be summarised briefly. Reginald or Ranald, the son of John of Isla by his first wife Amie, left two sons. From the elder is descended Clanranald. From the younger Glengarry is sprung. Both Clanranald and Glengarry deny the legitimacy of Sleat, while Glengarry further maintains that John of Moidart, a famous Clanranald Chief of the sixteenth century, was also illegitimate. Thus while Clanranald claims the Lordship of the Isles by virtue of seniority, Glengarry asserts himself to be the sole lawful heir. Meantime, not only can Sleat adduce weighty arguments in proof of the legitimacy of his ancestor Hugh,[1] but we remain confronted by the fact that, if the Lordship of the Isles was in truth a Celtic and not a feudal dignity, and if the claim of the two elder branches rests thus primarily upon their descent from Reginald, the latter never was Lord of the Isles, and the Chief of the House of Sleat to-day is undoubtedly the only lineal representative of the man who was so—Donald of Harlaw.

[1] See Appendix I.

Nevertheless, in all this, a yet wider issue was at stake, which these three claimants ignored.

For great as was the Lordship of the Isles, and proud as was the privilege for which each contended, greater still was the unity of the grand Clan Donald, and prouder still that boast of a splendid brotherhood, linked together in one vast family by a name handed down to them from the mighty dead.

But the preservation of that brotherhood—an issue higher far than the mere representation of the Lords who had ruled it—was sought by none; and it was left for a Chief many generations later, at a date when yet another wrong was righted, to discover a means whereby might be frustrated for ever that machination of their enemies—The Trap of Clan Donald.

CHAPTER III

Those that Came After

Nevertheless, in now tracing the fortunes of the House of Sleat, we must, it is obvious, bear in mind the conclusion that, if we once admit that Donald of Harlaw was proclaimed, accepted, and acknowledged by the Celtic law of tanistry to be Lord of the Isles—a fact which appears to be amply established—it seems inevitable to admit that the family of Sleat, or Clan Uisdein, remains to-day his undoubted representative. Since, therefore, this opinion is upheld by reliable authorities,[1] as such we must review the story of that House through the generations which follow.

Hugh Macdonald, the seanachie of Sleat, has left on record the ceremony which was

[1] Donald Gregory summarises this opinion when he states that the Chief of Sleat "*is now the undoubted heir-male of John, last Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, sprung from Hugh, third son of Alexander, Earl of Ross*" (*History of the Western Highlands and Isles*, p. 60). While the historians of *The Clan Donald* echo this opinion—"The family of Sleat alone stood in the direct line of succession to the old Family of the Isles, *and beside theirs, there is no other claim that can for a moment be entertained*" (vol. iii. p. 165). "Their hereditary descent in the direct line of the Chiefship is undoubted, besides which, they have been, from time to time, acknowledged as chiefs by the whole Clan Donald, *and from the verdict of the Clan there is no appeal*" (*ibid.* p. 168). See also Appendix II. It may moreover be asserted that

observed at the proclamation or inauguration of the Lords of the Isles, and which, while undoubtedly based on very ancient Irish usage, in display, pomp and symbolism, was very similar to that observed at the crowning of a King of Scotland.[1]

For this solemn event there were gathered together the Bishop of Argyle, the Bishop of the Isles and seven priests, with the Chieftains and all the principal families. The great people of the Islands being thus assembled, they stationed themselves round a large stone—seven feet square, whereon was cut "the tract of a man's foot." Upon this the Ruler of the Isles first stood, "denoting that he would walk in the footsteps and uprightness of his predecessors, and that he was installed in his possessions." He was next clothed in a snow-white garment "to show his innocence and integrity of heart, and that he would be a light to his people and maintain the true religion"; which white garb afterwards became the property of the poet or bard of the clan. Thirdly, the Chief received from the Bishop "a white rod in his hand, intimating that he had power to rule, not with tyranny and partiality, but with discretion and sincerity." Finally, he received

Donald of Harlaw was heir of John of Isla in the Lordship—not merely under the Celtic law—but also under *feudal law*, by reason of the special destination entailing or settling the feudal fief on the issue of John's marriage with Margaret Stewart.

[1] For an account of the coronation of Alexander III. see *Fordun Gesta Annalia*, cap. xlviii.

his forefather's sword, or some other sword, "signifying that his duty was to protect and defend his people from the incursions of their enemies in peace and in war, as the obligations and customs of his predecessors were." This picturesque and impressive ceremony concluded, the new Ruler, now become a sacred person in the eyes of his dependants, received the blessing first of the Bishop and next of the seven priests, by whom he was solemnly anointed, and during which a venerable seanachie or bard, clothed in a red mantle, recited in Gaelic from memory the long list of the Chief's forefathers. After this a solemn mass was sung, "the people pouring [out] their prayer for the success and prosperity of their new-created Lord. When they were dismissed, the Lord of the Isles feasted them for a week thereafter; [also] gave liberally to the monks, poets, bards, and musicians. You may judge," adds the chronicler, "that [he] spent liberally, without exception of persons." [1]

It is interesting to find that this description is almost identical in all its details with the account given by the writer Martin, a Skye-man by birth, of the ceremonial still observed early in the eighteenth century in connection with the installation, presumably of a Chief of Sleat, in the government of his clan. Although the actual Lordship of the Isles had nominally fallen over two hundred years previous to the

[1] MS. of Hugh Macdonald.

date at which Martin wrote, yet the custom of his day was still carefully modelled upon that time-honoured ceremony of the crowning of the ancient Lords of the Isles. The only variation was "that the young Chieftain stood upon a pyramid of stones while his friends and followers stood round about him in a circle, his elevation signifying his authority over them, and their standing below their subjection to him, also that immediately after the proclamation of the Chief, the chief Druid (or Orator) stood close to the pyramid and performed a rhetorical panegyric setting forth the ancient pedigree, valour and liberality of the family as incentives to the young Chieftain, and fit for his imitation."[1]

The pyramid of stones, however, in use at this later date, was but a degenerate substitute for the sacred coronation stone which seems to have been a common feature of Celtic celebrations. Moreover, in the ancient stone on St. Finlaggan Isle we have obviously a counterpart of the famous *Lia Fail*[2] or Stone of Destiny, on

[1] *The Clan Donald*, vol. i. p. 397. "Hugh Macdonald indicates the presence of the bard at the older ceremonial, though he says nothing about the metrical effusion in which the event must always have been celebrated. The office of the bard had also been closely associated with the coronation of the Celtic Kings of Scotland, and even after the days of David I., when a feudal monarchy was firmly established on the throne, the Celtic ceremonial continued in use after the feudal observances were concluded, and the bard recited the royal genealogy in Gaelic to show that the kings ruled over the realm of Scotland by the right of a long descent" (*Ibid.* same page).

[2] Said to be so called from Filias, one of the four great cities of Heaven whence it came, and from which the Danaans, early inhabitants of Ireland, derived.

which the Supreme King or Ard Righ of Ireland stood when he was being crowned, and which was supposed to confirm the election of a rightful monarch by *roaring under him* when he took his place on it![1]—an expression of loyalty which seems to have been denied to its brother stone of the Isles. Further, with regard to the Government inaugurated in this latter kingdom, it is thus described by the Sleat seanachie.

Macdonald, the Chief, had his Council at Finlaggan in Isla. This consisted of sixteen persons, "four Thanes, four Armins (that is to say, Lords or sub-Thanes), four Bastards (*i.e.* Squires or men of competent estates, who could not come up with Thanes or Armins), and four Freeholders, or men who had their lands in factory. There was a table of stone where this Council sat in the Isle of Finlaggan," and before it on another stone sat Macdonald, the supreme arbiter of Justice; which sacred seat and table, we are informed, were subsequently carried away, together with the bells,

[1] "The actual stone which was so used at the inauguration of a reign did from immemorial times exist at Tara, and was sent thence to Scotland early in the sixth century for the crowning of Fergus the Great, son of Earc (see Pedigree, p. 256), who begged his brother Murtagh Mac Earc, King of Ireland, for the loan of it. An ancient prophecy told that wherever this stone was, a King of the Scotic (*i.e.* Irish-Milesian) race should reign. This is the famous Stone of Scone, which never came back to Ireland, but was removed to England by Edward I. in 1297, and is now the Coronation Stone in Westminster Abbey. Nor was the old prophecy falsified, since through the Stuarts and Fergus Mac Earc, the descent of the British Royal family can be traced from the historic Kings of Milesian Ireland" (*Myths and Legends of the Celtic Race*, by T. W. Rolleston, p. 105).

from Icolumkill by Argyle. Besides this supreme Council, there "was a judge in every Isle for the discussion of controversies, who had lands from Macdonald for their trouble, and likewise the eleventh part of every action decided." There were also certain officers of State to whom were deputed special duties which became hereditary in their families as follows :—

HEREDITARY OFFICERS AT THE COURTS OF THE LORDS OF THE ISLES

The MacBeths, Beatons or Bethunes, etc. etc. (the name has many varied spellings), were their physicians.[1]

The Clan Finnon, or Mackinnons, were their hereditary Marshals, and adjusted their weights and measures (the Mac Innes were hereditary bow-men to the MacKinnons).

The Macduffies of Colonsay were their recorders.

The MacLavertys were their speakers.

The MacSporrans were their purse-bearers.[2]

The MacVurichs, etc., were their bards.[3]

[1] These hereditary physicians were men of great learning and skill in their profession, whose knowledge of the properties of herbs was extensive. They were also voluminous writers of Gaelic medical manuscripts. The first of the family whose name is on record is Fergus MacBeth, his name being attached to a charter in 1408. In the Barony of Trotternish, however, the hereditary physicians were the Macleans, the first of whom, according to tradition, obtained his medical lore through his mother, a daughter of one of the Beaton physicians of Mull.

[2] Martin, when mentioning the tombs of Iona, refers to two of this race when he says—"In the west end are the tombs of Bilbrid and Paul Sporran, ancient tribes of the Mack Donalds."

[3] The MacVurichs were descended from Muireach Albannach, who came from Ireland to the Isles in the first half of the thirteenth century, being contemporary with Donald, from whom the clan derives its name. They were learned in Irish, English and Latin. After the fall of the Lordship of the Isles, they adhered to the fortunes of Clan-

The MacArthurs were their pipers.[1]
Murdoch Macdonald, ob. 1739, was the last of their hereditary harpers.
The MacRurys were their hereditary smiths and armourers in Trotternish; and a branch of the same family held a similar position in North Uist, holding their lands free and being, in virtue of that heritage and tenure, persons of distinction.

The writer Martin further mentions that the office of cup-bearer was hereditary, though it is said not to have been a sinecure.
Finally in a Charter by Angus Og to the Abbey of Iona in 1485, we find that Hulialmus, one of the witnesses who set his name to the deed, and who was evidently a recognised official in the following of the Chief, is described as "the Chief Judge of the Isles."

The presence, however, of this latter functionary did not minimise the power which remained in the hands of the Ruler. While there existed in the Isles "a complete legal system, with a supreme court and a series of inferior judicatories," from all such minor courts and minor judges or officials, appeal was allowed to the supreme Council of the Isles of which

ranald, till about 1745, when the office of family bard and historian appears to have ceased. The MacBeathaigs, and, later, a family of the name of Macruari, held lands in Trotternish in virtue of their hereditary office of bards to the Macdonalds of Sleat.

[1] The MacArthurs were, according to their own testimony, hereditary pipers first to the Lords of the Isles, and then to the Macdonalds of Sleat. They occupied from time immemorial the lands of Hunglater, in Trotternish, valued, in 1733, at 84 merks of silver duty, in virtue of their office. The Macdonalds of Sleat kept a piper in each of their baronies of Sleat, Trotternish, and North Uist. The last of the hereditary pipers of the MacArthur family died in 1800.

Macdonald himself was head. And he it was whose word was final and undisputed in all matters; he it was who could, unquestioned, dispense life or death to his subjects; who could make and unmake Thanes or sub-Thanes at his pleasure; who could decree what punishment he saw fit to those who incurred his wrath, and from whose mandate there was no appeal. The Courts of Assize were held on hillocks to make them more impressive in the sight of the people; and three hills in Skye still bear the names respectively of the Hill of Judgment (or Pleas), of Counsel, and of Hanging; while tradition records many a grim instance of justice dispensed by John of the Isles and his descendants; we hear of a guilty couple who were buried alive in expiation of their sin, of culprits who were placed in barrels lined with spikes and rolled down a hill—to this day called Cnoc Roill or Barrel Hill—till death released them from their torments. None the less, the power of the Lords of the Isles, if directed against malefactors and the enemies of their race, never waxed tyrannical towards their own clansmen. Their rulership remained one of love, not fear; the will of the Chief was, indeed, above law, as it was above criticism; and the person of the Chief—brain and body—remained sacred; reverence to him was a religion, and the bond which united him to the untamed spirits who owned his sway was absolute and indissoluble.

True, that with the passing of centuries the Islanders owned a nominal allegiance to Norway, to Denmark and to Scotland; but this authority was repudiated as often as it was admitted. When the invaders conquered the land, their power was acknowledged; when they departed to their own, their power was defied. And in the depth of his unvanquished soul the Chief owned the superiority of no man.

It was long remembered that when John of Isla had repaired to the Scottish Court to wed the Princess Margaret, there had been those among his "followers and familiars" who had "advised him to behave himself courteously before the King, and to uncover himself as others did." But the haughty Lord of the Isles had replied that he "was ignorant how to reverence a King, for all men whom he had hitherto met did reverence to himself"; and, so saying, he had plucked his cap from his head, thus indeed entering the Royal presence bare-headed, but without any possibility of being required to perform an act of obeisance. In the time of James I. of Scotland, we are told, also, that when "a Spanish gentleman traveller" who had visited Edinburgh, after his return to his native country was asked what was the greatest wonder he had seen in Scotland, he related—not that it was the King of Scotland at the head of his brilliant, impressive Court, "but that it was a grand man called Macdonald

with a great train of men after him, and that he was called neither Duke nor Marquis." At a later date, when James v. landed at Portree in order to chastise the Lord of the Isles for the contempt shown to the Royal armed authority, he found that before his coming no one had ever seen a man who could claim to be greater than Macdonald.

And the pride of John of Isla again finds an echo in an anecdote of Donald Gormeson, grandfather of the first Baronet of Sleat,[1] in the days of Queen Elizabeth of England. The Lord Mayor of London gave a banquet to which Donald was invited, and at which, by an oversight, he was given a seat some way down the table. Before long, this breach of etiquette was pointed out to the Mayor, it being explained to him that Donald was a great Prince in his own country, who ought undoubtedly to have occupied the place of honour beside his Lordship at the head of the table. A message of apology was at once sent to the Highland Chief, accompanied by the request that he would come up and seat himself beside the Mayor. But Macdonald received it with indifference. "Tell his lordship," quoth he, "not to be troubling himself. *Wherever* Macdonald is sitting, that will be the head of the table."

[1] Donald Macdonald of Sleat, who succeeded his uncle in 1616, was created by Charles I. a Baronet of Nova Scotia, on the 14th of July 1625, with a special clause of precedency placing him second of that order in the kingdom of Scotland. This baronetcy is now the premier baronetcy of Scotland.

Admittedly the old Lordship of the Isles was pronounced to be forfeited by the Parliament of Scotland in 1475, and although under modified conditions it was the next year restored to John, fourth Lord of the Isles, it is said to have been again annexed to the Crown in 1493,[1] so that to-day it forms one of the titles of the Prince of Wales. But neither King nor Parliament could terminate a Lordship based on voluntary service —the proudest a Ruler can claim—and which remained to all time unalterable in the loyal hearts of the Highlanders. The Chief of Sleat might no longer bear the title of his ancestors, those bygone Kings of the Isles, but, while claiming to be their representative, he upheld a name as proud. "Since the extinction of the direct line of the family of the Isles in the middle of the sixteenth century," states Gregory, "Macdonald of Sleat has always been styled in Gaelic, 'MacDhonuill nan Eilean,' or '*Macdonald of the Isles*,'"[2] while Martin quaintly remarks how this Chief "is called *Mack Donald* absolutely and by way of excellence; he being reckoned by Genealogists and all others, the first for Antiquity among all the Ancient tribes, both in the Isles and Continent."[3] No glamour, in brief, which the gilded pomp of kingship could bestow, no title which might extract a servile homage, could equal that simple majesty of *Macdonald*

[1] See footnote, p. 264.
[2] *History of the Western Highlands*, p. 60.
[3] *A Description of the Western Islands of Scotland*, p. 211.

SIR DONALD GORM OG,
First Baronet of Sleat.

From a copy of the original portrait, made by John Sobieski Stuart, one of the brothers of that name who claimed to be grandsons of Prince Charles Edward, and were known in the Highlands as "the Princes of Eilean Aigas." This picture is said to show a genuine specimen of the dress worn by Highland Chiefs at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

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of the Isles, with its pride of a great tradition and its wealth of a matchless fealty.

Thus the story of the generations which came after John of Isla resemble those which preceded him—a story of rapine and raid, gilded by a glory of heroism, a heritage of dauntless loyalty. The tale of those later centuries, too, like the earlier, for long remained one of battle between kinsmen, of battle between clans, of battle between kingdoms. While the sole profession of a brave man was the sword, while the path to honour was the path of war, these sons of Somerled, with the passing of generations, still proved worthy of their warrior ancestor; and still a word, a jest, a glance—ill-timed or ill-received—sufficed to set their hearts aflame and their swords in motion, till the brand once lighted could be quenched only in the blood of slain men and the tears of stricken women.

Meantime the descendants of Hugh of Sleat owned, and at intervals occupied, the Castle of Dunskaith, which, after many vicissitudes, about the early part of the sixteenth century became the residence of Donald Gruamach, or the Grim, who, by his boldness in battle and unsurpassed prowess, did much to establish the power of the Macdonalds of Sleat or Clan Uisdein. Nevertheless, the tale runs that he was on one occasion strangely flouted by his cousin, Ranald Macdonald Herrach. Donald Gruamach had mar-

ried a lady of Clan Ranald, and one day when Ranald Herrach came to stay at Dunskaith he found this lady entertaining no less than twelve of her own clansmen. Possibly Ranald Herrach had a feud with Clan Ranald, possibly he took an unreasoning dislike to his fellow-guests; but whatever the cause, he decided that they were imposing upon his kinsman, and a man of prompt action, he rose early one morning and slew all twelve, after which, well pleased with his handiwork, he caused the corpses to be slung up along the wall opposite the window of his hostess that when she rose in the morning she might immediately be greeted by this unexpected sight. He then sought out his host and announced that he had come to take his leave. Donald Gruamach, surprised at this early departure, courteously pressed him to stay at least till the lady of the house could bid him farewell. "No, I must depart," replied Ranald firmly, "for when she looks out of her chamber window, she may not thank me for my morning's work." He was right in his conjecture. The lady was not grateful, nor was she forgiving, so that in due course Ranald Herrach was assassinated by her steward acting under her orders, and the twelve unfortunate guests of Dunskaith were at last revenged.

Later, Dunskaith with its gloomy memories was abandoned, though it is not known at what date there first arose the ancient Castle of

Duntulm from which the Chiefs of Sleat ruled their Island heritage through the generations which followed. It is in harmony with the spirit of the land to ascribe to it a fairy origin. Beneath a mystic spell, we are told, it grew in one night, dark, massive walls, jagged battlements, rounded turrets, fashioning in the moonlight, till, when day dawned, it stood, cold, defiant, impregnable; sheer above the rocking sea, clear-cut against the pallid sky.

But searching through the hazy annals of the past we find a more tangible tradition—that upon this site first stood a fort called Dun David, after a Viking who won it from the Celts; that later, in the fight before recorded, when Donald or his clansman flung his bleeding hand upon the rocky headland, the Macdonalds won possession of it, and by and by thereon erected a stronghold of their own. And this Castle "reared by them upon a lofty mound, the summit of a cliff, from which its windows looked sheer into the sea," for long was the nucleus of their power. Seen from below, its turrets pierced the sky; viewed from the headland, it brooded sullenly over the blue waters of the Minch, which broke eternally upon the iron rocks beneath. To the approach of enemies over the ocean it was inaccessible; by the land it was scarcely less so, owing to its outlying walls, wide moats and deep ditches. At high tide, in those bygone days, the great waves

came swirling up a deep fissure which lay between the building and the mainland, cutting it off into yet greater solitude—an island within an island—lonely and strong. And all that those walls enclosed in their stark strength can be dimly imaged—the accommodation for the vast following of the Chief, many of whom slept away from the main building; the dark vaults, scene of many a forgotten crime; the subterranean passages and chambers cunningly hollowed out of the foundation rock; the chapel whence a solemn pæan of victory must often have arisen from the lusty throats of warriors, freshly stained with the blood of their foes; the garden—trysting-place, one dreams, of many a bygone romance—to which, in the twelfth century, the Chief, in order to ensure its fertility, caused to be brought the soil of seven kingdoms —rich earth from England, Ireland, Norway, France, Spain, Germany and Denmark. And behind the garden—behind the Castle—silent witnesses to the power of the great ruler who dwelt there, rose the Hills of Judgment, of Counsel, and—more remote—the sinister Hill of Hanging.

"Such was the scene," we are told, "which met the eyes of the Chief and his house as they gazed from the battlements, or looked down with pride upon their galleys moored in the bay below them"—that bay where, to-day, on the rocks may yet be seen the deep incision made by

the sharp keel of the ship in which the Chief rode, and which, when he returned to his stronghold, was drawn by his followers into a shelter cut in the bank of the shore. And from this Castle for two hundred years the Chiefs of Sleat, who claim to represent the ancient Lords of the Isles, held sway over the lonely land. "Secure in this northern fastness," we are told, "these Kings of the Isles could well taunt their foes, and summoning their followers sally forth by sea or land to battle and victory."

Many are the grim legends of that vanished past which float down to us from the mouldering walls of Duntulm. In one of the dungeons perished Hugh or Huisdean, a near kinsman of the Chief Donald Gorme Mor or Big Blue Donald, the son of Donald Gormeson. Hugh was a man of evil life, who, amongst other crimes, strove to encompass the death of his Chief, and having thereby incurred the wrath of the latter, besides that of others whom he had wronged, he entrenched himself in Casteal Uisdein, or Hugh's Castle, the ruins of which may still be seen half-way between Kingsburgh and Uig, on a great rock by the sea. The tower contained no windows, the only entrance was high up in the wall, to which access was gained by a ladder which Hugh pulled up after him and thus bade defiance to his enemies so long as his supply of food lasted. Here Hugh might, indeed, have dwelt in safety, but having failed to work the

undoing of his kinsman Donald, he was minded to accomplish this by strategy.

About the time when Casteal Uisdein was on the eve of completion, Hugh formed a conspiracy for the destruction of Donald Gorme and the leading men of the clan, after which he intended to assume the Chiefship. This plot was to be carried out at a great festival which he proposed to give, in order to celebrate the completion of his new dwelling; and he therefore indited a hypocritical letter to Donald in which, while bidding him to the feast, he expressed penitence for the past and craved forgiveness for the future. Confident of the success of his ruse, he at the same time penned to a fellow-conspirator his plan for assassinating the credulous Chief; but by an extraordinary act of carelessness, he sent this latter missive to his intended victim at Duntulm; and Donald, thus made aware of the base design, determined to secure his enemy by a similar act of cunning. Some say that he sent to seize Hugh in his stronghold; but the other account runs that the wily Chief feigned ignorance of his kinsman's nefarious designs and dispatched to him a cordial invitation to Duntulm, whither, unaware of danger, the treacherous Hugh repaired. He was at once seized and flung ruthlessly into the dungeon, where for long he was kept without food. At length, when cruelly tormented by the pangs of hunger, there was lowered to him a large

amount of salt beef, which he devoured ravenously. A violent thirst was thus produced, and nothing more was ever permitted to pass his lips. A man of immensely powerful physique, he died hard. In his despair, indeed, he attempted to escape by using the shin-bone of the ox to scrape through the wall of his prison, and it is said that he had nearly succeeded, when failing strength or the loss of his reason sealed his fate for ever. He died raving mad, having in his agony torn to pieces with his teeth the pewter dish on which the beef had lain.

Nevertheless, although the conduct of Donald Gorme, according to the ethics of his day, was justifiable in this instance, no extenuating circumstances can be found for the manner in which legend asserts that he treated his wife, a sister of Rory Mor Macleod, Lord of Dunvegan. Donald had fallen in love with a daughter of Mackenzie of Kintail, and, resolving to be rid of his lawful wife, determined to add to this incident a measure of humour which should fittingly express his contempt for and aversion to the unfortunate lady, who had ceased to please him. She had lost an eye — whether through matrimonial dissension history does not reveal—and Blue Donald when he cast her out mounted her upon a one-eyed horse, led by a one-eyed boy, and followed by a one-eyed dog, possibly all prepared for the occasion. In this

guise she was driven forth from the sheltering walls of Duntulm, and returning to her own people with her story of wrong and insult, roused their ire.[1] The feud thus bred between the clans raged for long, and many a smoking hamlet and dead clansman paid dearly for the jest of Donald the Blue.

None the less, Donald, whatever his failings, did not harbour that of cowardice among them; and the story is told how, being on one occasion forced to accept the hospitality of his enemy, he flouted Macleod under his own roof. One murky night while the tempest howled around Dunvegan and the angry waves sent their white foam flying against its walls, Macleod looked forth from his Castle windows ere he sat down to meat. "It will be a giant's night, my men!" quoth he. "If my bitterest foe were at the foot of those rocks demanding shelter on such a night, I could not refuse it!" Scarcely had the idle words died upon his lips than they were put to the test. For the barge of the Chief of Sleat, battling vainly with the storm, was cast upon the rocks below, and the Lord of Duntulm and his men claimed from the Lord of Dunvegan the sacred right of hospitality.

Thus it came about that, while the tempest

[1] The above is the popular version of the story, but some authorities suppose that Mary Macleod had been merely handfasted to Donald Gorme. A similar tale is told of a Mackenzie Chief who is said to have ill-treated in like manner his wife, who was a Macdonald and is stated to have been a daughter of John, Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles.

raged without, in the torch-lit hall the Macdonalds and Macleods sat down to eat together; and dour were their looks, though outwardly peace was maintained. But by and by the conversation strayed into a dangerous channel—the respective richness of the dirks with which each man was equipped. Only the Chief of Sleat sat in moody silence, till Macleod, turning to him, demanded—"Why do you not show your dirk, Macdonald? I hear it is very fine." "Here it is, Macleod!" responded Macdonald promptly, holding it up in his right hand; "and in the best hand for driving it home of any in the four-and-twenty Islands of the Hebrides!" Now Macleod was a less powerfully built man than Macdonald, and, thinking that his guest would, of courtesy, at least mention him next in order of merit, he inquired complacently—"And where is the *next best* hand for pushing a dirk home in the four-and-twenty islands?" "Here!" cried Donald Gorme, holding up his dirk in his *left hand*, and brandishing it ominously in the face of Macleod. By morning the barn in which the Macdonalds should have slumbered that night was a heap of smouldering ashes; but the wary Donald and his men had known better than to risk the hospitality of Macleod. Alive and unharmed, in the grey dawn they marched past Dunvegan, while the piper of Macdonald played ironically—"Macleod! Macleod! Macleod! of Dunvegan!

I drove my dirk into your father's heart, and in payment of last night's hospitality I'll drive it to the hilt in the heart of his son ! "

In truth it was said that there was a bitter reason for the eternal enmity which reigned between the Lords of Dunvegan and the Lords of Duntulm. Although the Macdonalds held land for nigh upon a hundred years which Government had adjudged by right of charter to the Macleods,[1] there had likewise, according to tradition, been a time when the Castle of the Macleods itself had been the property of the Macdonalds; which tale is supported by the carving of their arms with those of Macleod over the ancient doorway of an outhouse.[2] Legend relates that the last of the Macdonalds who owned Dunvegan had no son, but a daughter, who was married to Macleod of Harris and was the mother of a handsome young Chief. And as Macdonald of Dunvegan waxed old in his loneliness, his grandson was fast growing to manhood in the Castle of Macleod; and while the clansmen of Macdonald considered anxiously whom they should elect as their Lord upon his decease, away in Harris the daughter of Macdonald pondered darkly by what means she could contrive that her son should be installed

[1] Trotternish and its Castle of Duntulm were granted by Crown disposition to Rory Mor Macleod, 1614. Hence a prolonged feud, in which the Crown favoured first one tribe and then another.

[2] See *A Summer in Skye*, by A. Smith, pp. 206–7. It seems more probable, however, that this stone recorded the marriage of a Macleod and a Macdonald.

at Dunvegan. Then it happened one day that the aged Macdonald, wishing to visit his daughter, ordered forth his barge and rowers and set out from Dunvegan; whereupon Macleod, learning his intention, sailed out to meet his father-in-law that he might escort so honoured a guest with due ceremony to his Castle. And while the rowers of Macleod's barge plied their oars, Macleod himself sat in the stern to steer, and his wife sat by his side. Then it befell that as they got into mid-channel a heavy mist came on; and, suddenly, through that mist, Macleod saw before him the barge of Macdonald, which he was about to strike. And Macleod knew well that his own barge was bigger and stronger than the barge of Macdonald, and that the number of his rowers was greater, so he sprang in all haste to the helm to alter the course of his steering. But as he did so his wife gripped his hand in a firm clasp and held him back. "Macleod! Macleod!" quoth she softly, "there is but that barge betwixt you and Dunvegan!" Then the black hint of murder entered into the heart of Macleod; straight as a dart he steered into the barge of Macdonald, who sank with all his crew, while Macleod sailed on to Dunvegan and claimed it in the name of his son.

And more than once through the centuries the Macdonalds suffered at the hands of the Macleods. It happened on one occasion that

two hundred Macdonalds, pursued by a superior number of Macleods, had been forced to take refuge in a cave in the Island of Eigg. At last, after a fruitless search, their enemies were about to sail away, and the fugitives were already rejoicing in their supposed safety, when the track of a scout's footstep in the snow revealed their hiding-place to their relentless foes. Then the Macleods, gloating over the hapless men thus given into their hands, prepared to kindle a huge fire wherewith to destroy them. Yet first having discovered that a man who was their own kinsman was among the intended victims, they bade him crawl forth to safety upon his hands and knees, and granted him the privilege also of saving four of his doomed companions. But one of the four whom he named was found to be a man whom the Macleods could not consent to spare, so their kinsman elected to die with his friends rather than be saved without them. Thus he remained in the cave while a great fire was lit which filled up the entire entrance, and the ill-starred Macdonalds, enclosed in that death-trap, perished cruelly being smoked and roasted to death. Their bones all whitened by time may still be seen near the entrance where they vainly crowded for air, and farther back in the cave the straw was long visible which had formed the beds whereupon they had slept the last night of their ill-fated lives.

Once, indeed, the stronghold of Duntulm

itself was near falling, as had Dunvegan, into the hands of a Macleod. Macdonald, the Chief of that date, was away fighting with all the warriors of his Clan, and had rashly left only his eldest son, a boy of sixteen, with a few old retainers to guard his Castle. Macleod saw his opportunity to attack Duntulm, and came marching from Dunvegan at the head of many fighting men. The young son of the Chief knew not what to do, and in his plight sought counsel of the jester. Possibly the latter had heard of the strategy of Somerled in a like dilemma, but he answered boldly—"Send quickly to Kilmaluag (a distance of about two miles) and tell every man and boy that can walk to come, and all who can pipe, and walk them round Cnoc Roill, and when they get behind it by the Castle, let them run as fast as they can round the other side and march round to the Castle again; and let them keep on doing this." So it was done, and when Macleod saw company after company of soldiers marching into the Castle, he paused, and, considering that Duntulm was too strongly garrisoned to fall into his hands, he turned him about and went back to Dunvegan.

In truth, it was not by the hand of any foe that Duntulm was at last laid low, and that to-day the wind sighs above its mouldering ruins. Where neither brand nor steel could prevail against it, a babe was destined to wreck

its pride and level its glory with the dust. The story runs thus—

About the middle of the eighteenth century a nursemaid let the heir, a baby, fall out of a window at the end of the banqueting hall, which rose sheer above the deep water. One tradition says the child was drowned, and a similar fate, in rough justice, meted out to the distracted maid. Another adds a more poignant note to the tale of vengeance consummated by the stern clansmen. "The maidservant screamed as the child fell, and when the people came running to see what was the matter and she told, the Chief said—'*Drown me that woman.*' So they took her down to the shore and put her in a boat with holes in it, and let the sea take her. Then as they came back they saw something white upon the Castle cliff, and on going to see what this was, lo! it was the babe caught on a rock by its clothes and not one whit the worse. But the woman was dead."

Yet something more than the death of a babe or of a luckless maid had befallen that day, though no man saw it. In that moment when the little white body of the child spun from the dizzy height towards the blue waters beneath, the blight of Fate had descended upon Duntulm, which was to involve in one universal doom wide keep, strong walls, black dungeons and sun-kissed towers. Where the torment of Hugh had been of no avail, where the wrongs of the

ELIZABETH DIANA BOSVILLE,
Wife of Sir Alexander Macdonald,
9th Baronet, 1st Lord Macdonald of Slate.

From a miniature belonging to Sir A. Sinclair of Ulbster, Bt.

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smitten wife of Donald Gorme had been a jest, where through the dark ages tragedy upon tragedy had been but as froth upon the waves of Chance —that catastrophe of the babe was to prove all-compelling. Duntulm, from that time forward, was deserted by the Macdonalds, and its lonely halls echoed no more to the pomp of the Chief or the sound of human life.

Yet there are those who maintain that it was in sooth the ghost of Donald Gorme Mor who drove forth his descendants from the stronghold of their ancestors, that his fierce, restless spirit paced the halls of the Castle, filling it with muffled sounds of strife, of wailing, and of woe, till the generations which came after him fled from the place that he had rendered unendurable.

Be this as it may, one of the last of the Macdonalds who dwelt there would seem to have been "Sir Donald of the War," fourth Baronet of Sleat, when he joined the Rebellion of 1715, for his services in which there was bestowed upon him, on the 23rd of December 1716, a Jacobite peerage by the title of Lord Sleat. From the beginning of the eighteenth century to the eve of the Rebellion, Sir Donald had lived mostly in Glasgow and had little communication with the Isles; but, released from prison, where he had been detained on suspicion of Jacobite tendencies, in 1714–15, he repaired to Skye to raise there his following of seven hundred to nine hundred men.

He it was, tradition says, who then heard one day an old woman singing a Gaelic song recording the battle of Harlaw, in which she described the tartan worn there by the brave Donald, son of John of Isla. It was the custom for the makers of tartan to sing, as they fashioned the fabric, of the deeds represented therein by each line of colour ; [1] but that ancient tartan of the Macdonalds had been forgotten through the centuries, so Sir Donald sent for a weaver and bade him weave the rose-red war garb of Donald of Harlaw while the woman sang.[2] But all too soon was that tartan dyed a yet ruddier hue, and about that fateful year of 1715 Sir Donald, while calling his clansmen to battle, gave at Duntulm the last festivity that was to be known within its walls. A ball took place there at which was present Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, of evil fame, and many who were to die

[1] The tartan without the black line is that of Macdonald of Sleat, with it that of Macdonald of the Isles.

[2] The above story is given as a current tradition, and is of interest in view of the supposition often advanced, that the tartan is of comparatively modern origin. In point of fact, the first indisputable reference to tartan occurs in August 1538, in the accounts of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, vol. vi. p. 436, while the picture of Sir Donald Gorm Og, facing p. 52, shows a genuine specimen of the Highland dress as worn by Highland Chiefs at the beginning of the seventeenth century, or three hundred years ago. But the plan of adopting a special tartan for each clan is undoubtedly an innovation ; for only as the clans have declined has this appropriation by each of a particular tartan come into prominence. In ancient times each Chief wore what he preferred, appearing, on different occasions, in different designs.

The tartan now worn by Sir Alexander Macdonald, fourteenth Baronet, is the tartan preserved by a song, and is the same as that which Sir Alexander Macdonald, ninth Baronet, is depicted wearing, *circa* 1768.

THE MACDONALD GALLEY.

Drawing incised in the mortar of a window arch in Duntulm Castle.

To face p. 68.

in the troubles that came after; and that night, it is said, for the last time in the Castle halls the pipers played, the dancers tripped, the laughter rang, and the gay tartan of Donald of Harlaw was bravely borne by the Macdonalds of Sleat. But afterwards, to whatsoever that strange desolation may be traced—whether to the pitiful white soul of a little dead child or to the dark, crime-laden spirit of Blue Donald—upon Duntulm, for all time, the mysterious silence fell.

Once desolate, the work of spoliation began, and many a pilferer sought to wrest some portion of the stronghold wherewith to fashion a dwelling for himself. Cotters now shelter behind the stones which once housed the great Lords of a dead past; while to-day, upon the headland, the foundations of a broken wall alone remain to show with intermittent outline the extent of the once vast pile of the Castle buildings. Crumbling gables appear to indicate the former site of a chapel with dark vaults beneath; the remains of a banqueting hall, pierced by windows, overlook the cliff's edge; and two isolated columns alone define the place of the former keep. In strange irony, on the jagged ruins may yet be seen the handiwork of some merry limner of that bygone day, who inscribed there a drawing of the Chief's galley as it then rode in its pride on the waters beneath. But beyond, where once blossomed the Garden of the Seven

Kingdoms, is now a grass-grown space with little save its fertility to mark it from the wilder moorland; and below, where once lay dungeons shrouded in unbroken night, the sunlight shines and wild flowers bloom, while fishers plying their humble trade stow their tackle for captives of the sea in the spot where captives of the land once languished and died unheeded.[1]

But about the mouldering pile, in the minds of the Islesmen, there clings eternally a witchery from its mighty past. One yet living will relate how he spoke to a woman who, in her youth, had danced at that last ball in the great hall of the Castle when the now silent stones rang with music and with mirth.[2] Another will tell how, when the last Lord who dwelt there died, his body lay in state for twenty days at the head of Loch Snizort, "and I could not be telling ye just how many cattle there were killed every one of the twenty days for the feasting." Another will point away out to sea where shows a great rocky island called Macdonald's Table, and will tell how, when Sir Donald Macdonald "of the War" went out "in the 'Fifteen," he sent his title deeds to this rock and had them placed upon the top in a hut which he erected to shelter them, till, on his return, they were restored to Duntulm. Yet

[1] See Appendix III.

[2] This is affirmed by Mac Queen, the aged father of a roadmender in Skye, and would seem to indicate that the ball referred to must have taken place at a later period than the traditional date of 1715.

[*Photograph by H. G. Farmer, Esq.*

MACDONALD'S TABLE, OFF THE ISLE OF SKYE.

SHORE BELOW DUNTULM CASTLE,

Showing mark made by the steel keel of the Macdonald galley, also remains of old pier and dug-out shelter for the galley.

To face p. 70.

another will point to the farther Isle of Fladdachuan where once the great Columba had a cell, and where in a little bay for long lay a "weeping stone," always moist, that had reposed upon the Saint's altar, and that, like the Baul Muluy, was endued with magic properties. There the sailors of bygone days and the clansmen of Macdonald, ere setting forth in their ships, used to walk round the chapel, sun-wise, and bathe the sacred stone, in order to ensure to themselves a fair wind. But after the passing of the Chiefs from Duntulm there came a great storm which swept a multitude of rocks upon the shore and hid from sight for ever the "weeping stone" of St. Columba that had brought gracious weather to many a seafaring Macdonald in the past.

So the tales linger while Duntulm mingles with the earth, and with its downfall there seems strangely interwoven the birth of the fatal Jacobite cause, and the blight which thereby fell upon the whole of the fair land of Scotland.

Of that first Jacobite rebellion in 1715 a story has been preserved by Diana Bosville [1] in a Book of Extracts—

"Among many other curious Papers that appear in the volume of *Transactions* just pub-

[1] Diana, daughter of Sir William Wentworth, Bt., of Bretton, Co. York, married Godfrey Bosville, Esq., of Thorpe Hall and Gunthwaite (see p. 96), and was the mother of Elizabeth Diana, wife of the sixteenth Chief and first Lord Macdonald of Slate. She died at Bath in 1795.

lished by the Society of Antiquaries," she quotes, "there is one which will astonish the Publick. It is an Address of 103 Highland Chieftains to King George I. on his accession to the throne of Britain; but which, by intrigue, was prevented from being delivered to his Majesty. The consequence was, the Clans, in resentment for this supposed neglect, raised the rebellion in the following year 1715. On what trivial causes does the fate of Kingdoms often depend! What national animosity, lives, and fortunes might not have been saved, but for this intrigue." [1]

This address, to which Diana refers, had been signed, among others, by the Jacobite Sir Donald of the War; but it is said that the Chiefs who set their signatures to this ostensibly loyal document, did so but as a ruse to deceive the Hanoverian usurper. Secretly resolved were they to stand or fall for the cause of the Stuarts; but although, in consequence, 1715 and 1719 were alike years of ill-omen for Scotland, a darker day was to dawn with the coming of 1745.

On July 23rd of that year there landed from a French ship in the little harbour of Eriskay, in the Hebrides, a tall youth clad in a plain black coat, a plain shirt, not very clean, and a fair round wig,[2] who was, at first, from his garb,

[1] Copied by Diana Bosville from the *St. James's Chronicle* or *British Evening Post*, from Saturday, March 3rd, to Tuesday, March 6th, 1792. Printed in the *Transactions*, 1792, vol. i. p. 562, from the original in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries.

[2] *History of England*, by C. R. L. Fletcher, vol. iii. p. 265.

supposed to be a young minister, not yet learned in the Gaelic tongue. The next day there came to see him from Uist a Macdonald, who was heard to advise him to go home; to which the supposed minister replied with a strange dignity, "*I am come home, sir*; and I am persuaded that my faithful Highlanders will stand by me!"

In such reckless wise did Charles Edward arrive to claim his own; and upon the spot where he first set foot on Scottish ground there grows still a little pink convolvulus, which, tradition says, was planted there by him, but which, some affirm, sprang like a fairy token into life beneath his tread. Be that as it may, in spite of many attempts to rear it elsewhere, the mysterious plant will thrive only at Eriskay, and is consequently known as "the Prince's flower";[1] but while the tender flush of its delicate petals seems emblematic only of gladness and hope, a blood-red blossom had surely been a fitter memento of the coming of the Prince. For the standard of rose and white silk which was joyously unfurled on his behalf at Glenfinnan, on August 19th following, was to bode disaster to all who acclaimed it; and the track of his footsteps through the Kingdom of Scotland was to be marked by the life-blood of those who served him.

At news of the arrival of the Prince, the

[1] *The Celtic Monthly*, January 1897.

Macdonalds of Clanranald were the first to declare for him, but the Macdonalds of Sleat did not follow their example. Sir Alexander Macdonald, the seventh Baronet, then Chief of that Clan, had indeed promised to provide both men and money for the struggle if the Prince could secure the assistance of France; but without that aid he foresaw that the attempt of the young Stuart was doomed to failure, and that for the head of the Macdonalds to espouse a cause so hopeless would be but to involve in ultimate ruin all faithful clansmen who followed where their Chief led. Accordingly, whatever his secret predilection for the cause of the Stuarts, the Chief of Sleat announced his adherence to King George; and being at that time at Fort Augustus in attendance upon the Duke of Cumberland, it is said that, when he was met by the Duke, H.R.H. exclaimed doubtfully, "Ho! is this the great Rebel of the Isles?" "No, my lord Duke," replied Sir Alexander proudly, "for had I been the 'Rebel of the Isles' your Royal Highness would not have crossed the Spey!"

In the battle of Culloden, therefore, it is stated that only two of the Macdonalds of Sleat joined the party of the Prince; while by a strange chance it befell that to those of the Macdonalds who were his declared partisans is ascribed one of the principal reasons why he lost the day. From the time of Bannockburn,

as we have seen, in every battle it had been the privilege of the Macdonalds to be placed upon the right of all the Clans; but at Culloden, finding that they had been stationed upon the left wing, they refused to charge. In vain did their General, Lord George Murray, who was practically Commander-in-Chief of the Prince's forces, endeavour to overrule their decision. He swore that he would himself take the name of Macdonald; he assured them that by their bravery they would "make the left wing the right." Such sophistry could not prevail with the insulted Highlanders; they refused to submit to the affront, and withdrawing from the field with their lines unbroken and even unassailed, they sullenly watched the defeat of the cause which they had previously championed.

The Prince fled; and in the room at Culloden Castle which he had occupied on that last night while hope was still his portion—those last anxious hours before his final overthrow—there was found leaning against his bed a stick which he had treasured throughout his hazardous adventure. Upon it was carved two heads, one representing Mirth and the other Folly; and if those who purloined this toy of the luckless Prince[1] could have looked forward through

[1] This stick was found by the old steward, Thomas Stewart, who gave it up to the Lord President, Duncan Forbes of Culloden, on his return home after the battle, the 16th April 1746. Its owners of a later date, the present Colonel Warrand and his father, presented it to Queen Victoria, who, in expressing her appreciation of the gift, said, "I am very proud of my Stuart blood."

the years which were to be, they might have deemed it strangely typical of his destiny. For while with that haunting memory of the blood and butchery of Culloden, Mirth, such as Charles Edward had previously known, could never again be his lot, over his future Folly was to sit enthroned.

But in his present distress, although the price of thirty thousand pounds which was set upon his head would have meant wealth untold to hundreds of the starving Highlanders who knew the secret of his hiding, there was not found one to come forward and betray him. Meanwhile to Lady Margaret, the wife of Sir Alexander Macdonald, the situation brought about by the advent of the Prince and his subsequent disaster was one of peculiar difficulty.

This lady, a daughter of the ninth Earl of Eglinton, was one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of her generation. These graces she had inherited from her mother, the celebrated Countess Susan, who had likewise been considered the greatest beauty of her day in Scotland. "Countess Susan's daughters," we are told in *Traditions of Edinburgh*, "were all equally remarkable with herself for a good mien; and the *Eglintonne air* was a common phrase in their time. It was a goodly sight, a century ago, to see the long procession of sedans, containing the Lady Eglintoune [*sic*] and her

daughters, devolve from the Close and proceed to the Assembly Rooms in the West Bow, where there was usually a considerable crowd of plebeian admirers, congregated to behold their lofty and graceful figures step from the chairs on to the pavement. It could not fail to be a remarkable sight—eight beautiful women, conspicuous for their stature and carriage—all dressed in the splendid though formal fashions of that period, and inspired at once with dignity of birth and consciousness of beauty."

Lady Margaret, personally, had been educated at a boarding-school near London, and while there was a frequent guest of the Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth—a formidable lady who maintained Royal state in her establishment, "having only one seat in her rooms (and that generally under a canopy) for herself, so that her visitors were compelled to stand."[1] Nevertheless, as a near relative of Her Grace, Lady Margaret "was allowed the extraordinary privilege of a chair"; and, indeed, throughout her life, she was destined lightly to win advantages which did not fall to the lot of less favoured mortals. Thus, when she became the wife of the Scottish Chief, she had quickly swayed the hearts of the gallant Highlanders by the magic of her beauty and her charm; and when, during the troubles of the '45, it was found that, although her

[1] *The History and Traditions of the Isles of Skye* (1871), by Alexander Cameron, pp. 90–1.

husband might declare for King George, Lady Margaret remained at heart devoted to the cause of the Stuarts, there were many who were ready secretly to abet her schemes.

Meantime, since the passing of the Chiefs from Duntulm, they had resided at Monkstadt, or Mugstot, a house which Lady Margaret had rebuilt, and to this dwelling, although plain and modern in appearance, there yet clings the glamour of the romance with which she endowed it. For thence she strove to aid the Bonnie Prince, who was being hunted through the kingdom which should have been his, and beneath its roof, with gracious wiles, she tricked the butchers who pursued him.

The story never palls in the telling how Lady Margaret, having heard that the Prince was likely to land at the Isle of Fladdachuan, sent secretly thither money and clothes for the fugitive by the aid of Captain Donald Roy Macdonald,[1] who, despite his Chief, had fought and been wounded at Culloden. But the unfortunate Prince had at that time been unable to leave his previous place of hiding, and it was not till later that he managed to get over from Uist disguised as "Betty Burke," the servant of Flora Macdonald. "Miss Flora," says an old account, "was then about twenty-four years of age, of a middle stature, well

[1] The personal narrative of Captain Donald Roy Macdonald is to be found in *The Lyon in Mourning*, vol. ii. pp. 4–35.

FLORA MACDONALD.

From a picture in the possession of Sir Douglas Seton-Steuart of Touch, Bt.

To face p. 78.

shaped, and a very pretty, agreeable person, of great sprightliness in her looks, and abounded with good sense, modesty, good nature, and humanity."[1] Knowing that Sir Alexander was away and that Lady Margaret would befriend the Prince, Flora, having got him safely over to Skye, left him in concealment upon the shore while she went up to Monkstadt for aid; but there, to her dismay, she found that Lady Margaret, in company with Macdonald of Kingsburgh, the factor of Sir Alexander, was actually entertaining the Hanoverian officers who were searching for the Prince, and whose troops—of which Sir Alexander was nominally commander—were swarming in the neighbourhood. Flora was forced to pretend that she had come on an ordinary visit, but she managed to let Lady Margaret know the real facts, and Macdonald of Kingsburgh went down to the shore with food for the Royal fugitive, while Flora assisted Lady Margaret to keep the officers well amused, and so delay the search. By the time they had resumed their hunt, Flora was far away with "Betty Burke" and Macdonald of Kingsburgh; and eventually reaching Kingsburgh's house in safety, the Prince had there the unwonted luxury of a bed and clean sheets. The next day he pursued his flight to Portree, thence got across to the mainland, and so, by

[1] The personal narrative of Flora Macdonald is to be found in *The Lyon in Mourning*, vol. ii. pp. 296–303.

and by, after weary wanderings, back to safety in France.

But before he departed from the land which he had made desolate, it is said that the broken-hearted Prince found himself once more near the spot where had first been raised the red and white standard of his cause. And there, where he had stood upon that August day with a breast full of high hopes and reckless courage, where he had looked with a beating heart upon the rich fields, the silver streams and waving forests of the kingdom which he had come to claim, he paused now, a conquered fugitive, to bid it a last farewell. In that moment the beauty of his surroundings must have accentuated the pang of renunciation: the romantic vale which outstretched before him, the rugged range of mountains, the bold height of Ben Nevis in the distance, towering four thousand feet towards the heavens above—all the subtle spell of his native land and hereditary kingdom which he was quitting for ever. He was accompanied by more than a hundred gentlemen, who, their homes wrecked for his sake, were following him into exile; and, filled with a passionate regret, he drew his sword from its sheath, while he turned to them with a last assumption of princely dignity, to essay some words of comfort for the present and hope for the future. But as his glance strayed from the land which he had lost to the friends whom he had ruined,

speech died unspoken on his lips. Struck to the heart with grief, he thrust his sword back into its sheath and, bowing his head, he wept in silence.

So Charles Edward passed from the land which was never to be his, leaving behind him, for those who had loved him, sore hearts, ruin, torture and death. By the decree of the King who reigned in his stead, Scotland was forthwith cast under the ban of the Royal displeasure. Many an ancient Highland family was reduced to penury, the age-honoured Highland institutions were abolished, the bonnie Highland dress was proscribed, and gradually the country was depopulated. Yet to those who had risked all for the Prince who came and vanished like a meteor of ill-omen, two names were henceforth sacred—those of Flora Macdonald, the heroine of all true hearts, and of Lady Margaret, her coadjutor. Of the manner in which the beautiful wife of Sir Alexander was regarded, Dr. Johnson and his faithful Boswell, touring in the Hebrides in 1773, have left a striking record. Throughout the length and breadth of Skye, Dr. Johnson was informed, "Lady Margaret was quite adored. When she travelled through the Island, the people ran in crowds before her and took the stones off the road lest her horse should stumble and she be hurt."

Nevertheless, Sir Alexander and his wife were both sorely embarrassed to explain away

to the Ministers of King George that awkward episode of the Prince's visit to the neighbourhood of Monkstadt, and of Lady Margaret's reported knowledge of the same. It was very generally recognised that when Charles Edward had been secreted on the Chief's property, his escape would have been impossible had Sir Alexander been honestly minded to prevent it; while it was hinted that both the Chief and his dependants had actively facilitated the operations of the fugitive, and that even the companies raised and maintained ostensibly to guard the passes, by this supposed ally of the Government, had been far more of a hindrance than a help to the cause of the latter. Still more had Sir Alexander boldly remonstrated with the Butcher of Culloden upon his atrocities; and, in short, throughout the campaign, though nominally adhering to the policy which he had adopted in the first instance, his services to the Hanoverian had been obviously half-hearted, while he had done his utmost to mitigate the evils which had accrued for the Jacobites.

But if great was the consequent danger of Sir Alexander and his wife, still greater were their fears for the safety of "Kingsborrow," their factor, who was speedily arrested when it became known that he had actually given a night's lodging to the enemy of the reigning King. Therefore, ingenious as well as entertaining is the manner in which the alarmed

Chief and his Lady endeavoured to throw a plausible light upon this questionable incident, and likewise to palliate, in as far as was practicable, the dangerous "crime" of their kinsman, who had served them faithfully for twenty-eight years.

LADY MARGARET MACDONALD TO THE LORD PRESIDENT [1]

SKY, *24th July* 1746.

MY LORD,—Your Lordship can't yet be a stranger to the trouble which has been lately brought upon this Island by the indiscretion of a foolish Girl, with whom the unhappy disturber of this Kingdom landed at this place; tho' I cannot but look on myself and family as peculiarly favoured by Heaven in drawing that unlucky Visitant so quickly away from the place of his landing, that there was no room for considering Him as a Person in Disguise; far less my knowing anything of it. I must, at the same time, not only look upon myself, but the whole Country, as greatly suffering from the hurt it is likely he has done to the Man into whose House he intruded himself that night; I mean Kingsborrow; a Man well known for his singular honesty, integrity and prudence, in all occurrences of Life, before that unhappy night; a man of such consequence, and so well lik'd in this Country, that if the Pretender's Son had done no other hurt to it but the ruining of this single Man, it

[1] The Lord President was the illustrious Duncan Forbes of Culloden, to whom the failure of the Prince's enterprise may primarily be ascribed. Because of the humanity which characterised his actions he was treated with gross insolence by "the Butcher of Culloden," and the Government did not repay him the sums which he had expended out of his own money.

could not but render him odious to their posterity.

This is, my Lord, what occasions giving you this trouble. I'm very sensible of my own insufficiency, and what a bad cause I have to plead for; but when I reflect what an esteem your Lo^p^ has for worthy men, and the regard your Lordship has always shown to Sir Alex^r^ and his family, without ceremony beg your Lordship to contribute your good Offices in behalf of this Man, whose crime I won't venture to extenuate; but yet I am certain it was accidental, and proceeded rather from an excess of Good-nature, and Compassion upon a miserable person, who threw himself into his Mercy, than from any disloyalty or rebellious principles.

I am not mistress of Eloquence enough to flatter myself with being able to persuade your Lo^p^ to do any thing in favours of this unfortunate Gentleman, who indeed I have much at heart to serve, both on account of his own personal Merit, and the use he is of in Sir Alex^r^'s affairs. I must once more beg your Lordship will undertake his Cause, and I shall not be afraid of any Enemies he may have drawn upon himself, as it is much in your power to give this affair quite a different turn from the Light it has been represented in to the Duke. His Majesty's Clemency and Mercy will certainly extend to many of the unhappy Transgressors; and as several of the worst of the people may chance to escape punishment, it would be great Pity one of the best should suffer for a Crime he never intended against the State.

Your Lordship will do me the Justice to believe I'm not ungrateful for the least of your favours; and if I am at this time so happy as to procure your friendship to Kingsborrow,

I shall reckon it among the luckiest Articles of my Life, and the greatest obligation you can put upon, my Lord, your Lordship's most obd[t] humble Servant, MAR. MACDONALD.

SIR ALEX[R] MACDONALD TO THE LORD PRESIDENT

FORT AUGUSTUS, *29th July* 1746.

MY LORD,—As my campaigning is now at an end, and begun under your inspection, you might reasonably expect from me some Account of that part of it which has passed since we parted; but your Lordship will forgive me, as I am no good Historian, and take it in scraps as I have the pleasure to chat with you sometimes when we meet. One thing I will venture to give you a minute detail of; the misfortune of Kingsborrow, now sent a prisoner to Edin[r].

When the young Pretender made his unhappy visit to Skye, from South Uist, in a small boat, he landed near my house, in woman's clothes, by way of being maid-servant to one Florence Macdonald, a Girl of Clanranald's family, now a prisoner with General Campbell.[1] Miss Macdonald went and made a visit to Lady Margaret, dined with her, and put her into the utmost distress by telling her of the Cargo that she had brought from Uist. She called on Kingsborrow, who was at Mugstot accidentally, and they had a very confused consultation together; and it was agreed to hurry him off the Country as fast as possible. The method Kingsborrow took was, to meet him about two miles from my house, in the way to his own. He (the Pretender) accosted him with telling him that

[1] Afterwards the fourth Duke of Argyle, who although adhering to the Whig party, never forgot that he was a Highland gentleman.

his life was now in his hands, which he might dispose of; that he was in the utmost distress, having had no meat or Sleep for two days and two nights, sitting on a Rock beat upon by the Rains; and when they ceased, ate up by flys; conjured him to shew compassion but for one night, and he would be gone. This moving speech prevailed, and the visible distress, for he was maigre, ill-coloured, and overrun with the scab; so they went to Kingsborrow's house, where he lay that night; and he furnished him with a horse to carry him seven miles next day to Portree. There he found, accidentally, a small Rasay boat, into which he put foot and disappeared all at once.

A few days after, General Campbell came to my house, which Captain Ferguson[1] had already searched. Kingsborrow was called upon to assist in tracting the Pretender, which he undertook to do as far as he could, and told the General that he had seen him, but in such misery that he could not lay hands upon him, and the General promised not to discover what he had done. Kingsborrow was active to the General's satisfaction; but the bird was flown and had got to the mainland. The women about Kingsborrow's house, being examined, discovered the Pretender had been there. When I went to wait on General Campbell, he told me he could not be answerable not to secure him [Kingsborough], on the evidence of the women; but that he should have his choice either to remain a prisoner with him, or go with me to the Duke, and that he would write to his Royal Highness in his favours. Kingsborrow chose to come to this place, and got the General's letter, which he read to us and sealed. On arriving here, the Duke

[1] It may be well to mention that this man, whose infamous conduct is referred to later, was not a Celt.

ordered Sir Everard Fawkener to examine him, and since he has been confined, and now sent to Edinburgh. I used my little Rhetoric with the Duke; but he stopt my mouth by saying that this man had neglected the greatest piece of service that could have been done; and if he was to be pardoned, you have too much good sense to think this the proper time; as it would encourage others to follow his example.

I need not tell your Lordship how much I am concerned for the man's misfortunes; nor need I beg your assistance in a thing which I have so much at hear as the Safety of this man, because I have always found you friendly in every thing that concerned me. I am, with the usual attachment, my dear Lord, yours,

ALEX^{R}. MACDONALD.

Along with this is a scrawl from my wife, who does not know that her name has been mentioned.

The naïveté displayed in both the above communications requires no emphasis. The manner in which Lady Margaret implies evasively that she was unaware of the identity of that reprehensible "*Person in Disguise*," while her husband tactlessly admits that she "had been thrown into the utmost distress" upon learning from Miss Macdonald "*the Cargo*" which the latter "*had brought from Uist.*" The vague nature of that "*confused consultation*" which ensued between Lady Margaret and Kingsburgh at a moment when the line of action incumbent upon all adherents of King George

must have been exceedingly plain to them; the contention that Kingsburgh's studied assistance of the fugitive was purely "*accidental*," and the stress laid upon his subsequent exemplary activity in vainly "*tracting the Pretender*" after the latter had chanced upon that small Raasay boat "into which he put foot *and disappeared all at once*"—all such statements are only equalled in unconscious humour by the way in which is accentuated the redeeming fact in such a deplorable transaction—namely, that the chief culprit, "one Florence Macdonald," an indiscreet and foolish person, was "a Girl of *Clanranald's family*."

Nevertheless the situation of Sir Alexander and Lady Margaret remained far from secure, and that of Kingsburgh was fraught with imminent danger. Indeed, considering the magnitude of his offence, it is a matter of surprise that he eventually escaped the fate of so many of his contemporaries and lived to see his eldest son married to the heroine of that questionable episode, the "indiscreet and foolish Girl of Clanranald," Flora Macdonald. Many another "rebel" expiated a lesser act of so-called treason on the scaffold, amongst the sufferers being the aged Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, who had danced at the last ball given in the Castle of Duntulm. Old in crime, as his enemies asserted him to be, he was certainly not lacking in courage; and it is said that as he went bravely to the trial

which he knew must culminate in his death, a woman in the crowd called after him ironically, " So you're going to have your frightful old head cut off ! " " Yes, I believe I am, you ugly old —— ! " the prisoner responded composedly, though with doubtful gallantry. A tale promulgated by his traducers further relates that during the closing moments of his life, a scaffold falling killed several of the would-be spectators of his end, and, delighting in evil to the last, the doomed man turned round, remarking cynically with his final breath, " Ay ! the mair mischief the better sport ! "

But Sir Alexander, misnamed " the Rebel of the North," did not live to see either the death of the venerable Lord Lovat or the release of his factor, Kingsburgh. Ere the troubles of the '45 had passed away, the Chief died in his thirty-third year. Mr. Donald Macdonald of Castletown, writing to the Lord President from Armadale on December 5th, 1746, relates—

I believe ere this leter shall come to your hands, you shall hear of the death of Sr Alexander Macdonald, who died at Bernera, in Glenelg, on Sunday the 23rd of last month. He arrived at that place on Wednesday the 19th, was that night taken ill of a pleuresy, which carried him off in four days. Your Lordship's intimacy with this gentleman for many years made you thoroughly acquaint his character; and therefore I shall not venture to speak much of it in this leter. Only allow me to say, that he was a downright honest Man, true to his friend,

and firm to his word. By his death, we of his Clan lost a father and the King a good subject. Lady Margaret bears her affliction with that patience and resignation which become a Christian woman of prudence; and there is nothing wherein his friends can show a greater regard for his Memory than by doing all the good offices in their power to his Lady & Infant children.[1]

None the less, the friends of the dead Chief strove to do other homage to his recollection. On the 8th of December in that momentous year, Macdonald was laid to rest at Kilmore in Sleat, and great was the ceremony at his burying. From far and near, throughout the length and breadth of the Highlands, came retainers and kinsmen of the deceased, while all the pipers of note in the Isles assembled to officiate at the obsequies. Moreover, this vast concourse of mourners was entertained at Armadale with a hospitality befitting a burial of the representative of the ancient Kings of Innsegall, till the funeral expenses quickly amounted to the enormous sum of £2645.

But while seeming thus to treat with due deference the passing of the Chief, there were not wanting those who were ready to defame his memory. For to neither party in the State had his conduct been calculated to give unqualified satisfaction. It weighed little in his favour that, throughout the troublous times in

[1] *Culloden Papers* (1815), pp. 292–3.

which he lived, he had, from the first, while striving to mitigate the evils which befell the Highlanders, yet remained staunch to the policy which he held was dictated by his primary duty to his clansmen. The followers of the Hanoverian King were amply aware that the secret sympathies of Sir Alexander had been with the Stuart Prince; the Jacobites were indignant that a man who, at heart, was their adherent had not been so in name. Thus it came about that the sole epitaph pronounced by the latter upon this gallant gentleman, who to the last had proved "true to his friend and firm to his word," found expression in the following far from eulogistic lines:—

"If Heav'n be pleas'd when sinners cease to sin;
If Hell be pleas'd when sinners enter in;
If earth be pleas'd to lose a truckling knave:
Then all are pleas'd—MacDonald's in his grave!"

CHAPTER IV

Transition

Nevertheless, the sorrows of the beautiful Lady Margaret were not ended with that premature death of her husband; many years later she was fated to see his successor, a youth endowed with unusual grace and talent, likewise sink into an early grave.

There is a portrait of the two elder sons of Lady Margaret, James and Alexander Macdonald, in which the former is depicted as a boy, clad in the Highland costume and carrying a gun, while his younger brother Alexander is playing at golf, *with the ball at his feet*; and this, as one of his family later pointed out, was surely prophetic of the career which awaited the latter, and of the good fortune which, unlike that of the older lad, was to attend him throughout a long and prosperous life!

The fate of the two brothers, indeed, forms a striking contrast. Sir James Macdonald, who succeeded his father, after giving promise of an exceptionally brilliant future, died, unmarried, at Rome, in 1766, at the early age of twenty-five. "Universally lamented," we are told he was,

" as an irreparable loss to literature and society." So that David Hume, writing to Adam Smith on receipt of the news, says, " Were you and I together, we should shed tears at present for the death of Sir James Macdonald. We could not possibly have suffered a greater loss than that valuable young man." In fact, so greatly had he been held in estimation by all learned men of his day that Cardinal Piccolomini, Governor of Rome at that time, was commanded by Pope Clement XIII. to accord to the deceased Scotsman the most magnificent public funeral ever given to a Protestant. It is further related—

" Like the Admirable Crichton, he [Sir James] was prepared and trained to excel in the race which Providence ordained that he never should run, so that while all were ready to yield him the palm of triumphant success, he sank into an untimely grave. The extraordinary honours paid to his memory at Rome, notwithstanding his being a Protestant, exceeded what had ever been shown to any British subject since the death of Sir Philip Sidney, and his epitaph, or rather panegyric, written by the famous Lord Littleton, is carved in marble in the parish church at Armadale. There buried in the coffin beside himself lie all his writings and papers ! Though admired and honoured by all others, he courted privacy himself, and drew a promise from Lady Margaret Macdonald, his mother, that not a page he had ever written should be preserved, to

which she rigidly adhered, and thus the halo that shines round the memory of so distinguished a scholar is untarnished by the cupidity or injudiciousness of survivors." [1]

So while the semblance of "the Scottish Marcellus," as he was named, lives in a last portrait of exceptional interest which was painted of him in Rome a short time before his death, and in which the pallor and melancholy of his fine face bespeak his approaching fate, he himself sleeps in a peaceful grave, in company with the outcome of his high thoughts and great erudition. Thus the little lad "with the ball at his feet" stepped into the birthright of his elder brother, becoming the ninth Baronet and seventeenth Chief of his Clan; while ten years later, in 1776, he was raised to the peerage of Ireland by the title of Baron Macdonald of Slate, Co. Antrim—the name of no existing locality, but designed to sound like his Scottish title, Macdonald of Sleat.

There were those, indeed, who maintained that the great Scottish Chief should have laughed that mushroom coronet to scorn. A story runs that when an ancient Chief of the Grants was offered an Earldom, he proudly declined it, saying, "*Who would then be Laird of Grant?*" Small wonder, then, that for one who claimed to represent the age-old Lordship of the Isles, and whose ancestors had owned one of the oldest

[1] *Scotland and the Scotch*, by Catherine Sinclair, p. 192.

SIR ALEXANDER MACDONALD,
9th Baronet and 1st Lord Macdonald of Slate,
16th Chief of Sleat.

From the picture at Thorpe (Duntulm Castle in background).

To face p. 94.

Earldoms in Britain, that of Ross, the offer of an Irish peerage appeared a travesty of fitness.

Moreover with this innovation there seems to breathe over the old history of the Chiefs the first prose of modernity, the whisper of a time measurably within reach of our own, when the actors lived their parts and spoke their lines in a fashion familiar to our ears. About this date, too, there was likewise forged a novel link, which connected the family of Macdonald with the county of Yorkshire—a connection which was to play an important part in the fortunes of their descendants.

In the West Riding of Yorkshire, at the old Hall of Gunthwaite, lived the Squire of that estate and afterwards the owner likewise of Thorpe in the same county,[1] one Godfrey Bosville, a man of marked individuality and ancient descent. "Though there never was a Lord in my family," he wrote in 1762, "yet my ancestors were ranked amongst the gentry when the ancestors of many a lord were of low degree!"[2]

[1] Godfrey Bosville, born in Denby 1717, was only seven years of age at the death of his father. With the purchase of the property of Board Oak before he came of age, he owned the entire property of Gunthwaite. To that he added in 1748 the estate in Thurlstone called Shepard's Castle, and later succeeded to an estate in Staffordshire, under the will of a relation. In 1773 he succeeded to the estate of Thorpe in the East Riding, through a relation of his wife.

[2] "The name Bosville is taken from a little village in Normandy, now in the Department of Seine-Inférieure, not very far from Valery-en-Caux on the coast, going towards Rouen. An old family tradition

Yet pride of lineage in him was combined with strong Whig proclivities seasoned with much originality and breadth of outlook. His wife Diana, a lively and accomplished woman, was a daughter of Sir William Wentworth, of Bretton [1] in the same county, and besides being a great friend of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who describes her as "young and gay" in 1743, she even drew from the bearish Dr. Johnson, nearly thirty years later, an unusual compliment. "We," records Boswell on March 31st, 1772, "walked to the Pantheon; Mrs. Bosville, of Gunthwaite in Yorkshire, joined us, and entered into conversation with us. Johnson said to me afterwards, 'Sir, *this is a mighty intelligent lady*!'"

Whether this flattering remark was promptly retailed to the Squire and his dame is not recorded; but we find that so late as 1780, three years before the death of Johnson, Godfrey Bosville, among the many noted men of his day

declares that the founder of the Bosville family was Sir Martin de Bosville, who was one of the 'treasurers' in the army of William the Conqueror. Like many a soldier of the invading army, the Bosville knight settled in England, and his descendants came to own many a fat acre, chiefly obtained by fortunate marriages with heiresses—notably in Henry III.'s reign and in Edward III.'s—in the latter reign Thomas Bosville, of New Hall, married Alicia de Gunthwaite, thus acquiring with his wife the old place of Gunthwaite, where Gunthwaites had lived for five generations, *ante conquestum*" (*A Romantic Chapter in Family History*, by Alice Bosville Macdonald of the Isles, privately printed, p. 2).

[1] Sir William Wentworth, fourth Báronet, of Bretton, Co. York, who died in 1763, married Diana, daughter of Sir William Blackett, Bt., of Wallington.

whom he welcomed to Thorpe, was still hoping to include the great lexicographer. A letter from Boswell to Johnson at that date relates as follows :—

"I now write for the third time to tell you that my desire for our meeting this autumn is much increased. I wrote to 'Squire Godfrey Bosville,' my Yorkshire Chief, that I should, perhaps, pay him a visit, as I was to hold a conference with Dr. Johnson, at York. I give you my word and honour that I said not a word of his inviting you, but he wrote to me as follows :— 'I need not tell you I shall be happy to see you here the latter end of this month, as you propose, and I shall likewise be in hopes that you will persuade Dr. Johnson to finish the conference here. It will add to the favour of your own company if you prevail on such an associate to assist your observations. I have often been entertained with his writings, and I once belonged to a club of which he was a member, and I never spent an evening there, but I heard from him something well worth remembering. We have here, my dear Sir, good, comfortable quarters, where you may be assured you shall be heartily welcome. I pray you, then, resolve to set out ; and let not the year 1780 be a blank in our social calendar, and in that record of wisdom and wit which I keep with so much diligence to your honour, and the instruction and delight of others.' "

Ere that date, however, had occurred an event which had considerably diminished the desire of James Boswell to visit Thorpe, and

which, by and by, was to bring about a complete severance between that garrulous scribe and his "Yorkshire Chief."

In 1768 Sir Alexander, afterwards Lord Macdonald, had married Elizabeth Diana, the daughter of the hale Yorkshire Squire, Godfrey Bosville, and the "mighty intelligent lady," his wife; so that Lady Macdonald, who thus united in her veins the blood of more than one ancient family in the East and West Ridings, could boast a pedigree almost as long as that of her husband. Still preserved at Thorpe is the list of her wedding garments when she quitted the home of her girlhood to become the bride of the Highland Chief,[1] and still has survived there the tale of a proffered romance that had previously been scorned by the young Yorkshire beauty.

James Boswell, the satellite of Dr. Johnson, who sprang from an offshoot of her father's family,[2] and who, by and by, was to attain fame as a literary parasite—James Boswell,

[1] See Appendix IV.

[2] Of his family Boswell writes, "Thomas Boswell was the first Laird of Auchinleck (pronounced Affleck) in Ayrshire, after the estate had fallen to the then Crown by the forfeiture of the very ancient family of that ilk. . . . Thomas Boswell was married to a daughter of the Campbells of Loudon, and a granddaughter of the forfeited Affleck. He was killed with his king at Flodden in 1513, fighting against the English, though he was himself of old Yorkshire extraction, being descended of the respectable family of Bosville or Boswell (for both they and we have spelt it both ways at different times) of Gunthwaite, in the West Riding. After a separation of ages, I join our branch in cordial friendship with the stock, our Chief, the late Godfrey Bosville, Esq., as honest a man, as perfect an example of the 'noblest work of God,' as ever lived."

whom Walpole styles the "King of Bores," had honoured his so-called cousin with his tender regard. True that she represented but one of a series of similar fancies which succeeded each other with rapidity in his fertile brain; but lack of self-assurance was not one of Boswell's characteristics, and when he found that his suit did not prosper, he complacently explained to his cronies a fact so incredible by the fable that the young lady in question had a rooted objection to a residence in Scotland. When, therefore, Miss Bosville soon afterwards made her home in the land of her supposed aversion, it is not difficult to imagine that the friends of the unsuccessful wooer made merry at his expense, and that even the hardened vanity of Boswell suffered an unpleasant shock. Thus it came about that when, in 1773, Sir Alexander and Lady Macdonald were called upon to receive as their guests in Skye Dr. Johnson and James Boswell, then going a tour through the Hebrides, the situation was not without its element of humour. Moreover, so it is hinted, it did not fail to infect the subsequent publications of the gossiping diarist with a tincture of venom against the man who had proved his successful rival.

And here it must be remarked in passing, that it is, perhaps, difficult for a later generation to judge the conduct of Boswell from the standpoint of his contemporaries. The enthusiastic,

insatiable scribe was, above all, imbued with the greed of the historian. To him it was essential to observe, to experience—still more, to record with pitiless exactitude the outcome of those observations and that experience, till, to this one aim every consideration became subordinate. That he was an egoist who was occasionally vain to absurdity is apparent; that his absence of sensitiveness was exceptional must also be conceded; but, to posterity, from these very flaws in his character arises the fascination of his output. For in that lack of reticence which made of him a wholesome terror to his generation, in that artlessness which stirred their laughter, in that minute attention to trivialities which crowned him the King of Bores, there lies to us of to-day his true value as a chronicler. Not only throughout his writings is the man himself alive before us, with all his foibles, his eccentricities, his virtues and his failings laid bare to us with a sureness of touch and an incomparable naïveté, but all whom he depicts are endowed with a similar immortality. So graphic is his pen that even his heartwhole worship of the man whom he recognised to be greater than himself and through whom he courted celebrity—even the astonishing fact that that man could read daily and approve an adulation which at times found expression in platitudes—all this is powerless to detract from the value of the picture which Boswell

has left to us, and the undoubted genius of its portrayal.

Nevertheless, while we of to-day can afford to delight in the over-zealous scribe and to smile at the vividness of a pen which, when not that of a sycophant, was occasionally dipped in gall, it is necessary to remind ourselves that it was far otherwise with those of his own generation. While to us the apology can suffice that if Boswell did not spare others neither did he spare himself, to those who smarted from his comments, the former too often appeared as the act of a knave, the latter as that of a fool. Boswell's critics were as pitiless as was Boswell's pen; and in reviewing the following episode in his life, we must consider the man rather than the historian, if we would realise the light in which he was regarded by the friends whom he betrayed with a profound and complacent unconsciousness of that betrayal.

Sir Alexander, it is said, contrary to Boswell's own account, came from Edinburgh to Armadale at personal inconvenience, expressly to receive his guests; but the house formerly owned by the Macdonalds in this part of Skye having been burnt down, he was obliged to reside in the small dwelling of one of his factors. His entertainment under the circumstances was necessarily shorn of some of the comfort which would otherwise have distinguished it; but he proffered such hospitality as he could com-

mand, ungrudgingly, and paid his guests all possible attention.

"We reached the shore of Armadale before one o'clock," relates Boswell, "when Sir Alexander Macdonald came down to receive us. He and his lady (formerly Miss Bosville of Yorkshire) were then in a house built by a tenant at this place, which is in the district of Sleat, the family mansion here having been burnt down in Sir Donald Macdonald's time. . . . The principal residence of the family is now at Mugstot, at which there is a considerable building. Sir Alexander and Lady Macdonald had come to Armadale in their way to Edinburgh, where it was necessary for them to be soon after this time.

"Armadale is situated on a pretty bay of the narrow sea which flows between the main land of Scotland and the Isle of Skye. In front there is a grand prospect of the rude mountains of Moidart and Knoidart. Behind, are the hills gently rising and covered with a finer verdure than I expected to see in this climate, and the scene is enlivened by a number of little clear brooks."

But the modified praise which Boswell bestows on the locality of the Chief's sojourn is the last word of satisfaction in regard to his visit which he indited. "Instead of finding the head of the Macdonalds surrounded by his clan, and a festive entertainment, we had a small company and cannot boast of our cheer," he grumbles; and both in his own mouth and in that of Dr. Johnson does he subsequently

place complaints not merely trivial in their essence but unpardonable in view of the fact that the complainants were enjoying the hospitality of the man whom they disparaged. Meanwhile his own especial bitterness of soul is thinly veiled.

"I had felt a return of spleen during my stay in Armadale," he confesses at last; "and had it not been that I had Dr. Johnson to contemplate, I should have sunk into dejection. . . . I looked at him as a man whose head is turning giddy at sea looks at a rock, or any fixed object."

Nevertheless when, later, Boswell was attacked respecting the libellous nature of his remarks, he invariably defended himself at Dr. Johnson's expense—saying that he, personally, was not responsible for the strictures in question, as he had referred to his notes and found that Dr. Johnson had expressed himself in the terms recorded.

But while all who extended hospitality to Boswell suffered in like manner at his hands—either by censorious comments upon their behaviour, or by having their private and unconsidered conversation retailed to the public, "his most outrageous breach of decorum," we are told, "was the treatment of Sir Alexander, afterwards Lord, Macdonald . . . an accomplished gentleman, with acute and original views. . . . But Boswell and his friend fancied that their hospitality was not handsome or

empressé enough, and he gives a most offensive account of his host. . . ."

Now Sir Alexander Macdonald had been educated in England; and intellectual, talented and cosmopolitan in his outlook, there were those who hinted that, in him, the taint of the Sassenach had diluted the spirit of the Chief. Thus, despite the fact that he ministered to the vanity of the great lexicographer by composing in honour of his celebrated guest a copy of Latin verses, Johnson, who professed himself infected with the romance of the Highlands, and who was vaguely conscious of the atmosphere of transition which then pervaded the land, proceeded to trace—if Boswell may be relied on—its baneful influence in the character of his host.

"Sir Alexander Macdonald having been an Eton scholar, and being a gentleman of talents, Dr. Johnson had been very well pleased with him in London. But my fellow-traveller and I were now full of the old Highland spirit, and were dissatisfied at hearing of racked rents and emigration, and finding a Chief not surrounded by his clan. Dr. Johnson said, 'Sir, the Highland Chiefs should not be allowed to go further than Aberdeen. A strong-minded man like Sir James Macdonald may be improved by an English education; but, in general, they will be tamed into insignificance.'"

Two days later Boswell records—

"My endeavours to rouse the English-bred

Chieftain, in whose house we were, to the feudal and patriarchal feeling, proving ineffectual, Dr. Johnson this morning tried to bring him round to our way of thinking—

"*Johnson.*—'Were I in your place, Sir, in seven years I would make this an independent Island. I would roast oxen whole, and hang out a flag as a signal to the Macdonalds to come and get beef and whiskey.'

"Sir Alexander was still starting difficulties.

"*Johnson.*—'Nay, Sir, if you are born to object, I have done with you. Sir, I would have a magazine of arms!'

"*Sir Alexander.*—'They would rust.'

"*Johnson.*—'Let there be men to keep them clean. Your ancestors did not use to let their arms rust!'

"We attempted in vain to communicate to him a portion of our enthusiasm. He bore with so polite a good nature our warm, and what some might call, Gothic expostulations, on this subject, that I should not forgive myself, were I to record all that Dr. Johnson's ardour led him to say.—This day was little better than a blank."[1]

For, while Boswell was undoubtedly hugging his private grievance, the pedant of Grub Street was flattering his own fancy with an image of himself in the rôle of a Highland Chief. "Dr. Johnson," Boswell had already related, "was

[1] *The Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson*, by James Boswell. Published by J. M. Dent & Co., Aldine House, London, E.C., 1786, 3rd ed. pp. 131–2.

pleased when I told him he would make a good Chief. He said, 'Were I a Chief I would dress my servants better than myself, *and knock a fellow down if he looked saucy to a Macdonald in rags.* But I would not treat men as brutes. I would let them know why all my clan were to have attention paid to them. *I would tell my upper servants why, and make them tell the others!*'"

Although it is difficult to imagine a conversation more childish than the above, or remarks in more questionable taste than those stated to have been addressed by Dr. Johnson and Boswell to their host, worse was to follow. Sir Alexander, it must be explained, owing to various causes, was at this date in somewhat straitened circumstances; therefore, having first accused him of a lack of patriotism, his captious guests now proceeded to attribute to him a tendency towards miserliness. The Doctor, we are told, describes his host as having come "from his seat to the middle of the Island, to a small house on the shore, *as we believe, that he might with less reproach entertain us meanly.* He had no cook, nor I suppose much provision, nor had the Lady the common decencies of her tea-table. We"—and this was surely the culminating degradation—"*picked up our sugar with our fingers!* Boswell waxed angry and reproached him with his improper parsimony." Incredible as it seems that guests can have

acted with such impertinence to a courteous and obliging host, Johnson actually adds complacently that, as many tales were afloat respecting the "injudicious parsimony" of their friend, "Boswell had some thoughts of collecting them, *and making a novel of his life!*" And of the manner in which that novel would have been constructed, he furnishes a typical instance.

Sir Alexander had a great talent for music and specially encouraged all who were proficient in the art. A celebrated harper named O'Kane, who travelled about the Highlands in those days, was often entertained by the Chief of Sleat, who was delighted with the performances of the wandering musician. "No one," we are told by a writer on this subject, "was better able to feel and to estimate the superior talents of O'Kane, for I can vouch Lord Macdonald to have been one of our best amateurs on the violin, and one of the best judges of musical talents of that period. There had been for some time in the family a valuable harp key; it was finely encrusted with gold and silver and with a precious stone. This key was said to have been worth eighty or one hundred guineas, and, on this occasion, our itinerant harper had the good fortune of being presented by Lord Macdonald with this curious and valuable implement of his profession." [1]

[1] Gunn on the Harp.

But mark the manner in which Boswell tells this incident, and the construction which he puts upon an act of exceptional generosity, although he is again cautious to place his slanderous remarks in the mouth of a friend—

"The penurious gentleman of our acquaintance, formerly alluded to, offered us a topic of conversation to-night. Dr. Johnson said I ought to write down a collection of the instances of his narrowness, as they almost exceeded belief. *Col* told us that O'Kane, the famous Irish Harper, was once at this gentleman's house. *He could not find it in his heart to give him any money,* but gave him a key for a harp, which was finely ornamented with gold and silver, and with a precious stone, and was worth eighty or a hundred guineas. *He did not know the value of it;* and when he came to know it, he would fain have had it back; but O'Kane took care that he should not. *Col* said that the gentleman's relations were angry at his giving away the harp key, for it had been long in the family. *Johnson.*—'Sir, he values a guinea more than an old friend.'"

Thus is an act of spontaneous generosity construed into an act of premeditated meanness, and a similar story follows, respecting which Johnson cynically exclaims, "He has not learnt to be a miser; I believe we must take him apprentice!" *Boswell.*—"He would grudge giving half a guinea to be taught!" *Johnson.*—"Nay, Sir, you must teach him *gratis*!"

And the chronicler who thus abused the hospitality at which he grasped, and who yet

shielded himself by making other men his mouthpiece, unhesitatingly published his unguarded comments during the lifetime both of the friends whose private conversations he retailed and the friends whose characters he defamed. It is true that when his book was in the press he was seized with a panic, and cancelled a leaf which must have contained something yet more libellous, and this must have been done at the last moment, after the book was bound, for the new leaf is but clumsily pasted in its place. Nevertheless, while a storm of deserved derision and indignation greeted his publication, in one matter he was further to discover that having passed "all bounds of decency," retribution was to follow.

The brother of Mrs. Bosville, and uncle of Lady Macdonald, Sir Thomas Wentworth, who afterwards took the name of Blackett,[1] had hitherto enjoyed an uninterrupted friendship with his nephew by marriage, Sir Alexander. Nevertheless, Boswell chose to assume the contrary. "I should mention," he says, "but one characteristic circumstance. My shrewd and hearty friend, Sir Thomas (Wentworth) Blackett, Lady Macdonald's uncle, who had preceded us on a visit to this Chief, upon being asked by

[1] Sir Thomas Wentworth, fifth Baronet, of Bretton, Co. York, son of Sir William Wentworth, fourth Baronet, and Diana, daughter of Sir William Blackett, Bt., of Wallington, assumed the surname of Blackett, on succeeding to the estate of his maternal grandfather. Sir Thomas died unmarried in 1792.

him if the punch-bowl upon the table was not a very handsome one, replied, '*Yes—if it were full!*'" Now such a tale, related in such a spirit, was certainly calculated to cause a quarrel between two gentlemen who had hitherto met in harmony, but for once Boswell had miscalculated the effect of his anecdote, and exactly the reverse occurred. The two friends indignantly joined issue against the man who would have sundered them, and Boswell began to find that matters looked unpleasant for him. It was soon whispered about that Lord Macdonald and Sir Thomas Blackett, "his hearty friend," had called the author to account, and had threatened corporal chastisement. And Walcot expressed the general impression of the public when he wrote respecting the scandal-monger—

> "Loud of thy tour a thousand tongues have spoken
> And wonder'd *that thy bones were never broken.*
> . . . . . .
> *Let Lord Macdonald threat thy breech to kick,*
> *And o'er thy shrinking shoulders shake his stick.*"

Among the many caricatures of Boswell subsequently published, one represents the author in a plight, his book open at the offensive pages, and Lord Macdonald threatening him with a rod. Whether this suggested incident must be taken as having literally occurred or not, Boswell made haste to eliminate the more offensive passages, even while loudly

REVISING FOR THE SECOND EDITION.

Alexander, 1st Lord Macdonald, and James Boswell.

From a contemporary caricature.

To face p. 110.

asserting that such an omission was voluntary, not compulsory.

"I ordered twenty-six lines relative to the noble lord to be omitted," he writes, "for the loss of which I trust twenty-two additional pages are sufficient compensation; and this was the sole alteration that was made in my book relative to that nobleman; nor was any application made to me by the nobleman alluded to, at any time, to quote any alteration in my journal."

But while the delinquent assumed with ill grace a tone of offended innocence and half-hearted apology, his biographer points out that—"No doubt the Scotch nobleman would not have *condescended* to require alteration or withdrawal by a person whom he considered to be without the manners or feelings of a gentleman; and he would naturally have felt it beneath him to bring to account a person who objected to his hospitality. . . . Boswell, therefore, was no doubt accurate in saying that no request of the kind was addressed to him. But it had also been stated by Baretti, Walcot, and others, that chastisement was *actually threatened*." [1]

So ended this unpleasant incident, and Boswell found himself no more in the company of Lord Macdonald, nor, presumably, of his offended relations at Thorpe. Meanwhile, Sir Thomas Blackett, the bachelor Squire of Bretton, continued to be welcomed by both families; with

[1] *The Life of James Boswell*, by Percy Fitzgerald, vol. ii. p. 46.

whom he was also, when absent, an indefatigable correspondent. To his sister, Mrs. Bosville, and to his niece, Lady Macdonald, the current gossip of the day found its way through his sprightly pen, reflecting the gay world of London, with which both ladies mingled but seldom, or the social life of their native county, where, in truth, the flirtations and roystering of the lively Squire himself furnished ample food for comment. Still at Thorpe lie the letters which he penned to his sister during a period of many years; and over many an account therein of events now forgotten, but once deemed unforgettable—of doings once instinct with a vivid life, and now but the dead deeds of dead men—have her descendants alternately smiled and sighed. Yet here and there on the yellowing pages show names the memory of which still lingers. On May 18th, 1751, for instance, Sir Thomas wrote from London to his "Dear Dy" respecting certain beautiful Irish girls who had just taken the fashionable world by storm—

"Miss Gunning was very ill lately, and Lord Coventry happened to come into town then, so she is given to him,[1] but I'm afraid for 'em, least they should become like Goods, call'd (by) Shopkeepers; the Market is overstock't at present greatly, so some must return with heavy

[1] *i.e.* given to him by gossip. Maria, the elder of the two beautiful sisters who came to London in 1751, married the Earl of Coventry in 1752. From the above account she would appear to have been delicate even at the date when Sir Thomas first met her. She died of a decline in 1760.

hearts and better Hopes for the future. I met 'em at a Rout & as they don't play at Cards, it gave a good Opportunity to *leur conter des Fleurettes*, and being ambitious of making an acquaintance with 'em, I made a truce with my Modesty & seated myself between 'em, upon an unengaged Stool which favour'd my happiness; our Conversation I did not write down in my Pocket book, so can't amuse you with it, but you may suppose it was something related to Small Talk. They are affable girls & both so beautiful that I am yet in dispute which to become a Dangler to."

Later, when illness in a more pronounced form had overtaken the beautiful Lady Coventry, he writes again—

" Lady Coventry has left Dr. James, and now has Dr. Duncan. He makes her eat Raw Cucumbers unpar'd. She is carried in her chair to the coach."

But even the drastic remedy of " Raw Cucumbers unpar'd " could not avert the doom of the dying Beauty; and her name figures no more in the lively correspondence of Sir Thomas. In another letter designed to amuse his sister, he relates how he has now sat the fourth time for his portrait to the painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and possibly by way of accentuating his own folly in employing such a limner, he encloses for her perusal some lines written by their relation, Sir W. Blackett, " on a faded picture of himself done by Sir Joshua Reynolds," for

which the sitter had paid the then exorbitant sum of one hundred and seventy guineas.

LINES BY SIR W. BLACKETT.

The Art of painting was at first designed
To call, tho' dead, our ancestors to mind;
But this damned Botcher hath reversed the Plan,
And made the Picture die before the Man.

In return for such items of news Mrs. Bosville furnishes her correspondents—first Sir Thomas and later her daughter, Lady Macdonald—with the events of her own quiet life. She tells how the noted man of the South, John Wilkes,[1] the sometime friend of the delinquent James Boswell, has been staying with her Radical husband Godfrey, at Thorpe; and how Miss Wilkes, who accompanied him, "is the most accomplished woman in England. Her collection of French and Italian books is as numerous and as valuable as her father's is in Classics and Philosophy. The union of Both, which at no great distance of time will probably take place, will form the most select and curious Library in the Kingdom." And she subjoins a merry episode

[1] John Wilkes (1727–97), son of a distiller, who became a man of fashion, notorious for his profligacy, and who was one of the infamous "Monks of Medmenham." He married a wife ten years his senior, and after the birth of one daughter separated from her. He entered the political arena as a supporter of Pitt, and was returned for Aylesbury in 1757. He subsequently became a prominent politician, although the House of Commons expelled him in 1764 as author of No. 45 of the *North Briton*. He finally retired from Parliament in 1790. He figured in several other public offices, as Lord Mayor and Chamberlain of the City.

Sir Thomas Wentworth, Baronet
afterwards Blackett
with his nephew William Bosville
from the Picture at Thorpe

in the life of the great man, who, be it hinted, was afflicted with a painful squint—

"During the Mayoralty of Alderman Wilkes, an Israelite was taken up on account of a *fracas* with some Watchmen in the City; as the latter were proved to be the Aggressors, the Jew was liberated; but as Alderman Wilkes was going out of Court, he was stopped by the Guardian of the Night, who informed him that, having observed the Jew the evening before writing busily in the Watchhouse and appearing much pleased with his performance, he—the Watchman—took the paper from the prisoner, and thus discovered what he denounced as 'Treason against his Lordship.' Alderman Wilkes thereupon perused the following lines:—

> "'In ev'ry place but London I have seen
> Justice stark blind has ever been.
> But on the City bench we lately find
> That Justice squints, but is not really blind!'"

On another occasion to which Mrs. Bosville refers, when Wilkes had become Chamberlain of the City, an honour that he enjoyed in 1779, he made a successful repartee in the same connection. "Mr. Wilkes," she writes, "has always been remarkable for his frequent and pertinent allusions to the Scriptures; and he indulged in this habit lately and happily at a Court of Common-council at Guildhall. Afterwards he went to dinner with my Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, when he was seated next to the

Recorder, who has the misfortune of being deaf on one side.

"By and by, a member of the Court arrived, and desired permission to sit between them; whereupon, addressing himself to Mr. Wilkes, he remarked, 'Sir, you quoted Scripture in the Court this morning. I have heard there are only two sorts of people who ever quote Scripture—they who from infidelity wish to turn it into ridicule, or they who from fanaticism find it difficult to use any other language. Pray, Mr. Chamberlain, which might be *your* inducement?'

"'Sir,' answered Wilkes, with the facetious pleasantry which on no occasion deserts him, 'I observe you have got on the *deaf* side of Mr. Recorder, and you seem desirous to get on the *blind* side of me, but I will take care that you shall not!'"

Again she mentions how "Mr. Wilkes has got an Aviary in the Isle of Wight, in which Owls and Pigeons are bred with especial care," and how the papers "are charging him with meaning the former as a Satire upon his *old enemies* and the latter as representing his *new friends*!" Later—and surely this was an unseemly jest wherewith to regale the wife of a Scottish Chief—"Mr. Wilkes in his Isle of Wight villa could not get any pigeons which would stay, but he at last hit on an expedient which has succeeded, as the Papers with double

meaning affirm—he got some Pigeons from Scotland, and they never leave any *Place* they get into ! "

This tale respecting his Scottish pigeons, however, seems to have provided Wilkes with matter for many a pleasantry ; for the younger Reynolds, calling at that Isle of Wight Villa, Sandown Cottage, mentions how its vivacious owner jested in yet another guise regarding this same phenomenon in natural history.

" Observing that I admired his numerous collections of pigeons, he described to me the difficulty he experienced in his attempts to make them stay with him. Every bird that he had procured from England, Ireland and France having flown back to its native land the moment the latch was raised, he was about to abandon his scheme as impracticable, ' when,' he continued, ' I bethought myself to procure a cock and hen pouter from Scotland : I need not add that *they never returned* ! ' " [1]

But the dislike which Wilkes professed to share with his pigeons in regard to both Scotland and the Scots was well known, and was undoubtedly furthered, if not bred, by his acquaintance with the loquacious Boswell, who always roused in him the keenest sense of irritation. Unfortunately this feeling was not reciprocated

[1] *The Life of John Wilkes*, by Percy Fitzgerald, ed. 1888, vol. ii. pp. 245–6.

by the King of Bores, who, while professing himself scandalised at the conduct of the reformer, exhibited an insatiable predilection for his society; and even after decrying Wilkes in his *Journal*, to the intense disgust of the abused man, brazenly sent the volumes to Sandown Cottage, claiming his approbation.

"The earth is as thirsty as Boswell, and as cracked in many places as he certainly is in one!" complained Wilkes. "His book, however, is that of an entertaining madman. . . . The motto to it should have been—

> "'Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
> And if he lies not, must at least betray.'"

Indeed, so great was the annoyance which Boswell occasioned to Wilkes, that this betrayed itself even in trifles. Boswell, one day, dining with the Sheriffs and Judges at the Old Bailey, complained that he had had his pocket picked of a handkerchief. "Pooh! Pooh!" exclaimed Wilkes crossly, "this is nothing but the ostentation of an uncivilised Scotchman, to let the world know that he *has* at one time possessed a pocket-handkerchief!"

None the less, it is to be presumed that while visiting at Thorpe Wilkes was sparing in the expression of sentiments inimical to the adopted country of Diana Bosville's daughter. And so, likewise, even if she shared her father's

prejudice, must have been the charming Miss "Polly" Wilkes, the joy of her parent's life, who, besides her vaunted erudition, was endowed with considerable power of fascination. Indeed, while the merry tales sped between Yorkshire and Skye, in Mrs. Bosville's letters to Lady Macdonald the name of her brilliant and favourite Miss Wilkes is of frequent occurrence, until, in 1790, Diana records a communication from her friend, which, in this instance, had reference to events of more sinister import.

At that date, even to the far-away Hebrides, there had penetrated rumours of the wild storm of revolution which was then overwhelming the land of France; and thus the following copy of a letter, addressed to Mrs. Bosville, may have roused there a passing interest:—

Copy WEDNESDAY, 8*th Dec.* 1790.

Miss Wilkes hopes that the following Epigram on *Assignats* which she lately received from Paris may entertain Mrs. Bosville.

LE NOUVEAU SIÈCLE.

L'or, l'argent et l'airain, aussi bien que le fer
Chez nos premiers aieux ont chacun leur âge.
Celui-ci doit son nom au charletan *Necker*;
Et du peuple français l'auguste Aréopage,
Secondant les projets du Ministre banquier,
Veut que l'âge present soit l'âge du *Papier*.

But before the inauguration of *l'âge du Papier*, as above denominated, between the two correspondents, Diana and her daughter, all

livelier tales had been hushed, for upon them a joint sorrow had fallen. In 1784 there had died in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, the warm-hearted, open-handed Squire of Thorpe, Godfrey Bosville, philosopher, fox-hunter, and the friend of Wilkes; while nine years later this first sorrow was followed by another which affected both mother and daughter profoundly. The second son of the dead Squire, Thomas Blackett,[1] had served with his regiment in America from April 1776 to May 1777, when he returned to England on sick leave; but in a later campaign his services met with a fatal termination solely on account of his extraordinary height, which, like that of his nephew, Godfrey Macdonald, of whom we shall hear presently, was six feet four inches. Thus it happened that at Liencells a bullet passed safely over the head of Captain Fitzroy, who was standing in front of young Bosville, and, striking the latter in the mouth, killed him instantly. His death excited general interest, not merely on account of its tragic nature, but also in view of the fact that he had married only a few months previously.

Not long did the once gay and witty Diana survive the untimely end of her gallant son. She expired at Bath two years later, in 1795;

[1] By his wife, Diana Wentworth, Godfrey Bosville had two sons and two daughters—William, who succeeded his father in the ownership of the Yorkshire estates; Thomas Blackett, who was killed in 1793 at Liencells; Elizabeth Diana, who married Lord Macdonald; and Julia, who married the third Viscount Dudley and Ward.

and the grief of Lady Macdonald for the loss of her mother must have been, if possible, intensified by the fact that, in that year of ill-omen, she experienced yet another bereavement—the death of her husband, Alexander, first Lord Macdonald of Slate.

Now, by his Yorkshire wife, Elizabeth Diana, aforesaid, this first Lord Macdonald left a family of ten children, with the three elder of whom, however, we are alone concerned in the future, viz.: Alexander, his heir, born in 1773; Godfrey, born in 1775; and Archibald, born in 1777. Further, while Alexander upon his father's death inherited the Scottish property of his ancestors, becoming eighteenth Chief and second Lord Macdonald, it had also by that date become increasingly probable that through the English relations of his mother, the widowed Lady Macdonald, there would come, by and by, a further accession of wealth to her sons.

For on the decease of the Yorkshire Squire, Godfrey Bosville, he had been succeeded by his son William, later Colonel, Bosville; and the latter after the tragic death of his brother, Thomas Blackett, became the only surviving male representative of his father's family. A man expensive in his dress, courtly in his manners, and lavish in his hospitality, he was, as exclaims a poetaster—

> "Rich in the double gift by Heaven assign'd,
> The ample fortune and the lib'ral mind!"

Moreover, "Billy" Bosville was soon recognised as one of the most eccentric characters of his day,[1] and even as his father had been the friend of Wilkes, so this later owner of Thorpe, ultra-republican by avowal, was the sworn ally of all reformers, numbering amongst his intimate cronies and frequent visitors Sir Francis Burdett, John Horne Tooke and William Cobbett. Meanwhile, as the years passed, one other disposition of the genial Squire became apparent and remained unchangeable—he was an inveterate bachelor, who, despite his tireless sociability, desired no gentle dame to do the honours of his house.

Thus it was whispered that the connection of the younger generation of Macdonalds with their mother's county might, later on, become more firmly cemented; and thus was rendered yet closer the affectionate relationship between them and the childless uncle, who early recognised them as his heirs. Moreover, while they were in this manner brought into frequent contact with their relations at Thorpe and Bretton, so, too, were they intimate with the Yorkshire neighbours of these respective landowners; and notably was this the case with the Spencer-Stanhopes of Cannon Hall, who lived in the West Riding not far from the old property of Gunthwaite, and with whom a very constant friendship had long been maintained by bygone generations of Bosvilles.

[1] A sketch of his life is in course of preparation.—AUTHOR.

And so it comes about that, owing to this intimacy between these two Yorkshire families, we are able to avail ourselves of an interesting account of the eighteenth Chief of Sleat and of his Island home at the beginning of the nineteenth century ; for, thirty-three years after Dr. Johnson and Boswell had visited his father, the first Lord Macdonald, there came another Sassenach, John Spencer-Stanhope, to visit the son of Johnson's host, and to record—albeit as a more amiable scribe—his experiences during this adventure.

Still more, as will be seen, he failed wholly to endorse the opinion of that earlier traveller, who had summed up his verdict respecting the Hebrides in one pregnant sentence. " It would," Dr. Johnson had announced, " require great resignation to live in one of these islands."

CHAPTER V

The Diary of a Sassenach

THE JOURNEY TO SKYE

It was in 1806 that Archibald Macdonald, then aged thirty-one, brother of the eighteenth Chief of Sleat, determined to canvass Inverness-shire for a seat in Parliament, and thereupon proposed to his Yorkshire friend, John Stanhope, then a youth of barely nineteen, to be his fellow-traveller to the North, and likewise to pay a visit to Lord Macdonald in Skye. The suggestion was accepted with alacrity—

"I had so long desired to visit the Highlands of Scotland, and more particularly the Hebrides," wrote Stanhope in his journal in 1806, "(from the idea, perhaps, that their insular situation would have tended to preserve the ancient Highland manners in their original purity), that I scarcely know how the wish was first excited, unless it arose from the pleasure I took in the perusal of Johnson's tour. Accordingly I seized eagerly the opportunity that occurred of accompanying Macdonald."

Nevertheless the proposition met with but scanty encouragement from Stanhope's family.

"I should much prefer a Welsh to a Scotch tour," wrote his mother firmly; "but then I have not the smallest wish to visit the Northern Islanders. I have no desire to spy the nakedness of their land. Even in reading the famed tour of Dr. Johnson, we acquire little knowledge —*only enough, in my opinion, to make us wish never to go there!*"

For the exploration of that barbaric land of the North then appealed little to the imagination of Southerners when weighed against the discomforts which must be endured to accomplish this. Journeying in the Highlands was recognised to be not only a matter of considerable difficulty, but of actual danger, and the adventurous Sassenach who attempted it was subsequently viewed by his contemporaries much in the light of a hero. In those northern wilds, where the abiding isolation and the sense of a great severance from modern civilisation had once breathed dismay into the soul of the great pedant, little had changed since the days of his famous tour. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the Highlands were still as Dr. Johnson had found them—a land of bad roads and worse bypaths, a land where, in order to reach your destination, it was at times necessary to scale mountains by an all but impassable route, where inns were scarce and primitive, conveyances frequently impossible to procure, and food, even of the coarsest kind, often unavailable to the weary traveller.

At nineteen, however, difficulties and dangers are a bait rather than a deterrent; and John Stanhope was aware that the opportunity which now offered of accomplishing his desire was one which fell to the lot of few men. "Though you may not envy me my scheme," he wrote back to his mother, "I think you will envy me my companion!" To visit Skye escorted by a brother of Macdonald of the Isles, to witness the relation between Chief and clansmen in something of its primitive grandeur, to share the homage of the simple Islanders as a man honoured by that Chief, was an experience to which, as he points out, Dr. Johnson himself had been, comparatively, a stranger. Thus, while to Archibald Macdonald the expedition was but the repetition of previous uncomfortable journeys, to his young companion it represented an event of lifelong importance, to which, indeed, throughout the long years of his subsequent existence he was destined to look back as one of the most interesting of his manifold experiences.

And while his sojourn in Skye appeared to him thus unique, his journey thither reads so strangely to modern ears that it may be briefly related.

The travellers first made a lengthy stay in Edinburgh, which was then noted as a great centre of learning, science, and likewise gaiety, for the fashionable world of the North had no

connection with London, and congregated in its own capital in numbers which ensured a perpetual round of balls, routs and assemblies. Yet it was there, according to Stanhope, that the difference between the social life of Scotland and that of England first made itself felt, and conspicuously so in regard to the conversation of those with whom he mingled. As remarked by another member of Lord Macdonald's family, the Scottish dialect at that date, not only among the lower classes, but among those who frequented the best society—and not only in pronunciation, but in the significance with which many words were employed—was a perpetual pitfall to English visitors.

The story had already journeyed to Thorpe, how an English clergyman, unaware that the letter "i" was often pronounced in the North like the letter "e," and anxious to make himself acquainted with the views of the Presbyterian Church, happened one day to encounter some women who, collected round a pond of muddy water, were preparing it for steeping *lint*. The Englishman inquired what they were doing, but great was his astonishment at the reply, "We are preparing for *Lent*, sir!" and he went on his way musing curiously upon what unheard-of penance this might be for which the stern Scottish Church could thus induce the Highland lassies to make early preparation!

So, too, a stranger was equally amazed

to hear a strict Divine, intending to inculcate on his congregation the propriety of receiving a hint properly, deliver his advice in these words: "My friends! be ready at all times to take a *hunt*"; and another Englishman was quite perplexed when told at a party in Skye that the guests were all "kent people," not meaning to imply that they came from the county of Kent, but merely that they were well-known personages. "In Scotland," we are told, "a sore is called an 'income'; and an English tourist would be rather perplexed if a beggar came up to him, asking charity, with a most pitiable countenance, 'because she had a great income' in her hand. A legacy to any charitable fund is called a mortification, and you might hear a benevolent person say, in tones of exultation, that he is 'truly happy to hear the blind have got a great mortification in the will of Mr. Smith.' If a Scottish person says, 'Will you speak to me?' he means, 'Will you listen?' but if he says to a servant, 'I am about to give you a good *hearing*,' that means a severe scolding. The Highland expression for two gentlemen bowing to each other amused me greatly on one occasion, when a Scotchman said to his friend, 'I saw your brother last week exchange hats with Lord —— in Bond Street!'"[1]

Thus when Stanhope remarks, rather plaintively, "*The language here is quite beyond my*

[1] *Scotland and the Scotch*, by Catherine Sinclair, pp. 98–9.

comprehension; I can only understand some who talk like Lady Perth!" and when he adds as an afterthought, "*The custom, too, of many of the women walking about without shoes and stockings is a considerable annoyance to me!*" possibly he had been regaled with two stories current in this connection. For Lady Perth, whom he quotes as a speaker of superior diction, was, none the less, heroine of an illuminating anecdote. Indignant, one day, at hearing a Frenchman speak contemptuously of porridge, she angrily interrupted him with an apt allusion to her own ineradicable horror of frogs as an article of diet. "Ay, sir," she exclaimed vehemently to the bewildered Gaul, "tastes differ! Some folks like *parritch* and others like *puddocks*!" Similarly with regard to the habit dear to Scottish lassies of walking barefoot, another comparison between the customs of different countries has brought a smile to the face of many a dour Caledonian. A Mahometan one day observed some well-to-do Highland women who, after carrying their shoes and stockings, according to their invariable usage, during the walk to divine service, were at last bathing their feet preparatory to putting on their footgear before entering the Kirk. Much impressed, he noted thoughtfully how different were the sacred ceremonies observed in different lands. "In mine," he pointed out, "I throw off my footwear before entering a sacred edifice; but here I perceive

that your religion commands you to put them on!"

Nevertheless, despite the drawback of such minor differences in usage, Stanhope found that the weeks spent by him in Edinburgh passed merrily; wherefore it was with some reluctance that, about the middle of August, he resolutely turned his back upon the last allurements of civilisation, and prepared to face the dangers which awaited him, with a beating heart.

We shall set off to-morrow or next day. Shall go first to Dupplin Castle, then to Blair, the Duke of Athole's. We shall then go to the coast and Staffa. The Laird of Staffa will then send his boat for us, and he will entrust us to the Lord of the Isles, Lord Macdonald, for he still retains that title, though it was forfeited in the rebellion and given to the Prince of Wales. If, however, he, the Prince, was to attempt to make his appearance under that title, the Highlanders would consider him as a usurper *and kick him into the sea!*

Stanhope further explained that he and his friend had provided themselves with a gig, two outriders, and a led horse, which they had sent on to await them at the Bridge of Earn; and on August 16th, therefore, starting in a post-chaise, they drove to Queen's Ferry, where they found a boat ready to sail. In this they crossed over to the North Ferry, enjoying *en route* "a fine view of Lord Hopetoun's beautiful place and the Island of Inch, where Johnson

had landed, and upon which are still the remains of a fort which was built in the troublesome times of Mary, Queen of Scots." But upon disembarking they received the first check to their enthusiasm, being greeted by the intelligence that no post-horses were procurable. The few travellers, they were informed, who ventured through that locality usually secured a "hack-chaise" in which they journeyed till it broke down, or till the badness of the roads rendered it useless. Nor was it probable that a more refined conveyance would be available. Gigs were as scarce, and were viewed as diffidently as in the days of a celebrated trial, when one of the witnesses who bore testimony to the respectability of the accused, on being asked what he meant by "respectable," confidently replied, "*He keeps his gig, sir!*"

However, upon its becoming known that the brother of Lord Macdonald was one of the travellers, a pair of horses was guaranteed and the neighbourhood was ransacked in haste. Meantime the landlord of the inn where they waited, being a too-canny Scotsman, prepared for his unwilling guests an unbidden but expensive dinner, for which he was determined that they should pay. He therefore first sent a waiter to inform them that this repast was ready, and on their refusing to listen to the representations of his subordinate, he appeared in person and strove to insist that they should at once partake

of the meal which they had never ordered or required. Determined not to be fleeced thus, the travellers were firm in their refusal to comply with his wishes; but, under the circumstances, they were not a little relieved when a means of escape at last made its appearance. "Yet, when, after a long delay," relates Stanhope, "we found that the *magic name of Macdonald* had produced the necessary conveyance, it, alas! left much to be desired. Upon seating ourselves in our vehicle we at once discovered that our entire equipage was not particularly elegant. The chaise itself had seen service, *our horses were long-tailed plough-horses, the ploughman was our driver, and our progress was at the rate at which a plough moves through a furrow*—indeed, we did not arrive at Kinross till our patience was exhausted."

Kinross, as he proceeds to explain, "is a town situated upon a spacious plain, on the banks of the loch, on an island in which is the famous Lochleven Castle, where the unfortunate Mary was confined, and whence she escaped by the assistance of young Douglas, the son of the owner of the Castle, whom she seduced by the hopes of marrying her. As soon as they had effected their escape from the Island, they threw the key of the great gate into the lake, *which key was a few years ago picked up by a fisherman, who was so great a Hottentot that he actually carried it to the smith to be melted down!*"

After dining at the inn in this town, they pursued their journey with a slight alteration, though but little improvement, in their conveyance. "We," he relates pathetically, "were not much better rigged out than before. To be sure we had not two plough-horses, but in the place of the one wanting, we had now a tired post-horse; and so slow did we get on, that when we arrived at the Bridge of Earn, we found the servants were gone to bed. We, however, knocked them up and proceeded six miles farther to Dupplin.

"There we found that Lord Kinnoull[1] was fast asleep, so we made haste to forget our troubles and fatigues in the luxury of a comfortable bed.

"We spent the following day, Sunday, at Dupplin, and amused ourselves with inspecting the beautiful scenery of Strath Earn. The Castle is situated in an extremely well-wooded country, through which the Earn winds his course and so enriches the land that parts of it let even so high as six pounds an acre. The hill of Kinnoull affords a most beautiful prospect and commands a fine view of the town of Perth. The Roman soldiers of Agricola, when they came in sight of the Tay and the South Inch, were so struck with the resemblance of this scene to their native land, that, astonished, they

[1] Thomas Robert, eleventh Earl of Kinnoull, Lord-Lieut. of Perthshire, and Col. Royal Perthshire Militia, who had succeeded his father in 1804. He married Louisa Burton, second daughter of Admiral Sir Charles Rowley, Bt., G.C.B., and died in 1866.

burst into this exclamation, '*Ecce Tiberis! Ecce Campus Martius!*'"

Stanhope may have heard some years afterwards how Sir Walter Scott paraphrased this historical exclamation—

> "Behold the Tiber! the vain Roman cried,
> Viewing the ample Tay from Baiglie's side;
> But where's the Scot that would the vaunt repay,
> And hail the puny Tiber as the Tay!"

From Dupplin the travellers went to Perth, where he explains gravely they stayed some time at the inn "to accommodate ourselves with those necessaries which we found wanting for our *great undertaking*." They then journeyed on to Dunkeld, and now at last one dream of Stanhope's young life was realised.

"At Dunkeld," he relates, "we were actually in the Highlands! I had felt the greatest eagerness for this moment, but how great was my astonishment at finding, instead of dreary wastes covered only with heather, to behold lofty mountains covered to their very summits with vast forests—I may say one of the most beautiful countries I ever saw! But it was not without considerable sorrow that I beheld Birnam 'Wood,' the only spot that remained unsheltered by trees; it exhibited a mere rocky nakedness, and formed a striking contrast to the delightful green of the neighbouring hills. The Duke of Athole [1] was particularly anxious

[1] John, fourth Duke of Athole, born 1755, succeeded his father in 1774. He married first, in 1774, Jane, eldest daughter of George, ninth Lord Cathcart, by whom he had issue; and secondly, in 1794, Marjory, eldest daughter of James, sixteenth Lord Forbes, and widow of John, Lord Macleod, by whom he had issue who predeceased him. The Duke died in September 1830, and was succeeded by his son.

to purchase this, he even offered to plant it at his own expense; but the gentleman to whom it belongs bears as great an enmity to the Duke as ever one of the old Chieftains bore to one another, and consequently makes a point of thwarting all the Duke's wishes."

They visited the grounds belonging to the Duke, the ruins of the old Cathedral of Dunkeld,[1] also the Falls of Ossian, "a most glorious waterfall, which it would require pages to describe!" and swiftly the spell of the North was stealing into the soul of the Southerner. "The scenery is beautiful," he writes, "and all species of trees grow well in this part of the country. The serenity of the evening, the lofty mountains covered with woods that rose up on all sides, the dark and rapid waves of the Braan so delighted me that I could almost have determined to spend the remainder of my life in a small cottage here—'the world forgetting, by the world forgot!'"

Indeed, the grounds of Dunkeld were considered to exhibit an instance of the most perfect landscape gardening, planned as this was amidst a wealth of natural beauty, of towering hills and fine woods, with the silver Tay glittering through the forests. The Duke, at a later date,

[1] This is believed originally to have been a religious establishment instituted by the disciples of St. Columba. The architecture is of a composite character, exhibiting features both of the Norman and the Pointed styles. The choir, which has been restored and is now the Parish Church, was founded by Bishop Sinclair in 1318.

used to boast that, when young, he made walks, and when old he made rides over the hills of Dunkeld, and the result was eventually eighty miles of gravel paths and drives through this beautiful scenery, where the climate was so healthy that in the neighbourhood an "Eighty-four Club" at one time flourished, no member being eligible under that age. Beneath the Duke's auspices, on all sides there sprang up in profusion scene after scene of varied beauty, gardens and bowers, secluded groves and charming terraces, luxuriant trees and flowers, intersected by the river and backed by hills covered to their summits with tapering larch. He is credited, in fact, with having planted no less than twenty thousand acres with this, his favourite tree; so that to a Perthshire gentleman, despite his nationality, is attributed the jest, that, although his country could not boast an Arch-Duke, it had at any rate a Larch-Duke!

Only one conspicuously barren space, as Stanhope remarks, appeared in all that finely wooded neighbourhood, looking, amid its surroundings, "like a great haystack in a garden"—that was the so-called Birnam Wood, of which one writer aptly observed that, if its trees ever marched to Dunsinane, they took a long time in returning! Indeed, when the friend of Godfrey Bosville, John Wilkes, visited this spot, he declared that the "greatest vagary of Shakespeare's fancy was to imagine a wood on Birnam

Hill, where there grew scarcely a ragged shrub ! " And when, one day, Boswell, jealous for the honour of his country, was boasting of the manner in which the Duke had adorned his domain with beautiful forest trees, Wilkes, who delighted in tormenting the patriotic Scotsman, waxed further sarcastic.

" Where could this possibly be ? " he demanded. " I travelled through your native land with an American servant ; and after we had visited endless places in different parts of Scotland, I inquired of him what was his general opinion of the country :—

" ' Oh, sir,' replied the American, ' it is *finely cleared* ! ' "

Stanhope, however, would not have echoed this latter verdict, particularly while, with his companion, he journeyed on to Blair, " the road," as he relates, " winding through the most beautiful country in Scotland, and through the famous Pass of Killiecrankie." Yet the very loveliness of the route enhanced the sadness of the thoughts which it engendered, for here, in 1689, under " Bonnie Dundee," [1] this spot resembling an earthly Paradise was turned into a shambles

[1] John Grahame of Claverhouse, the elder son of William Grahame of Claverhouse, in Forfarshire, born in 1648, and remarkable for his personal beauty. In 1688, after he had marched from Scotland to London to stem the Revolution, he was created Viscount Dundee and Lord Grahame of Claverhouse ; next, being joined by the Jacobite clans and three hundred Irish, he raised the standard of James against William and Mary. He received his death-wound in the battle with General Mackay in the Pass of Killiecrankie.

with the mingled death agonies of red-coats and Highlanders—of Mackay's force of five thousand men, Claverhouse, ere his death, is said to have stated that only twelve hundred had survived. At Blair, Stanhope and his companion spent five days very pleasantly in the surviving portion of the massive old Castle, which, like so many representatives of ancient Scotland, had been literally beheaded by order of an offended Government. In punishment for the rebellion of its owner, its towers,[1] pinnacles, and battlements had been demolished, and its upper storeys removed, which barbarous act, owing to the thickness of the venerable walls, had only been brought about by successive explosions of gunpowder.

The Duke who, with his many schemes as architect, landscape gardener, and agriculturist, had transformed an indolent peasantry into active, happy and prosperous labourers, enjoyed an amount of popularity among his dependants seldom surpassed. So great, indeed, was the attachment which he inspired that the Highlanders would never admit anything respecting him which they thought could even remotely be considered to his disparagement. A story runs that, when a stranger asked one of the foresters if the Duke spoke Gaelic, the man, unwilling to diminish the lustre of his master by any confession to the contrary, bethought himself, in a happy inspiration, how he had lately

[1] Its towers were restored, and it was re-embattled in 1870.

attended His Grace in a shooting expedition to the hill of Keichnacaapex. "Och yes," he replied emphatically, "the Duke speaks the Gaelic fine! 'Twas only t'other day when I was following him to the hills, His Grace turned to me and pointed with his finger, saying, '*Keichnacaapex, Donald!*' Och yes, he speaks the Gaelic fine!"

For some days Stanhope went deer-stalking with the Duke and Lord Westmorland in the vast deer forest, which, he relates, extended over sixty thousand Scottish acres; but at last the travellers resumed their journey. To their great regret, however, the "fine serenity" of the previous weather was gone; a wild gale now swept the land, the rain poured, a hurricane blew, and the air was as cold as winter. Yet even so, this could not entirely obliterate the beauty of the scenery. "What a country!" Stanhope exclaims. "So lonely and so grand! Whichever way we turned our eyes nothing was to be seen but vast spaces of dark heath and towering mountains!"

Weary and wet, at Dalwhinnie they came to the inn which had originally been built as a residence for General Wade[1] when he was constructing the roads, and near which a stone, bearing date 1729, marks the spot where the

[1] George Wade (1673–1748), field-marshal, who commanded as a general officer in the Highlands during the pacification after the '15, and to whom is due the execution of the great military roads during 1726–37. Queen Victoria stayed at this inn at Dalwhinnie.

troops who had completed the roads from Inverness met those who were working up from Dunkeld. At this inn Stanhope found two old friends who were on a shooting expedition—Lord Blantyre and his brother, Charles Stuart—who, having heard of his expected arrival, had prepared an excellent dinner for the occasion; but he relates, "Our pleasant evening was not followed by an equally pleasant night, for, though our fatigues invited repose, the accommodation of a Highland inn, full of sportsmen, did not second the invitation, and the division of the different apartments was so thin that you could not only hear the conversation and exclamations of everybody, but even the snoring of people in every direction, interspersed with invocations and hearty curses upon the chambermaid and waiter, together with numerous other equally potent anti-soporifics." Indeed, at most of the inns the Highlanders were in the habit of drinking till three o'clock in the morning, and the smell of whisky invariably "pervaded every corner of the house so powerfully that any teetotaller would have committed a breach of his oath by merely inhaling the air."

The next morning, unrefreshed by such a night, they proceeded on their way.

Our minds were full of the dangers we should experience in scaling the lofty mountain Corryarrick. The road was execrable, and we picked our way with difficulty. After we had

gone about six miles we came to a town where we inquired for a smith, in order to fasten my pony's shoes before we attempted the difficulties which lay between us and Fort Augustus. We here met with an instance of moderation that pleased us exceedingly. The man who conducted us to the smith's could hardly be persuaded to accept of a shilling! We soon arrived at a small house where we bated our horses, and, setting forward again, in a short time we found ourselves at the foot of the long-dreaded Corryarrick.

It was six miles to the top of it and three down the other side.[1] With all the spirit that our wet and frozen limbs permitted, we began to ascend. The road was a zigzag, the surface covered with large, loose stones, and every now and then it degenerated into steps cut through a rock. Very high posts were placed at intervals to mark its route to the unfortunate traveller who might risk his life by attempting to pass over this dreaded country in the wintry snow. Thus we staggered on, in the middle of a dreadful rain, abetted by a most violent wind, so that we were wet to the skin and frozen to numbness by the sharpness of the gale.

At last, after enduring many hours of intense discomfort, to their unspeakable joy they passed "this lofty barrier," and found themselves at Fort Augustus,[2] a military Fort which was built by General Wade to overawe the High-

[1] The old military road made by General Wade in 1735 over the Pass of Corryarrick rises 2507 ft. in 15 miles. It descends to Glen Tarff and Fort Augustus. It was along this road that General Cope retired in 1745.

[2] Originally constructed in 1729 to hold three hundred men; it was sold in 1867 to Lord Lovat, and now is fast falling into decay.

landers, and whence the soldiery formerly laid waste and depopulated the neighbouring country. Many a Highland gentleman was brought there as a prisoner after the fatal fight at Culloden; and there, too, in a dungeon, was confined the aged Lord Lovat upon that last journey to London which terminated in his trial and execution. There, likewise, in more peaceable times, came Johnson and Boswell; and there our present travellers were forced, like many before them, to abide unwillingly, for the weather became too violent for them to proceed on their journey. So the next day they rested, and in the afternoon paid a visit to the Governor of the Fort, Colonel Brodie, whom Stanhope describes gratefully as "*an enormous quiz*"; and he further explains—

The Fort is beautifully situated, for it is in the heart of Loch Ness, a most noble Lake, and there is not a single hill near it which it does not command. It was, I imagine, originally meant to keep in some sort of order the rebellious Clans. We saw the two pieces of cannon which had belonged to the Pretender.

The following morning was like all the preceding ones, very stormy, but we had got so accustomed to rain that it was almost become our natural element, so Macdonald and I determined to start again, which we did, escorted by a little Macdonald as guide. To describe our subsequent difficulties would be impossible. We had heard much of the badness of the route, but all our conceptions of it were far, far too favour-

able. It scaled mountains and wound round them. . . . The general style of the country through which it went was a glen, with a river running through the middle of it, the mountains rising perpendicularly on each side and in front; and every moment, a furious torrent, collecting all the rivulets from the top of the hills, swelled to an amazing size by the quantity of rain that had fallen, precipitated itself from rock to rock with foaming rapidity, and added a degree of majestic horror to the scene by its roaring sound. Some of them, indeed, were so grand as to make us for a moment forget the pitiless rain and wind that poured its utmost rage against us in these barbarous regions. Soon our way wound up these mountains. There had once, I believe, been a road, but it was made by General Wade, who measured it upon a map. It was now composed of rocks and loose stones, and variegated with rivers and bogs, which the great quantity of rain that had fallen rendered very deep and dangerous. We were obliged, in compassion to our horses, to walk, and indeed it was the only means of keeping ourselves alive from the intensity of the cold, for the rain that was driven in our faces by the icy wind so benumbed our limbs that we could not proceed fast enough to keep ourselves warm.

We had left Fort Augustus at eight in the morning, having been told that we should find an inn ten Scotch miles off. After travelling thus for *twelve* Highland miles, we came to the spot where we intended to rest ourselves, only to find that the hut celebrated by Johnson was vanished, and with it had vanished all our hopes of whisky, eggs, and oatcakes! Our despair was indescribable. We were forced to struggle on through the solitary country and the icy cold,

trying to amuse ourselves with the conversation of our little guide, whom we found well versed in the Classics. He was at that time studying the Jugurthine War! It was quite a novelty to me to hear a little boy that was running by my side for a few shillings shouting out Virgil!

We proceeded over the same kind of country for about twenty English miles, and arrived at last between four and five at a little bit of a hut. It was too insignificant to pay taxes, and we viewed it with foreboding. We could not find anybody about who knew any English, and at last we made our way into the room that served the inhabitants for bedroom, parlour, kitchen and all. We there discovered our host, who proved to be a most extraordinary character, a perfect old Highlander, a gentleman, according to his own ideas. He bade us know that he did not keep an Inn, but *took compassion* on travellers in our situation.

We dined upon fresh mutton, eggs and oat-cakes, and finding, to our great surprise, that there was some wine, we requested our host's company. It was still more astonishing to find how well informed he was; having learnt English at school, his language was very good; but we could scarcely conceal our amazement on hearing him talk of great men as his intimate friends, and of having put two of his brothers into the army, the one as a Lieutenant, the other as an Ensign! . . . Upon my venturing to express surprise at the massey silver ladles and spoons upon the table, he seemed much displeased.

After we had finished our wine we requested our hostess to make some tea for us; she changed her clothes and came to us looking like a well-dressed housekeeper of the old style. Her

pride was not at all inferior to that of her husband.

At last we retired to sleep. There was only one bed in the house, so we threw some sheets over some chairs and laid down, but we did not think it fit to undress. At four o'clock next morning we rose, and soon started, accompanied by our constant companions of wind and rain. The road, too, we found equally bad; and still stiff and footsore from our previous experiences, we were little calculated for struggling with its difficulties.

After we had performed about half our journey to the next stage, we found our course obstructed by a river, which was considerably swelled by a cascade from the mountains. We stopped short, convinced that we had lost our way. Never shall I forget my feelings at that moment, when amidst these wild primeval solitudes—these awful deserts where not a trace of a human creature was to be discovered—I felt myself as unwilling to measure back the dangers already escaped, as I was fearful of plunging into worse. After considerable hesitation we boldly rushed into the flood, and, contrary to our secret expectations, actually succeeded in crossing it alive.

On the farther side we discovered a hut, but neither the Highlander nor any of his family understood a word of English. Having mustered enough Gaelic to make him understand us, he jumped forward, secured the head of one of the horses, and carried us through numerous bogs, which, if we had attempted to cross without his assistance, we must inevitably have been swamped. With great joy we found ourselves again upon the road, musing upon the kind of life an inhabitant of those mountains must lead.

How often did I wish to send some of those grumbling English farmers, who are complaining of the weight of taxes and of security, to experience the hardships of life amidst such wastes, and to see how contentedly the natives could endure such hardships.

At last we arrived at Shiel House,[1] a house of slate and glass, though not till twelve o'clock, and cold and hungry. We were so wet that we actually flooded the room with the rain that dropped from us. We breakfasted upon herrings and eggs and oatcake, and started again. We had now to overcome one of the greatest undertakings from Fort Augustus to Skye, the mountain Ratachan. The road was carried perpendicularly up it![2] I gave my horses to the servant. I could not assist him, for I doubted the possibility of getting myself up; indeed, when we were got half-way up, we almost gave up the attempt, but were as fearful of returning as we were discouraged at proceeding. The path was suitable only for goats, and a story lingers that an Englishman who once, for a wager, undertook to drive his carriage over this all but impassable route, after he had achieved it, took off his hat, crying, "Farewell, Mr. Ratachan! May I never see your face again!" At last we did surmount the final obstacle, and on the other side found a better road. But the vehemence of the storm, which increased as we approached the shore, was so great that my pony could scarcely face it.

Johnson has celebrated the horrors of the

[1] An inn situated in a beautiful spot at the mouth of Glenshiel.

[2] Dr. Johnson and Boswell also rode on horseback over this hill, which the latter describes as "a terrible steep to climb," and which sorely tried the temper of the former. It is, of course, much improved in modern times, and now ascends 1072 ft. in 3 miles.

inn at Glenelg, at which we at last arrived;[1] but since his time it has grown worse. There was nothing at all to eat, beds there were none, there was not even a chair! There was indeed a room which they offered *either to us or our horses*! Wet, cold, weary, and hungry as we were, we determined, in preference, to face the storm and cross over to Skye. We therefore left our servants to take care of the horses, and persuaded some boatmen by the bribe of a large sum to take us over.[2] So rough, however, was the short passage that they soon informed us that for no money we might offer would they risk the voyage again, in order to bring over our servants. We were, needless to relate, sufficiently thankful when they landed us safely in Skye.

Thus did John Stanhope enter the Hebrides, and, thankful for dangers past, he wrote the following day to his mother—

Here I am, thank God, alive, safe and sound, after a journey which those who have never been in these parts cannot in the least conceive.

[1] It was on their way to this inn that Johnson and Boswell quarrelled respecting the anxiety of the latter to ride on and secure proper accommodation for his friend. When they did eventually arrive at the inn Boswell relates, "There was no provender for our horses; so they were sent to grass, with a man to watch them. A maid showed us upstairs into a room damp and dirty, with bare walls, a variety of bad smells, a coarse, black, greasy fir table, and forms of the same kind; and out of a wretched bed started a fellow from his sleep, like Edgar in *King Lear*, 'Poor Tom's a-cold!' . . . This inn was furnished with not a single article that we could eat or drink. . . . I sent for fresh hay with which to make beds for ourselves, each in a room equally miserable. I had my sheets spread on the hay, and my clothes and greatcoat laid over me, by way of blankets" (*The Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, by James Boswell. Printed by Henry Baldwin for Charles Dilly, 1786, pp. 127–8).

[2] They probably went a little way along the coast, to Bernera, and there got boatmen to take them across to Skye, landing at Kyle Rhea.

Talk not to me of bad roads ! What can you—what can anybody know of a bad road who has not seen the Corryarrick, who has not scaled the Ratachan ? What can you know of travelling, who have not gone starving, frozen, sleepless, and supperless, in real danger of death by bog, torrent, or exposure ? Such is the journey to the Hebrides, and none but the hardy need undertake it.

CHAPTER VI

The Diary of a Sassenach—(*continued*)

THE SOJOURN IN SKYE

"The Island of Skye," explained a niece of Lord Macdonald, writing some years later, "is so exclusively inhabited by Macdonalds, Mackinnons and Macleods that it might be appropriately named All-Macks, for if a stranger were in want of assistance near any house or village, he need only call out 'Mac!' and a head would instantly appear at every window!" But in this strange new kingdom in which Stanhope at last found himself, while he was to encounter conditions different from any which he had so far discovered, and while he was to bask in the society both of Mackinnons and Macleods, he was destined to realise more fully, and in a manner to which he had yet been a stranger, the potency of the "magic name of Macdonald."

His first experience in this connection was trivial, but none the less convincing. The inn near the shore, at which he and his friend now prepared to pass the night, though primitive in

its accommodation and able to boast few superfluous luxuries, was at least clean and more enticing than many they had yet visited; but the instant the host found that one of his guests was actually the brother of the Chief, he declared that he must prepare something fitting for so great an occasion. His guests might hunger, they might be impatient, they might wax indignant, but it behoved him to treat them with the honour which was their due. "We only just succeeded in saving the life of an innocent lamb," relates Stanhope, with amusement, "which he determined to kill for dinner *while we waited*, and we only did so by declaring imperatively that we refused to remain with him if he slaughtered it. The following day, his ideas growing, he wanted to kill an ox for us, but we earnestly declined, and to his great distress made a hearty dinner upon the usual fare provided for travellers—herrings and potatoes."

That first day of Stanhope's introduction to Skye dawned under brighter conditions. "For the first time for a whole fortnight," he writes, "we saw the sun. For the first time for sixteen days we were not to be wet through to the skin." The blue ocean, the rugged coast, the purple hills, even the little white inn seemed to emerge to their vision out of a swirl of tempest, darkness and mist. "We were this morning astonished by a perfectly new spectacle—namely, the inn at which we had slept, but which we had

not yet seen! And anxious not to lose the fine weather, we sent our horses by road, and ourselves embarking in a small boat, set forth for Armadale." After four hours' pleasant sailing, during which the bright sunshine and the laughing waves seemed to make still more remote the nightmare of that past journey, they stepped upon the sands at their destination.

There they received a warm welcome from Lord Macdonald, who came down to the shore to greet them, in like manner, upon the like spot, and almost upon the identical day of the month on which his father, thirty-three years earlier, had hastened thither to welcome those two guests, the captious Rambler and his satellite, who were to requite his hospitality so ill. But this second Lord Macdonald, who had been born in the year of Johnson's Tour, was to experience far other treatment at the hands of his present visitor, who was indeed prepared to be enchanted with everything. "Oh! what luxury," Stanhope exclaims, "to find oneself once more in a place of comfort! Here all is delightful; and our appetites are so keen that we eat everything which is put before us!" In short, in contrast to those graceless critics of a bygone age, he was ready to endorse the opinion expressed by another traveller, "A statue of Hospitality should be placed upon this shore, holding out her hands to welcome strangers as they arrive. Here we seemed suddenly to have

become the near relatives or intimate friends of every individual we saw, while I almost began to fancy we must have recently succeeded to the whole island, and were come to take possession!"

Nor was he less delighted with his host. This second Lord Macdonald, known to his tenants as "the Lord"[1] and to his numerous nephews and nieces by the affectionate nickname of their "Lord-papa," was for long a liberal benefactor in Skye, where many an eye brightened at the mention of his name. Hospitable to all, strangers were entertained at Armadale during his absence, by his factor; and during his residence, rich and poor alike were certain of their welcome. "He lived on terms of cordial intimacy with his clansmen and tenantry," we are told, "whose interests it was his chief pleasure, during a long succession of years, to promote, while the greater proportion of his large income was expended on the improvement and decoration of his estate." Indeed, on this object he eventually spent, it is said, £35,000, while so unstintingly did he likewise keep open house that "an English visitor once asked him with surprise how it happened that all his principal tenants came to dine at Armadale whenever they pleased, while, in the South, farmers are welcomed only when they come to pay their rents, to which he replied, 'Your English

[1] Stanhope explains that it was customary for the clansmen thus to term every Chief of Sleat, and had no reference to his possession of a peerage.

SIR ALEXANDER WENTWORTH MACDONALD,
10th Baronet, 2nd Lord Macdonald of Slate.

From the picture by Thomas Barber at Thorpe.

To face p. 152.

tenants are all boors, but mine are Highland gentlemen of family and education.' " [1]

Keenly interested in the improvements on his property, which he had then in contemplation, Lord Macdonald was eager to expound these schemes to his guest; but, first, five days' rest and refreshment were allotted to the weary travellers, in which to recuperate; and during this interval Stanhope employed his time in making observations upon his surroundings, under the heading—*Character, Manners, and Customs of the Highlanders.* With regard to their food, he remarks—

" Little variation seems to have taken place in the manner of living since the time of Dr. Johnson. In the Hebrides they still continue to take their *streah*, or glass of whisky, before breakfast, which, though by no means a palatable regimen to Englishmen, seems at least to be a very wholesome one, if one may judge from the healthy appearance and ruddy skins of the natives—indeed, in such a wet climate, it is almost absolutely necessary to drink spirits in some degree. At breakfast there is a kind of first course of fresh fish, then follows the tea and coffee, with the etceteras of cheese and biscuits, oatcakes, eggs, and marmalade jelly. There is also a nice kind of oatcake made of flour; at two places I have even seen an attempt at Bread. I fancy it was leaven; it certainly did not bear much resemblance to that which it represented! Additional streahs are never refused in the daytime. At dinner fish is held in high consideration; there is also a profusion

[1] *Scotland and the Scotch*, by C. Sinclair, p. 197.

of fresh cream, and since Johnson's time they have actually learnt the important art of composing a custard ! Tea appears after dinner, and a regular supper is followed by whisky, toddy, punch, etc."

With regard to the original fashion of drinking a *streah*, Stanhope may have perused the account given by the writer Martin of this ancient custom. " The manner of drinking used by the chief men of the Isles "—Martin relates—" is called in their language *Streah*, i.e. *a round.* For the Company sate in a circle ; the cupbearer filled the drink round to them, and always drank out whatever the liquor was, whether strong or weak. They continued drinking sometimes twenty-four, sometimes forty-eight hours ; it was reckoned a piece of Manhood to drink till they became drunk, and there were two men with a Barrow standing punctually on such occasions. They stood at the door until some became drunk, and then carried them upon the Barrow to Bed ; and returned again to their Post as long as any continued fresh, and so carried off the whole Company. Several of my acquaintances have been witness to this Custom of drinking, but it is now abolished." [1]

It was therefore but a degenerate survival of this time-honoured custom which Stanhope records ; nevertheless, he could realise that whatever the necessity for " streahs " experi-

[1] *A Description of the Western Islands*, by M. Martin, p. 106.

enced by the "chief men of the Isles," the poor had little else to vary the monotony of their diet. To illustrate this he quotes a current anecdote, which has since done service in other guise and in regard to other localities. "An Englishman," he says, "once asked a lad in Skye whether he did not sometimes tire of porridge; the youth gazed at him aghast with astonishment, and exclaimed, 'Would ye hae me no' like my meat?'"

With respect to agriculture in the Island, Stanhope states—

Their principal agricultural pursuit is the breeding of cattle; their arable lands are principally sown with the smaller oats; in many places they are obliged to use a small crooked instrument in ploughing the land, which is attended with great labour. Their hay is thoroughly bad, it is generally got at the same time as the corn, at the end of September. After having stood many varieties of weather, it is principally made, as the corn is reaped, by women, who accompany their motion with their wild Gaelic songs. I do not know anything more pleasing or anything that brings one more in touch with plain unsophisticated nature than the sound of these untutored female voices singing in unison with their hands.

Potatoes have succeeded so well in Skye that they are become a *sine qua non* there; turnips have just been introduced and promise very fairly. There is one field of wheat, and that is in Scalpa.

But more interesting are his observations upon the silent revolution which was then taking

place throughout the Island Kingdom, and his retrospect of former, compared with then prevailing, conditions—

"Mountains generally contain the original inhabitants of the country, who, to avoid the early invaders, retire to the high lands, where with the greatest agility they elude the pursuit of the enemies who, unable to conquer a flying nation, unable to struggle with the difficulties the hilly country exposes them to, with no means of supplying themselves with provisions, are obliged to give up an attempt too laborious.

The people who thus despise the threats of consequence are equally removed from the trammels of the law. Frequently exposed to famine in a species of country that little invites them to pursue the more peaceable employments of Agriculture, rough as the mountains they inhabit, they naturally turn their minds to pillage, and form themselves into separate bodies with a Chief at their head. In the Highlands of Scotland, these bodies are connected by a more intimate chain. The members of each separate clan, descended from some particular man, are thus united by the ties of relationship which amongst them are deemed sacred, and they look up to the Chieftain as a father. It has been erroneously supposed that, in ordinary circumstances, he governed them autocratically; but that was by no means the case. They regarded him with the most enthusiastic attachment, and it was by maintaining inviolable that attachment that he ruled over them. Born and bred amongst them, he excelled in all the manly exercises of the Highlanders; he did not treat them as his subjects, but as his relations, and every one looked up to him to support the honour

of their common name. The continual battles in which they followed him endeared him still more, but he had also another link by which he maintained his power. He was supreme Judge, and paid what attention to justice he himself chose.

Many of the younger branches of the Chief's family led out colonies who formed separate clans, but were at the command of their Chief to appear in his support in any Battles; these bore the name of Lairds, but, instead of bearing the family name, took, by way of distinguishing them, that of their estates. But one of the principal supports of this feudal system was the manner in which the lands were let out. The Chieftain or Laird let out large districts to Tacksmen, who formed the superior order of the people. These let them out to tenants, so that the tacksmen bore the kind of rank of Captains of Companies. The last and lowest order were those of Cotters, who were bound by their lease to afford their personal labour to their lairds. Money was then no object to a man, but he who could bring into the field the largest number of followers was the greatest man. Thus was population greatly encouraged.

This was the ancient system of the Highlanders, which in the year 1745 received its deathblow.

The Chief has now lost his warriors, the Highlanders are disarmed. Those who were formerly all soldiers are now herdsmen; the Lairds no longer receiving their rents in personal service began to look for a more substantial payment, and almost universally raised their rents. The Highlanders who farmed each his little spot of ground, unable to meet their advanced rents, were turned out, and large sheep walks were formed and let to the highest bidder. This at

once destroyed the feudal system; the people, still retaining all the pride and spirit of their forefathers, accused their Chiefs of having broken the tacit agreement which binds the governed to their ruler. They indignantly left that man who, for low desire of gain, had forsaken his children, and deserted those whose ancestors had acquired by their blood those possessions from which, for the sake of a few pounds more, he was now driving their descendants. They tore themselves away from their ungrateful country and sought in distant and more propitious lands a home where to lay their heads.

> "Still trembling, shrinking from a spoiler's hand,
> Far, far away their children leave the land."

The fate of these unhappy emigrants was, I fear, not fortunate; but the accounts received from them have abounded in such enticing descriptions of their situation that the spirit of emigration seems rather to increase than to diminish. The question respecting its advantages and disadvantages has lately occupied much of the public mind. . . .

He proceeds to explain how the "elegant language and plausible arguments brought forward by Lord Selkirk have contributed not only to spread this evil, but also to convince many of the absolute necessity of it." It was essential, this prophet of a new creed maintained, that at some time in the natural evolution of a state its people should emigrate in order to avoid starvation; and, with his assertions, the spirit of unrest spread like an epidemic through the Islands. The staunch, dogged clansmen, true products of

the land which gave them birth, were uprooting themselves from the conditions which to them were part of life itself, and, before the gaunt spectre of starvation, were flying to lands of which they knew little and to which they were but ill-adapted. Only one thing could stem the tide of emigration, and the problem which faced alike the Chief and his people was how to transform the raiders of olden days and the agricultural community of that day into a manufacturing people of the future, if the race were to survive the over-population which threatened them with destitution.

The question eternally occurs — what will effect this change? Only one thing—*the power of money!* Do not we see in every country the old Aristocratical system, after a certain period, give way to the monied interest? Is not this change becoming every day more and more apparent in our own country? Then why should not money have a similar effect here? They already understand the value, they are even now here as eager as in England to obtain it; the keeper of an inn, even in these wild regions, has learnt the art of charging. The sole question is how is the monied interest to take its rise?

That was the problem which faced the Chief and his subordinates, which gave him and them anxious days and sleepless nights. The most plausible solution, he explained to Stanhope, was that the Islanders should "be turned into a kind of amphibious animal," that their natural

food was undoubtedly provided by the blue waters which encircled their little kingdom. Although already this had been attempted without success, he felt convinced that this was "owing to the bad management of those whose business it was to arrange it," and he proceeded to point out the remedy—

The fishermen should have land let to them; great care should be taken that they have not anyhow enough to live upon—they must be reduced by necessity to follow the fisheries as a trade. Vessels should be given them for which they are to pay in instalments, that, besides having their own livelihood to seek, they should have the desire of paying off their debts, and of possessing their vessels as their own property. . . . Thus, in time, these Islands would become a hardy nursery for the Navy . . . the tie of the Chief over them would not be lost, as they would hold of him a small farm which would supply them with potatoes and other necessaries. Lord Macdonald is about to try the experiment upon a small scale. He intends to send for a boat's crew from Peterhead, six men, and having built six boats, to put one of these men in each boat with the complement of Skye men. If they succeed, others will be glad enough to follow their example. The increasing riches will be an argument too cogent to be answered!

Other schemes, too, were on foot to save the Islanders from their threatened doom. "We saw in Skye one weaver, from whom we bought some very good handkerchiefs. Why should not this industry be nursed by proper encourage-

ment?" The hunt for coal was going on—"Collieries will doubtless be established, as specimens of coal have already been found here.[1] The Canal roads and other public works will form a temporary employment to the Islanders;"[2] and already one shop, established by Lord Macdonald, and belonging to him, supplied the simple wants of Skye and all the neighbouring Isles, and, to the hopeful, hinted at the future extension of commerce on a larger scale.

Meanwhile the Chief informed his guest that "he had well considered the question of emigration, and he was perfectly convinced that, *were he to buy lands in America and present them to the superfluity of his tenants*, notwithstanding the heavy expense he should incur in doing it, *his estate would be materially benefited.* But that,

[1] It is, however, interesting in connection with the projected industries discussed by Stanhope over a century ago, to add that, at the present date, the isle of Raasay, just off Skye, has been bought with the object of working iron deposits there.

[2] Writing in 1840, Miss Sinclair, the niece of Stanhope's host, says, "The Highlanders, accustomed to warfare, scarcely knew what industry meant, until the Caledonian Canal was begun, and, though it cost a million of money, that price has been more than repaid by the spirit of exertion and activity which it introduced among the natives. They used at first to look on with indolent contempt while Irish labourers dug and excavated the ground, but gradually one or two at a time volunteered to wield the spade, and were delighted to receive the two and sixpence allowed for their day's work. After a short interval employed in spending it, they generally returned, bringing a troop of friends willing to try the same experiment, and at last the whole population rose simultaneously, shouldered their spades, and enlisted in the service. Since then, instead of the desponding inertnese caused by hopeless poverty, the Highlanders have become so active and enterprising that no less than five thousand from this immediats neighbourhood are working on different railways, who might all be thus comfortably maintained were it not for their extreme partiality to the herring fishery" (*Scotland and the Scotch*, p. 159).

although he was a heavy sufferer by their living upon him, he could not endure the idea of his subjects wandering about the world, exiled and despairing, in search of some place where they might lay their heads."

So, too, while the anxious Islanders were fleeing in ever-increasing numbers from that Spectre of Want which perpetually stalked them, and while the blight of encroaching modernity was rapidly enshrouding all their lonely land, the spirit of their forefathers still burnt in the souls of these harassed clansmen. Neither Need, which could no longer be combated by Pillage, nor a vision, but dimly understood, of the great god Mammon, who alone might save them from disaster, could erase their age-old faith in their Chief, or uproot from them the loyalty which was their heritage from the dead centuries. Of this Stanhope was to witness a striking instance when the time allotted for rest after his journey had expired.

"It had," he wrote, long years afterwards; "been one of the most interesting experiences of my life to see Scotland in its natural and uncivilised state—no novel of Sir Walter Scott's will ever come up to the living reality. But it is a far more wonderful thing to have realised personally *the more than Royal Power* exercised by one Highland Chief. . . . We accompanied Lord Macdonald and his chamberlain on a Royal tour over the Island, and no king could command the homage, veneration, and service which, wher-

ever he trod, was his undisputed right. Wherever he journeyed, he and his guests stopped where he chose, and no man dreamed of saying him nay. He sheltered sometimes in a great house, sometimes in a shanty. And where he went, all the clansmen were not only bound to receive him, but bound to follow him—to make one of the 'Chief's tail,' as it was called, until he had a following of his clan, growing, ever growing, and journeying round his Island Kingdom, all in the Macdonald Tartan! It was truly a sight which, once seen, lived in one's recollection for ever."

There were possibly drawbacks to this Royal progress. The Chief and his guests were obliged to stop at all the houses along their route, in order to drink whisky, "and," adds Stanhope, "as at every step we make an addition to our party, the consequence is that every house where we arrive, we promptly fill." Moreover, he explains how this little principality, hedged about by obstacles which few travellers cared to surmount, and doomed thus to isolation, had become truly sufficient to itself and recked little of that larger world beyond its ken. "At this distance from what is generally known as the civilised world," he writes, "the politics of England are viewed as of small importance, partly owing to the impossibility of obtaining information, due to the differences of language and also to the difficulties of transit. Bonaparte might easily have effected a landing, and England—which God avert—have been long

under the insulting dominion of a conqueror, before the knowledge of his departure from Paris would penetrate here; even then, it is doubtful if it would make much sensation! And thus it is that the confined patriotism of the inhabitants is bounded by the sea that foams against the rocks of Skye; their Chief is their world; his conduct affords them their politics and his motions engross the attention of all classes more than the proceedings of a Napoleon or of a King of England."

Possibly Stanhope may have heard at a later date how a minister in the Hebrides actually continued praying for King William for more than a year after the decease of that Sovereign, until he was accidentally informed that Queen Victoria had been crowned some months previously. And possibly there was some excuse for a clergyman from Greenock, on the less benighted mainland, who, having once been asked to preach at Duntulm, gave untold offence to his insular compatriots there by praying naïvely for "*Skye and other barbarous Islands!*" But since, in regard to their Chief, information was never lacking to the inhabitants of that Isle, and his movements were thus the subject of universal knowledge and comment throughout the little kingdom, Stanhope found that wherever Macdonald and his 'tail' journeyed, a meal was always in readiness for them — the best which each man could provide, even although

in some cases this consisted only of black broth. For the same reason, in whichever direction they bent their steps, they encountered Macdonalds arriving from all parts of the Island, who came, as old-time subjects to a King, to see their Chief and to state their grievances to him, while with one instance of the bond which united him to his clan Stanhope was specially struck. "During the whole course of our tour this numerous body of people continued to come from the most distant parts of the Island, some with differences to be adjusted, and others with petitions for pensions. At one of these petitions I had the curiosity to look. It was that of an old woman soliciting for an annuity, in which she set forth as her especial claim *her near relationship to his Lordship—that her great-grandmother had been his Lordship's grandfather's nurse!*"

Anxious to ascertain in what light these outwardly deferential Islanders actually regarded their allegiance to their Chief, Stanhope one day ventured to question a gillie upon the subject. The answer was startling in its finality. "If," responded the Highlander briefly, "the Lord said your head was to be off, it would *be* off!"

So, too, in their religion, it seemed to him that the God to whom the clansmen prayed loomed less clearly on their horizon than the Chief to whom allegiance was a creed. To Stanhope's surprise,

at most of the houses where they paused, in the grace which was spoken before all meals, a blessing was invoked on behalf of the Chief and all his belongings ; while on Sunday, at divine service, the minister first gave out a psalm, then, after the discourse, he prayed at considerable length, first for Lord Macdonald, next for all the younger branches of the Chief's family, in turn and by name, but recommending them to the care of the Almighty less as a petition than as though he were admonishing the Deity on no account to neglect a primary duty !

As to the old rivalry between the three Chiefs who claimed each to be the true representative of the ancient Lords of the Isles, no Macdonald of Sleat would submit to hear the pre-eminence of Lord Macdonald even discussed in his presence. The faintest scepticism on this point was a crime of such magnitude that it obviously stirred anew the old fierce instinct of the clansmen to avenge the insult by an atonement now—to their regret —obsolete, the shedding of the blood of the insulter. To Lord Macdonald, however, secure in his own conviction and in the faith of his people, the question presented an element of amusement rather than annoyance. On one occasion, indeed, some years subsequent to Stanhope's visit, Glengarry urged the Chief of Sleat to acknowledge him as supreme Chief of the Clan Donald, and received a witty refusal.

" The accurate and investigating Dr. John-

son," relates Lord Macdonald's niece, "during his visit to Skye, made no mistake upon this point [of supremacy]; but Sir Walter Scott, less historically accurate, bestowed brevet rank on an 'Island Lord,' who suited his poetical narrative, in consequence of which, the claimant to whom he gave a preference, wrote immediately to Alexander, Lord Macdonald, urging him to acknowledge the justice of this unforeseen promotion.

"My uncle, more amused than irritated, returned the following answer, characteristic of his usual urbanity and good humour :—

"DEAR SIR,—Till you prove that you are my Chieftain, I am *yours*,

"MACDONALD." [1]

Meanwhile, during his progress round the Isles, Stanhope eagerly absorbed the history of the land he was reviewing.

We travel very slowly, as we have no road, merely a kind of track. We stopped first to see the shop belonging to Macdonald, which was the grand supply to all the neighbouring Islands. At Knock we saw the old Castle. All the way from Armadale to Knock the country is beautiful and admirably calculated for growing timber, being protected by the hills from the west winds. Part of it is already planted, and the rest Lord Macdonald intends to enclose for

[1] *Scotland and the Scotch*, by Catherine Sinclair, p. 196.

that purpose. At seven o'clock we arrived at Corriechatachin, Mackinnon's, where we found a large party assembled for dinner in our honour, and spent a very pleasant evening in company with many delightful people, among others Scalpa and a Mrs. Macleod, a daughter of Flora Macdonald.

The next morning we proceeded to view the improvements which are carrying on. My attention was considerably arrested by a quarry of excessively fine marble. Lord Macdonald has some idea of using this Skye marble in building a Castle at Armadale Strath, the finest soil in Skye. . . .

We had not the curiosity to climb up the lofty mountain behind the house, indeed, we were authorised in our laziness by the example of Dr. Johnson. The hill is of a pyramidical form, and remarkably stuck at the top of it is a cairn where a Norwegian Princess was buried, as her dying request was that her ashes might be placed in a situation where they would be fanned by the winds from Norway. Wherever these cairns have been opened, urns have been discovered, but it has never, I believe, been ascertained at what period these separated funeral rites of burning and of entombing the dead were united.

We spent this evening, as the former one, in backgammon and conversation. The next day we left Corriechatachin under the guidance of Mr. Macdonald of Scalpa, and embarked in a boat for that Island. The rowers entertained us during our voyage with a Gaelic song, the man who seemed principal amongst them sang and the others joined in chorus. It was quite surprising to see how it animated them, while with their oars they kept time to the tune.

The subject was a kind of list of the clans who went upon some expedition, and the commemoration of whose names seems to be the object of the song.

After a pleasant passage which lasted for about an hour, we landed at the Island of Scalpa. Mr. Macdonald's house is close to the sea, and commands a fine view of the mountains in Skye, and an intermediate object is the small Island of Pabba, which, if planted, would have a beautiful effect. We spent the day very pleasantly amongst the numerous family of our host, who himself is a man of very great information, and had visited many parts of the continent and made a tour of Italy. He had more old Highland anecdotes than any other man I met during my tour. The Island is a rough, rugged country . . . and we saw here what was quite unusual to us—the field of wheat which I mentioned before, and of which Mr. Macdonald seemed not a little proud. I believe it is thought bad farming to see a field of wheat, as it is not able to endure the rigours of the climate.

From Scalpa they went to Portree, where they were received with a Royal salute, and all the ships in the harbour hung out their pennants in honour of the Chief's visit. "This place," remarks Stanhope, "will soon arrive at the dignity of a town. It is the best port in the Island, conveniently situated for most of the Tacksmen, and now the place boasts several Fairs. A jail has also been recently built here, but it is principally *in terrorem*, as it is always empty! There has, in the memory of man,

only been one felon hanged in Skye, and that was for a murder sixty or seventy years ago. The gallows were pitched upon a high hill at Portree, and they still, with bated breath, show one the spot where he was done to death."

Some of the principal men of the Island here joined them, and, among others, Mr. Macdonald of Lyndale, who begged them to honour him with a visit, to which, as Lord Macdonald was likely to be detained several days at Portree, they consented. A pleasant ride of twelve miles followed, during which they saw the burial-place of some of the former Chiefs of Sleat, and "also passed a Norwegian fortress, being informed by our companion that a line of these forts originally ran across the Island." On arriving at their destination they found a "very good and elegantly furnished house"; but what arrested the attention of Stanhope more was the surprising beauty of his host's daughter, Elizabeth, to whom he was introduced.

"She is," he writes, "a girl of fifteen, whose loveliness and elegance are only equalled by her accomplishments, which are set off by that innocent simplicity that is only to be found in the mind untutored in the luxuries of the fashionable world. She is very tall and slim, has a beautiful figure, draws very well, and understands French and Italian. Besides, she makes the most *elegant bow* imaginable! I accompanied her in scrambles over the rocks, or in voyages round

the world on a globe in the evening, and in such society the time for our stay passed away as rapidly as it did agreeably; so that, on taking our leave of this enchanting fair one, our one consolation was the thought of repeating our visit!"

To his mother he wrote half in jest, half in earnest, respecting the Fingalian beauty. "On Monday," he relates, "I *tore myself away*, as one of the party expressively termed it, from the Belle who gave me such a wound at Leandal. . . . Perhaps her appearance did not strike me so much at first, but during our scrambles among the rocks, I became so palpably smitten that, since I have left her, I have had all the Skye wits baiting me. I assure you nothing but my *duty* to my father could have made me resist the opportunity that the presence of the parson offered!—particularly as she made the most *elegant bow* I ever saw. In truth, if it were not for the presence of Lyndale, I might yet try whether a Miss Fingalia would make a suitable wife!—so much for the danger of Skye Belles!"

Still filled with thoughts of the "amazing Beauty" whom he had encountered amidst such barbaric surroundings, young Stanhope found himself upon a spot which roused in him other sentiments of romance.

"At Lyndale, an arm of the sea alone lay between us and Kingsburgh, the home of the famous Flora Macdonald. We crossed it, and stood upon a spot which ought to be sacred

in the eyes of all virtuous men. . . . To behold unmoved any place dignified by fortitude, piety, or virtue, would augur a mind as weak as it was miserable." Here the very air seemed full of memories of the hapless Stuart who staked his all upon a hazard and lost; of the Scottish heroine, who, for "the protection of him she deemed her Prince, did not hesitate to expose her property to confiscation, herself to imprisonment, and her honour to the corroding tooth of scandal"; of the gallant men butchered ruthlessly for that loyalty which was to them a religion. Sixty years had passed since that bold attempt and dire disaster, yet the memory of it lay like a cloud over the fair country, and brooded sullenly in the minds of the Islanders, at once an occasion for pride and for lamentation. "Which is the way to Culloden?" Stanhope relates that a tactless Sassenach once asked a Highlander. "*Round by Bannockburn!*" was the uncompromising answer.

Still dwelling on the thoughts raised by the locality in which they found themselves, the travellers were again joined by Lord Macdonald "with a large retinue of Tacksmen and Ministers." After a night's rest in the vicinity they all journeyed on through Kilmuir and Totternish, "the garden of Skye," where, "amongst other springs," writes Stanhope, "the Well of Lethe attracted our attention, for there the Pretender, whilst wandering amongst these drear mountains,

forgot for a moment his sufferings in a draught of refreshing cold water." The next night they arrived at Monkstadt, and here, "being now upon the very spot where the unfortunate Chevalier de St. George landed," Stanhope listened afresh to the tales respecting him which had survived. "From an old man," he says, "who remembered *personally and distinctly* the circumstances of the time," he learnt anew the stirring tale of the Prince's landing, the manifold adventures of "Betty Burke," clad in the white and purple linen gown, the details of Flora's visit to Monkstadt—all rendered the more graphic, being thus re-told by an eye-witness, and in the actual locality where the events had happened; while two other reminiscences were poured into his willing ear which, as instances of humble and now forgotten heroism, deserve a record on the page of history.

It appears that, contrary to the usually received account, the knowledge of the Prince's presence upon the Island did actually reach the ears of his pursuers before he could make good his escape. To his friends all then seemed lost; the alarm once given, it seemed impossible that he could for many hours evade the clutches of his enemies. "Yet by the attachment of a poor man," says Stanhope, "the search was even then delayed. In the employ of Sir Alexander was a young groom who, it had often been remarked, bore a great resemblance to the

Stuart Prince. The first place to be examined was Monkstadt, when, in a hayloft adjoining the stables, this lad was discovered and was at once mistaken for the fugitive disguised. With a degree of generosity which equals anything that Ancient History can exhibit, the brave lad eagerly promoted the mistake. Yet he knew well that if the troops continued to believe he was the prey upon whose head was set the sum of thirty thousand pounds, death would be his portion. Still more, if they discovered that he had wilfully misled them so that the Prince escaped, death was equally inevitable. But the lad never hesitated. He played his part while news went far and wide that the Prince had been captured, and the search ceased. By the time the error was discovered and the hunt hurriedly resumed, Prince Charlie was far away over the laughing waters, which betrayed no track of the fugitive's flight. The wrath of the soldiers may be imagined; but it says much for the awe inspired by Macdonald that the troops who had so ruthlessly mown down the brave Highlanders at Culloden did not dare to wreak their eager vengeance upon the youth who had duped them; moreover that, when the matter was ultimately laid before Sir Alexander, that nominal adherent of King George refused to desert his courageous servant, so that the life of the noble and spirited boy was finally saved by the firm interference of his master."

The other story regarding the Prince's wanderings in Skye, which was told to Stanhope, impressed him all the more in that it was related to him as being an incident of but trifling importance. When the Prince in his utmost need was trying to escape from that island, he applied for assistance to a poor ferryman named M'Innes. As had happened to many another humble hero, M'Innes was thus confronted by a choice of painful contrast. On the one hand, if he betrayed the Prince, he secured a reward which would mean undreamed-of affluence for himself and his remote descendants; on the other hand, if he abetted the escape of the fugitive, he exposed himself to probable torture or death. Yet to the penurious cotter it never even occurred to hesitate, and he ferried the Prince safely over from Strathaird to the mainland. Having accomplished this, in returning, he was seized by one of the enemy's ships under command of Captain Fergusson,[1] who, guessing that he had some knowledge of the Prince's place of concealment, tried to extort the information from him, first by persuasion and bribes, next by threats, and finally by cruel torture. Five hundred lashes were inflicted upon the unfortunate victim, with pitiless severity; but never a word escaped the lips of the brave ferryman, who ultimately, more dead than alive, was abandoned by his foes, under the belief that

[1] See *ante*, page 86.

he could not have endured such agony in silence had he not been actually ignorant of what they wished to ascertain. So "the secret remained untold, and M'Innes received no other reward for his magnanimous conduct than the inward consciousness of integrity, while to his descendants he bequeathed an honourable poverty, and a name that ought not to be forgotten."

It may be recalled that the death which these two heroes so narrowly escaped was vividly illustrated by the tragedy of another brave man, a pedlar of Edinburgh named Mackenzie, who furthered a mistake similar to that promoted by Sir Alexander's groom. When, later, the Prince was hiding among the hills about Glenmoriston, the soldiers who were hunting for him then mistook Mackenzie for the Royal quarry. Determined not to undeceive them, but equally determined not to be taken and hanged (which he knew, if captured, would be his fate), Mackenzie resolved to die, sword in hand, and in that death, to serve his Prince by deceiving the troops to the last. He was at length shot down, crying out as he fell, "*You have killed your Prince! You have killed your Prince!*" Whereupon the soldiers, overjoyed at their supposed good fortune, cut off his head, and hastened with the bleeding trophy to Fort Augustus, in order to claim the reward of their horrid deed. Convinced that on this occasion the Prince had truly been done to death, the Duke of Cumberland triumphantly

set off for England with the head of the murdered man; and the search thus again arrested, the Prince was a second time enabled to escape from place to place with less danger.

And at the date when Stanhope listened to these tales of heroism—tales rendered all the more blood-stirring by reason that the humble perpetrators had deemed them so little heroic—the man who had evoked such dauntless courage and high devotion had lain for eighteen years in his foreign grave. Chevied and hunted relentlessly through Europe by the usurper of his throne, that life-long persecution had worked its dire consequence. Yet the tragic aftermath of drunkenness, disillusion and bitterness, which made of the once bonnie Prince a byword to his foes, had been powerless to diminish the lustre of his image as enshrined in the hearts of the faithful Highlanders. Not all the sordid tale of the forty years which succeeded Culloden, of the degradation which had slowly seared his once generous heart and made of his gallant youth a thing of horror, could erase or tarnish the vision which remained with them of that Prince of a changeless grace for whom their forefathers had gladly died, or that Royal King of the Might-have-been!

Yet tenderly as the memory of Charles Edward was preserved in Skye, Lord Macdonald assured Stanhope that in Aberdeenshire it was even more enthusiastically cherished, and in

illustration of this he told the following tale. Lord Saltoun had a gardener who was well known to be a warm advocate of the cause of the Stuarts, and when some Hanoverian officers were visiting his master a wager was laid that the staunch old Jacobite could not be induced to drink the health of King George. Accordingly, the gardener was sent for, and the Senior Captain, announcing that he had heard much of the high character borne by so excellent a servant, presented the man with a tip, and then casually suggested that in return he should unite with his master's guests in drinking the health of the King. The Jacobite made no objection, and, raising his well-filled glass, drank it off at a draught, first saying emphatically, "Here's to our rightfu' and lawfu' King!" The Captain, realising that he had lost his bet, started up in a rage, exclaiming, "Why, you rascal! *that's not King George!*" "I'm vera muckle o' your way of thinking, sir!" responded the Jacobite slyly and imperturbably.

Yet one more reminiscence of the luckless Prince came under Stanhope's notice in Skye; but first another instance of the dire wreckage brought to pass by an untoward Fate powerfully claimed his attention.

The day following his arrival at Monkstadt, tempted by a fine morning, he set off with Lord Macdonald to "go to the nethermost point of Aird." Scarcely, however, had they got out

of view of the house than the rain began to descend, and accompanied them all the way. It was in storm and tempest, therefore, that they reached the ruins of Duntulm, yet the scene was none the less impressive. On that windy headland, shadowed by a leaden sky and a driving hurricane, the Chief and his followers casually grouped themselves, the dull garb of the ministers, the bright tartan of the Highlanders, mingling picturesquely against that dun background of rolling waves and desolate cliff. Almost Stanhope could have fancied himself transported to the Middle Ages, with the stronghold before him once more towering against the sky, gaunt and forbidding in its ancient might, while a warrior Lord and his clansmen were assembling to depart upon some expedition of blood and plunder. The wind, which howled round the ruins, seemed like the cries of captives in the mouldering dungeons beneath, while in the thud of the waves upon the rocks below he could hear the eternal tramp of Donald the Blue, that dark, restless spirit, who, it was whispered, still paced the buried halls beneath, and gloried in the ruin he had wrought.

Yet the present quickly reasserted itself. "The remains of the old Castle, so long the principal seat of the Macdonalds of Skye, are now scanty," he writes regretfully. "The situation is wonderfully fine. It is placed upon a height against whose rugged sides the sea drives

his roaring surges; but the stone of which it is built is of so crumbling a nature that it is most probable that, in a few years, not a fragment will be left to bear witness to the grandeur of the Lords of the Isles." Somewhat saddened by the desolation of the scene, the party continued on their way to "the point of Aird." There they were received in a hut by two very old ladies, and while the latter prepared a meal for them, the travellers explored "enormous piles of rocks in the neighbourhood, and saw several fine caves which enclose the sea in a kind of basin." Returning from their walk, they found a most excellent dinner, to which they did ample justice; and at its close, when they had partaken of the wine lavishly set before them, with great solemnity a bowl full of punch was produced, and they were requested to quaff from it to the memory of Prince Charlie. The story then told them, not without tears, was that this bowl had been presented full of punch to the Royal fugitive, who drank of its contents, and, finding them so excellent, begged that it might be replenished. Kingsburgh, afraid of the Prince betraying himself if his wits became clouded by the potent beverage, remonstrated warmly. In the struggle between them the bowl fell to the ground and broke in two. It was afterwards reverently joined together by bits of brass, and was subsequently produced only on some great occasion—such as a visit from

DUNTULM CASTLE.

From a water colour by Murray Macdonald.

To face p. 180.

the Chief—when all who quaffed from it were required to do so in memory of the unfortunate Prince.

Later the travellers visited the Laird of Raasay.

"In spite of the wildness of the weather, we embarked upon the sea in a small boat. . . . The house is situated on the seashore, and is really the first place *like a house* which we have seen since we came to the Hebrides! The crags in and on the seashore remain in the same rough state that Johnson complains of—to a man so unused to encounter difficulties as was Dr. Johnson, such trifles might appear serious, but to a Highlander they would seem ridiculous. Here at all our meals we are entertained by the bagpipes. Raasay's piper after old MacCrimmon [1] is considered the best in the Hebrides; he has gained the prize from the Highland Society. Our evenings are spent in the enlivening amusement of reels, as we have a pianoforte, accompanied by Raasay with a fiddle.

"The men of Raasay are esteemed the greatest patriots in the Western Islands; only one, since the first mania of emigration took possession of the minds of the Highlanders, is recorded to have forsaken his country."

Here, too, they witnessed a Highland funeral, a sight which struck Stanhope as "a curious

[1] The family of MacCrimmon, an hereditary race of pipers, were musicians to the Macleods of Dunvegan. The family became so celebrated that pupils were sent to them from all parts of the Highlands, and at length a regular piping college was established.

remnant of barbarism. Previous to the funeral a stock of whisky is laid in, and, should there be any scarcity of it, they will go an immense distance to secure it—this happened to have been the case in the present instance. After the corpse is interred, they sit down in a ring, whilst two people walk round in the midst of them distributing whisky, oatcake and meat. In these degenerate days they usually end merely in a few broken heads, for, as old Knock, a Tacksman, explained to me with profound regret, 'Highlanders have not seen *anything like* a funeral since the burying of Sir James Macdonald,[1] *when two men were killed, and a great many were carried off the field with the breath just in 'em!*'"

Here, also, the discussion turned upon two topics of burning interest to all Highlanders—the belief in Second Sight and the authenticity of the poems of Ossian. With regard to the first, Stanhope exhibited the incredulity of a Southerner. "Nothing astonishes me more than that so great a mind as Dr. Johnson's could give way to so silly a superstition as that of Second Sight, which appears to be exactly of the same nature with the ghost stories of the common people in England, a belief in which exists generally in the barbarous stages of a nation, but gradually disappears as they approach nearer to politeness." The triviality of the tales which were told him in this connection tended more than

[1] Sir James Macdonald, sixth Baronet, who died in 1723.

all else to accentuate his disbelief. "Not all the authority of the dead Lairds could make me believe the ridiculous stories attributed to them!" he exclaims. "Here is a favourite tale. Sir Alexander Macdonald was aroused in the dead silence of the night by a voice, which exclaimed, 'Sir Alexander, awake! the cattle are in your corn!' The incredulous Sir Alexander paid no attention, and soon slumbered again. A second time he was disturbed by the same information, and a second time he ignored it. Then yet a third time he was aroused by the solemn voice, but it now bade him sleep on. 'The cattle,' it said, 'have now destroyed your corn and are lying down in it!' Only too glad to receive permission to sleep, Sir Alexander once more composed himself to slumber; but when he walked out in the morning, the first sight which met his eyes was his cornfield totally destroyed and the cattle lying amid the scene of desolation!"

With regard to the poems of Ossian,[1] Stanhope had little doubt regarding their authenticity, having, as he points out, "made many inquiries upon the subject, and so far convinced myself that I am anxious to convince others also. . . . I positively assert and maintain that, even now, it is the custom in the Hebrides for the Poetaster of the Hut to amuse his family by reciting lines

[1] An heroic Gaelic poet, son of the ancient hero Fingal. His poems James Macpherson professed to have collected and translated.

out of Ossian; and the enthusiasm enkindled in their minds by the glowing colouring of this poetry tends to rouse that Patriotism which so eminently shines forth in their characters. Till quite lately each Chief had his bard as an indispensable requisite to his establishment, though at present, I believe, Glengarry is the only one that keeps up this custom. That this mode of reciting national history should now wear away is by no means extraordinary; occupations now fill up a great part of those moments which were formerly dedicated to whisky and idleness." And having discussed the intricacies of the problem at great length, he concludes with the following story respecting Macpherson :[1]—

For my own part I seldom found any man who could even translate Gaelic into English. I heard that a gentleman in Skye had lately made a collection of all the poems that are attributed to Ossian in the original language, which contains many more than those translated by Macpherson. . . . Nor can I pass over the evidence of Ewen Cameron, a man examined upon oath before the Highland Society. He travelled with Macpherson as interpreter, and

[1] James Macpherson, a schoolmaster, who claimed to have translated the poems of Ossian from the original Gaelic. The Faculty of Advocates at length sent Macpherson on a tour through the Highlands to collect more of these poems, but his unsatisfactory statements respecting his originals gave rise to grave suspicion, and a storm of controversy arose with regard to their genuineness. The general verdict was that, although Macpherson probably had before him some really ancient fragments of Gaelic verse, the " poems of Ossian " as he published them were largely his own invention. He died in 1796, and was buried at his own cost in Westminster Abbey.

considered him to be a *very bad Gaelic scholar*, in support of which he stated a circumstance that occurred during their inquiries. Macpherson, upon questioning the last remaining Bard in Skye (I have heard but have forgotten the man's name), made use of a sentence so badly expressed that although his meaning was far otherwise, his speech could be interpreted thus, "*Do the Fingalians owe me anything?*" The Bard, being a wit, at once took it in this sense and briskly replied, "*If they do, they are very bad debts, by this time!*" This answer so affronted Macpherson that he refused to make any more inquiries of the man, by which he suffered a great loss, as this Bard was understood to know more of Ossian than any other man living!

The above anecdote of Macpherson undoubtedly strengthens the tradition of the morbid pride and sensitiveness to affront which he exhibited, and which it is said, when his veracity was called in question, made him for long stubbornly refuse to bring forward any evidence in its defence. In short, Stanhope sums up, "there is a great deal of truth in the old saying that none are so deaf as those that won't hear. The Highlanders are most indignant at our scepticism, and I really begin to agree with one of them who told me bluntly that it was no use for Southerners to look for *proofs* as we are predetermined not to believe!"

But the young traveller's interest in such all-enthralling controversies soon palled before the fact that the moment now approached for

his return to the home of that Fingalian belle who had captivated his fancy.

"Leandal," he relates, "who had accompanied us through the whole of our expedition, crossed the ferry this evening to his house, in order that he might be in readiness to receive us, and the next morning, following his example, and embarking on a rough sea, we were soon wafted over to the opposite coast. Our host thereupon came out ceremoniously to greet us, and at the moment when he met Lord Macdonald, we were saluted by a roar of cannon. Two pieces of cannon had been drawn out to sea, and thence fired several volleys. . . .

"We went into the house where we found the ladies. . . . We passed the following day here; and very ungrateful should I be if I could forget the happy moments I spent whilst enjoying the society of the lovely Miss Macdonald, clambering again amongst the rocks, and listening to the rude roar of the sea. I gladly left the gentlemen to inspect the agricultural merits of the country; it afforded me much higher satisfaction to explore the beauties of nature in company with so enchanting a companion! On Sunday one of the ministers in our suite preached us a sermon; the next day was appointed for our departure. I looked in vain for the equinoctial winds to detain us, and unwillingly took leave of the fair Maid of the Rocks—most probably for ever. Sweet girl! often shall the

Elizabeth Macdonald
Miss Mhor Leandal

remembrance of the moments I passed with thee rise in my thoughts — may'st thou be happy!"

So the young Sassenach loved and rode away; but the wish which he breathed, as he reluctantly went, for the welfare of the beautiful girl from whom he then parted, was not fated to see fulfilment. Tragedy brooded darkly over the destiny of the Maid of the Rocks. The story still lingers in Skye of the rich young English Squire who wooed and went, and of the proud beauty who vainly awaited his return. At nineteen a man may forget; at sixteen a woman may remember. Yet as the years passed, dimming that incipient romance, Miss Macdonald at last plighted her troth to a young officer, Lieutenant Fairfax. Soon afterwards came the call to arms; and he, with many another gallant young soldier, was slain on the bloody field of Waterloo. Sorely stricken at this fresh severance, the Maid of the Rocks left her island home and took up her abode near the fatal spot where her lover had expired; and thither at length her father was forced to journey in order to bring her back to Skye. But the sunshine had passed for ever from the life of the beautiful girl; returned to her old home, she shut herself off from the gaiety of youth and refused to be comforted. Through the years which followed, the handsome Miss Macdonald was known as "Miss Mhor Leandal," or the proud Miss of

Lyndale. Suitors came for her hand, but she would have none of them; they were all—so the ill-natured whispered — not good enough, they were "men on foot"—no rider came; and it was hinted that that romance of her early years with the rich young English Squire had turned the head of the proud beauty of Lyndale. But whether her heart was indeed buried in the grave of her dead lover, or whether it had passed from her keeping with the fickle Sassenach none might say. Handsome and lonely to the last, she lived to a good old age, dying unmarried during the latter part of the last century; still however, it is said, cherishing with a tender memory that first dream of her girlhood and the recollection of that undeclared lover who sighed and passed in silence away.

Meanwhile, after that parting which stirred in him a sentimental regret, Stanhope enjoyed a few more expeditions and spent a few more happy days at Armadale with the Chief. He then prepared reluctantly to journey south. His expedition had occupied a greater length of time than he had anticipated, and the necessity of returning to Christchurch prevented his fulfilling his original plan of travelling on to Inverness with Archibald Macdonald. He regretted all the more his inability to do this, as he consequently missed being present at an event which he would have liked to witness. "There

has," he wrote to his mother, "been an extraordinary christening at Inverness, and the young Laird of Glengarry was the hero of it. He was carried upon a bed of Glengarry heather through the streets, preceded by the piper; on each side of him marched men of the clan in their Highland dresses, with their drawn dirks, and the Seanachie, or bard, brought up the rear. There was also a reel of Chiefs, consisting of Glengarry, Lovat, the Chisholme, and the Laird of the MacIntoshes.

"Glengarry is a most extraordinary character, and is at least a century behind the rest of the Highlanders. He has committed crimes, has been acquitted for murder in a duel, only by a casting vote, and is now labouring under an action for assault and battery. When marching with a gang of his followers, he attacked a doctor who had offended him, and would have killed the man had not some of the garrison at Fort Augustus received intimation and come to the rescue! I assure you, *here* we are, in comparison, painfully civilised!"

It was with the greatest reluctance, that Stanhope bade farewell to his hospitable host at Armadale; and after four hours' sail over a rough sea was landed once more "upon the continent." After travelling for another five miles, he found himself at an inn, where, having been lavishly provided by Lord Macdonald with many luxuries in the way of wine and provisions,

he that evening invited his host—"a perfect Highlander"—to join him over a bottle of claret. This sociable intention, however, nearly had an unhappy result. "Our friendship suffered a great blow, for we unluckily drifted into a dispute respecting the title to the Chiefship. He hotly asserted the right of Clanranald, whilst I as hotly maintained that of Lord Macdonald. When I had mustered Gaelic enough to *non plus* him, he cut me short by saying it was a subject no Sassenach could understand. Eventually, however, we made up our quarrel by both joining with the greatest vehemence against the claim of Glengarry!"

At last, after missing his way and experiencing many hardships, days spent with no other food than the usual fare of herrings and potatoes procurable at the huts which he passed, and nights disturbed by the voices of Highlanders, who drank whisky till three o'clock in the morning in the primitive inns where he rested, Stanhope at last reached Fort William, which he beheld with sensations at which he was himself surprised.

"I had not seen a town since I left Perth, nor a chaise since I left Blair. My feelings at finding myself again in a street can scarcely be imagined, nor was this diminished upon perceiving the smart inns actually sporting signboards. Long-forgotten ideas of cities and civilisation, of social life and my fellow-men

seemed to crowd upon me, and years seemed to have elapsed since I had last been amid such surroundings."

And yet with the fascination of that familiar existence to which he was now returning, there lingered a haunting regret for that world to which he was bidding farewell. At this parting of the ways, the centuries seemed to meet; a future, newly born and great with promise, clashed rudely with the old-time ideals of that romantic land which he was quitting for ever. Ages seemed to sever the two. . . . "Near by, Ben Nevis raised his towering head, and the remains of an old Castle [1] served to add a beauty to the scene. The view recalled to my mind once more the changes which are taking place in the Highlands. The ruins reminded me of Duntulm, of the former power of the Chief which is now like the mouldering walls of his own Castle, crumbling to decay—of the vanished glories, too, of Isla, and the ancient Court of Macdonald. On the other hand, the rising houses of Fort William, the activity and bustle of the works which are now carrying on for the great Caledonian Canal, seemed to bespeak the coming of a new era. What it will hold for us, none may say; yet as I looked once more upon the ancient fortress, I found it impossible to dispel that sadness which, in the breast of a lover of

[1] The Castle of Inverlochy, of which little remains except the bare walls.

antiquity, evidences of the vanishing Past cannot fail to inspire."

"The Halls of Finlaggan no longer sound
To the joyous feasts and dances as of yore:
The bard is dumb, the harper plays no more
Where the proud Princes of the Isles were crowned.
The Chiefs and Chieftains of the Isles and West
Are seen no more at great Macdonald's Court;
Their galleys traverse not the Island seas:
They with their furious feuds are now at rest:
Razed is each castle, ruined is each fort,
Within thy bounds, Queen of the Hebrides!"

Thus indulging in the youthful luxury of melancholy did Stanhope return from his adventurous expedition; but, although he never again visited the Hebrides, he was destined to be connected in an unexpected manner with the subsequent fortunes of the House of Sleat. For long his host, the second Lord Macdonald, continued to sustain the traditions of his forefathers amid the encroachments of civilisation. Early in the nineteenth century he fulfilled the project of which he had spoken to Stanhope, and built for himself a fine Gothic residence, Armadale Castle, in the parish of Sleat; a comfortable modern home, devoid of the grim history of Duntulm or the romantic memories of Monkstadt, but where, reminiscent of his ancient lineage, the mighty Somerled, founder of his race, looked down from a great window in the hall on his latter-day descendant. Nevertheless, during the years when the

eighteenth Chief of Sleat dwelt thus peacefully, improving his estate and benefiting his dependants, a tragedy was preparing, which was to have an unfortunate and far-reaching influence upon the destinies of his successors. But in order to relate the story of this wrong which was to be righted only after the lapse of many years, we must now turn to the fortunes of his brother Godfrey, the second son of the first Lord Macdonald; and so doing, it will be necessary also to glance at certain events which had taken place in England prior to the period with which we shall be dealing.

CHAPTER VII

The Wrong

Sir Edward Walpole,[1] brother to the famous Horace Walpole, had been the father of four beautiful but illegitimate daughters, the offspring of a *liaison* with Mrs. Clements, a milliner's apprentice, of Durham. These girls were brought up in accordance with the position of their father rather than that of their mother, and one of them, Maria, early asserted her intention of continuing to grace this higher social status. "I mean," she was wont to announce when a small child, "to be a lady." This aspiration her father teasingly informed her was impossible since she was "a beggar-born." "Then," stoutly maintained the small aspirant to worldly rank, "I will be a lady-beggar!"

And the ambition of the pretty, wilful child was destined to be fulfilled in a manner which those about her little anticipated, and which she eventually little appreciated. As they reached womanhood, each of the attractive sisters

[1] Sir Edward Walpole, Chief Secretary for Ireland. He was the second son of Sir Robert Walpole, the celebrated Prime Minister of George I. and George II., who was created Viscount Walpole and Earl of Orford.

married a man of good position, while the little Maria, in the first flush of her youth and beauty, was united to Lord Waldegrave, then in his forty-fifth year. She, in turn, became the mother of three daughters whose beauty has been perpetuated by Reynolds in one of the most celebrated of his pictures; but, long before Lady Waldegrave's children had grown into the charming, willowy damsels depicted upon the great painter's canvas, their mother had been left a widow. With her youth not yet past, and her beauty still unimpaired, she soon attracted another lover of yet higher rank, to wit, William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, brother to George III., an impetuous youth of twenty-three, who did not long hesitate before offering marriage to the fascinating widow of thirty. To Lady Waldegrave the disparity of years formed no barrier to the romance; and she whose first husband had been greatly her senior now transferred her affections to this younger wooer, whom she consented to marry in September 1766.

The ceremony took place with the greatest privacy at her own house in Pall Mall, and was performed by her private chaplain, Dr. Norton. Subsequently the Duke and his unacknowledged Duchess went to Italy, and although during their prolonged sojourn abroad rumours respecting the match were prevalent in England, nothing was definitely known until the return of the couple in 1772. There were then urgent reasons

for the public recognition of the marriage. The Duchess who, through the six years of her wedded life, had remained childless, was now approaching her confinement, and although her complete unworldliness made her rather dread than desire the position of a Princess, for the sake of his unborn child the Duke felt that her open acknowledgment as his lawful wife could no longer be delayed. Accordingly she was permitted by her husband to make the announcement to her father, Sir Edward, while the Duke himself was forced to face the wrath of his brother, the King, whose anger was augmented by the fact that his other brother, the Duke of Cumberland,[1] had also contracted a *mésalliance.*

In all else weak and unstable, the Duke of Gloucester at this crisis exhibited unexpected firmness and decision of character. In spite of the fury of George III., and in defiance of all attempts to delay the necessary investigation, he insisted that if it did not instantly take place, he would remarry the Duchess. At length, making a virtue of necessity, the King and his ministers acceded to the Duke's representations. All that was practicable in the short space of time which remained to them was done to establish the validity of the marriage, and it received public recognition a few hours before the birth of the Duke's infant daughter. Nevertheless, although

[1] So created in 1767. The Butcher of Culloden had died in disgrace and without issue in 1765.

thus acknowledged, the legality of the union was, in fact, by that date, impossible of actual proof. Dr. Norton, who had officiated at the ceremony, was then dead, and the Duke had permitted the presence of no witnesses. Therefore, there were not subsequently lacking those who maliciously whispered that its validity had never been established.

Of this the well-known writer, Lady Louisa Stuart, gives an instance in her vivacious memoir of Lady Mary Coke,[1] the self-styled widow of Edward, Duke of York, who, in asserting her own imaginary claim to royal rank, regarded with profound jealousy all aspirants to a similar honour :—

Now, upon my statement, would not you conclude that, of these two obnoxious couples, the Cumberlands must have been most the objects of Lady Mary's abhorrence? Yet it was quite the reverse. She regarded them with supreme disdain; but at the name of the Gloucesters her eyes struck fire, and her teeth absolutely gnashed together. . . . The unconscious Duchess of Gloucester seemed to run pins and needles, goads and stings into her, drawing blood every day by some fresh piece of annoyance or sauciness; though all the while, notwithstanding the airs she—that woman—chose to give herself (*that woman*—not pronounced in the cool tone of Princess Emily, but with a killing emphasis)—the woman was *not* MARRIED; the Duchess of Cumberland *was*.

[1] Youngest daughter of John, second Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, wife of Edward, Viscount Coke, only son of Thomas, first Earl of Leicester of the first creation.

To explain this to your comprehension. The widow Horton,[1] when she had secured her idiot-prince . . . took especial care to be wedded in the face of day, and have register, certificate, and witnesses all forthcoming. The Duke of Gloucester, who at first intended to keep his marriage a profound secret found himself hampered by the precautions he had used for that purpose, and in consequence could not produce his proofs so readily. But the King, though angry, ever upright and honourable, as he had no manner of doubt on the subject in his own mind, would not suffer any to be stated in the Council.[2]

To such reiterated disbelief in the legality of her marriage may be traced something of the sorrow which later befell the Duchess's wedded life, though the primary cause of her unhappiness must be looked for in the unsatisfactory character of her husband. At first tender and affectionate, he was, in truth, a man little worthy of the beautiful and devoted woman whom he had married, and to whom he did not long remain faithful. The story of his estrangement is thus related—

There was another house given up to social pleasure, at which the Duke of York, then a young man of twenty-six, was an *habitué*, the attraction being the Countess of Tyrconnel,

[1] H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland, married in 1771, Anne, daughter of Lord Irnham (afterwards Earl of Carhampton) and widow of a Derbyshire Squire, Andrew Horton, of Catton.

[2] Memoir on the Argyle family, by Lady Louisa Stuart. Introduction to the *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke* (privately printed), edited by the Hon. C. Home, pp. xcvii, xcviii.

Lord Delaval's youngest daughter. . . . "My particular acquaintance," says Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, "feminine and delicate as to her figure, very fair, with a profusion of light hair." And he goes on to tell us, "Her husband, the Earl of Tyrconnel, might be said to contribute at this time, more than any nobleman about the Court, to the recreation of the reigning family; for while his wife formed the object of the homage of one prince of the blood, his sister had long presided in the affections of another. Lady Almeria Carpenter, one of the most beautiful women of her time, but to whom Nature had been sparing of intellectual gifts, was the person that attracted the Duke of Gloucester, who soon forgot all he had gone through for his amiable wife."[1]

Now since Lady Almeria was actually lady-in-waiting to the Duchess, the latter was not left long in ignorance regarding her husband's infatuation. Proud and high-spirited, as she was intellectually his superior, she at length refused to submit tamely to his neglect. In 1787 a separation took place between them; and their lives were subsequently embittered by disputes respecting the education of their children, Prince William Frederick and the gentle Princess Sophia. Meanwhile Lady Almeria, frail and fascinating, retained her sway over the Duke's affections, and unhesitatingly asserted that she, and not the so-called Duchess, was his lawful spouse.

[1] *The Royal Dukes and Princesses of the Family of George III.*, by Percy Fitzgerald, vol. i. pp. 204–5.

Doubtless the loophole afforded to the Duke by the absence of proof respecting his early marriage was of considerable convenience to him when he tired of his wife; possibly, in time, he may even have persuaded himself that her claim upon him was less valid than it had appeared in the quixotic days of his first infatuation; but, be that as it may, there is little question that it furnished an argument to further his later suit, for Lady Almeria was wont to state that she had letters from the Duke which proved that she and no other was legally Duchess of Gloucester. Unfortunately, however, by her orders, this correspondence was buried with her when she died in 1809, at the age of fifty-seven, it is said at Holyrood Palace, where she had been given rooms by the King.

Meanwhile, some years before the Duke openly separated from his wife, a daughter had been born to the lovers, whose birth, under the circumstances, was guarded by them as a profound secret. The date subsequently assigned to this event was the 6th of January 1782; the child was born in the parish of Esher, Surrey, near Hampton Court, of which the Duke was Ranger; and while she was christened Louisa after her father's sister, the Princess Louisa, it is strange to find that she bore as her second name that of the ill-treated Duchess, Maria. It was forthwith decided that she should be brought up as the daughter of Mr. Farley Edsir, who was

LADY ALMERIA CARPENTER,
Daughter of George, 3rd Baron and 1st Earl of Tyrconnel.

From the picture by George Romney at Kiplin.

To face p. 200.

steward to the Duke of Gloucester and whose family kept a dairy farm near Hampton Court. Thus the little girl as she grew older was taught to call Mrs. Edsir " Mammy nurse," and although the Tyrconnel family visited her and brought her handsome presents, she does not appear ever to have seen her own father and mother.

What would have been the ultimate destiny of the child so reared might furnish some interesting speculation, had not Fate intervened to decide her future in a singularly romantic manner.

It so happened that one morning, in the year 1799, there came riding near Hampton Court a young soldier, recently returned from active service abroad, Godfrey Macdonald, the second son of the late Lord Macdonald of Slate. But four-and-twenty years of age, he was of handsome appearance, and even thus bestriding a horse, his unusual stature must have been noticeable, since he was six feet four in height. Born in Edinburgh, on 14th October 1775, he had received a name which, although bestowed upon him ostensibly in honour of his grandfather, Godfrey Bosville, had belonged as much to the family of his Scottish father as to that of his Yorkshire mother. Educated at Harrow and at Oriel College, Oxford, he had subsequently joined the Kelso Regiment in 1794; and having, the following year, obtained a Commission as an Ensign in the 60th Regiment, he was, in 1798 and and 1799, sent on active service with Sir Eyre

Coote's expedition. Returning to England at the close of the campaign, his father and his mother by that date both being dead, life must have presented to him a somewhat solitary aspect. And then it was that Fate intervened, and, directing the aimless steps of the young soldier, shaped the course which was to change his life.

The story runs that as he cantered idly through the village of Esher his attention was suddenly arrested by the vision of a lovely girl who was playing battledore and shuttlecock by herself in a villa garden. It is hinted that the ankles of the graceful player especially struck the eyes of the young soldier so lately returned from Holland, where Dutch ankles are not famed for slenderness! Another tradition indeed recounts that his first vision of the fascinating damsel was at her confirmation in Esher Church. But whatever the occasion when he actually discovered her existence, one may safely conclude that he lost no subsequent opportunity of beholding the mysterious beauty with whom he had fallen in love at first sight. He soon ascertained that she was called Miss Edsir, and that her supposed parents, Mr. and Mrs. Farley Edsir, kept the small dairy farm near Hampton Court. Thereupon he quickly obtained an introduction to the worthy steward and his wife, including in their acquaintance that of the lovely Louisa.

It requires but little imagination to picture the rapid progress of the romance between the ardent young soldier and the girl whose society he sought eagerly. Possibly himself taking part in the game of battledore and shuttlecock, which had been played in solitude till his advent, Godfrey first discovered that he was indulging in a more dangerous pastime. A portrait of Louisa, which has survived, although belonging to a date when she was older, sufficiently explains the fascination which, at sixteen, youth must have accentuated. It reveals a dainty, piquante face, from which melting eyes of the brightest blue look with a sweet and roguish expression; her head of perfect contour is set upon a beautifully modelled throat; her features are small and delicately chiselled, a profusion of fair curls are massed above her charming brow, while the plaintive droop of her tiny mouth is denied by the laughing merriment of her glance.

But as he grew more and more infatuated with his new acquaintance Godfrey Macdonald must have been faced by a terrible problem. That he, a scion of one of the oldest and proudest families in the Highlands, should contemplate marrying a daughter of a humble dairyman must have given pause to the ardour even of a lover of four-and-twenty. Visions of the anger of his brother the Chief, of the annoyance of his numerous relations and the scorn of his friends, must have acted as a strong deterrent; but love

laughs at the conventions of lineage; and at last Godfrey Macdonald, putting aside all other considerations, made a formal proposal to Mr. Edsir for the hand of his daughter, Louisa Maria.

Then a great and unpleasant surprise awaited him. Mr. Edsir, so far from being flattered at the proposal, refused even to entertain it, saying that the young Louisa Maria must expect to make a far greater match. The astonishment and indignation of the lover at this rebuff was great. True, he was but a second son and doubtless far from wealthy, but he hotly told Mr. Edsir that to wed a Macdonald of the Isles was a match of which any family might be proud, and was obviously far beyond what a Farley Edsir could naturally hope to make. At this the old steward, finding himself in an awkward predicament, whispered to Godfrey the truth of the matter—Louisa Maria was his daughter only in name, she was the child of the Duke of Gloucester and Lady Almeria, she was a niece of the King himself, and it behoved her to marry in accordance with her Royal birth—some one greater even than a Macdonald of the Isles.

Godfrey was dumbfounded at this unexpected information; and, his romance thus nipped in the bud, separation quickly followed. Louisa was sent away to school, and his intercourse with her, presumably, forbidden. But love, which mocks at conventions, recks as little of more

material barriers; the young soldier, having by some means renewed communication with the object of his affections, pleaded his cause so eloquently that the trusting girl ere long consented to elope from school with her lover; and in the week of Christmas, 1799, the infatuated couple actually put this resolution into effect.

Now although it was illegal to marry a minor in England without the consent of her guardians, Godfrey, as a Scotsman, was in the enviable position of being unhampered by this obstacle. According to the law of his native land, by which alone he held himself bound, a marriage constituted by mutual consent was entirely valid without the intervention of priest or presbyter; nay, even the fact of two persons having openly lived together as husband and wife was regarded, in itself, as evidence of that mutual consent having been exchanged and of a valid marriage having taken place. Godfrey, therefore, having wedded his bride in accordance with the law of his own country, took her without scruple as his wife to Ireland, whither he was ordered on recruiting business. Nevertheless, we are told, "he still desired the Church's blessing on their marriage, and when they reached Ireland, he wished his wife to be married to him there, in Church. But she, little thinking of the seriousness of the question and fully believing that she and her Godfrey were—as indeed they truly were—already man and wife, objected that

Ireland was an out-of-the-way corner in which to be married, and that when she had her church wedding she wanted it to be a proper grand affair in England, with everything done to impress her friends. They both naturally thought that Godfrey's recruiting work would soon be over and that they would return to England. However, this was not to be. His military duties still tied Godfrey to Ireland, and there, doubtless to the great joy and pride of the youthful parents, their eldest child was born. This was a son, and his father proudly entered his birth as follows in a large Prayer Book :—

" Alexander William Robert Macdonald, born September 12th, 1800, Christen'd by The Revd. John Hill, October 2nd, at Milburn near Coleraine, Ireland."

" And he signed the entry *Godfrey Macdonald.*" [1]

It was not till 1801 that Godfrey and his wife returned to England. " By this time probably the realities of life together had made the runaway marriage almost unremembered by the young couple." Never doubting that they were legally man and wife, they could not fail to recognise that, however much it might be in harmony with their religious sentiments to have the blessing of the Church upon their union, the time had gone past when the idea of a ceremony,

[1] *A Romantic Chapter in Family History*, by Alice Macdonald of the Isles. Privately printed in 1911, p. 12.

which legally was superfluous, could be advisably entertained. To invite their friends to a public wedding now after two years of married life was likely not only to expose them to ridicule, but was obviously calculated, in the minds of those unacquainted with the true facts of their union, to give rise to a wholly unnecessary suggestion of scandal. Still more, Louisa was not, at that date, in a condition to stand any unnecessary fatigue. In August 1801 she gave birth to a second son, William, who died in infancy; and even had she still, in spite of all these objections, persisted in her original intention of invoking the belated blessing of the Church, it would, as her husband pointed out later,[1] have been difficult of accomplishment, from the fact that he and she were seldom long in one place together. Although nominally residing at Notting Hill, the young officer was constantly absent from his wife on duty. Upon his first arrival in England he had been ordered to Stourbridge with the 23rd Regiment, and after remaining there a short time he was promoted to be Major in the 55th Regiment then quartered at Silverhill Barracks in Sussex. From that place he was sent out to the West Indies, and on returning to England after an absence of ten months, he was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the 24th Regiment, with which he was sent to Liverpool, and which he later accom-

[1] *The Declaration at Annan* (see Appendix V.).

panied to Brumswell Camp in Suffolk. Finally, he was ordered to Norwich ; and as his residence there was likely to be prolonged, he was eventually joined by his wife, after she had, in September 1802, given birth at Notting Hill to a daughter, who was named Louisa, and who in after life became the wife of the fourth Earl of Hopetoun.

And now when, for the first time since their residence in Ireland, the young couple could look forward to a period of domestic happiness in each other's society, the promise of that peaceful interlude was suddenly overshadowed by a new and unexpected trouble. It is related that some officious friend pointed out to Colonel Macdonald that the effect of his prolonged residence in England and Ireland had been to deprive him of his Scottish domicile—that, since he was an officer in the English army, he was, in the eye of the law, a naturalised Englishman. Although this information was incorrect, although service in the army does not arbitrarily change the domicile of any man, it was a statement the accuracy of which the young officer was not in a position to gauge. Indeed, the whole law governing the matter of domicile was at that date but little understood ; and to a simple, hard-working soldier, unversed in the intricacies of such a problem, the suggestion came with a horror which overwhelmed him. For it required but little wit to see that if, ever since his entry into the army, he had been in the eye of

the law an Englishman, his marriage according to the law of Scotland had never been legal.

The dismay of the husband and wife at such an unforeseen contingency was only equalled by their anxiety to remove any future doubt in regard to their position. Arrangements were at once made for the ceremony to take place according to the rites of the Church of England, and on 29th December 1803, in the parish of St. Gregory, at Norwich, their second wedding was solemnised by the Rev. Edward Glover.

It was a wedding unlike that which Louisa, as a thoughtless child-bride, had once fondly pictured—a day of general rejoicing, a great family festivity, attended by a gathering of her own and her husband's relations, possibly even by her unacknowledged parents or those of her Royal connections to whom the secret of her birth was known. The entry in the Register of St. Gregory's does not record whether the quiet ceremony even took place in the church; but it is not improbable that it was performed in Colonel Macdonald's house, for again, at this date, his wife was in delicate health, her daughter Elizabeth Diana, afterwards Mrs. Davidson of Tulloch, being born in Norwich on 27th February 1804, when the event was duly entered by Colonel Macdonald in the family Prayer Book wherein he recorded successively the birth of each of his ultimately large family of thirteen children.

In 1803 Colonel Macdonald purchased the

lease of a house in Lower Grosvenor Street, London, and again, in 1806, he bought a residence at Notting Hill, where his family lived till 1814. Meanwhile he appears incessantly to have been tormented by that secret doubt respecting the legitimacy of his elder son and daughter—a question which, as the years passed, was rendered all the more important by the fact that his brother Alexander, Lord Macdonald, remained unmarried, and it thus became probable that, in due course, Godfrey and his son would be called upon to succeed to the family titles and estates. In 1807, therefore, when Colonel Macdonald came home on leave from the Cape of Good Hope—where he had been with the expedition under Sir David Baird and whither he expected shortly to return—he seized the opportunity to travel with his wife to Scotland, and at Annan, on the 26th day of October, they made a solemn declaration before the Provost, Richard Forrest, Esq., that they had been engaged and betrothed to each other in Christmas week, 1799, and from that period onwards had held themselves to be man and wife. Colonel Macdonald further stated that, as he expected to depart for the Cape with the first fleet, he took this step in order that, in the event of any accident befalling him before his return to Europe, "the whole circumstances of his marriage should be so explained as to bear evidence in a Court of Law."[1]

[1] See Appendix V.

Now within a space of eight years there occurred three other events which closely affected the family of Colonel Macdonald. First, in 1805, there had died William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, the unacknowledged father of Mrs. Macdonald, whereupon Mrs. Edsir, the "Mammy nurse" of Louisa Maria's childhood, wrote a statement to prove conclusively that the latter was not her own child, but the offspring of "great Parents."[1]

Next, in March 1809, Godfrey and Louisa became the parents of another son, who was christened Godfrey William Wentworth, and who was the first male child born to them since their marriage had been solemnised at Norwich according to the law of England and the rites of the English Church.

Thirdly, in 1813, "Billy" Bosville, the Squire of Gunthwaite and Thorpe in Yorkshire, and the maternal uncle of Colonel Macdonald, gradually fell into declining health, till, on December 13th of that year, as related in certain verses which commemorated his departure from a world that he had undoubtedly found very pleasant—

> "By slow degrees to dissolution led,
> The good man sank, and mingled with the dead."

[1] *A Romantic Chapter in Family History*, p. 18. This original document was shown to Mrs. Davidson of Tulloch at Hopetoun House in 1832; she says it was docketed in the handwriting of her father, Godfrey, Lord Macdonald, dated 1805 (he was then Colonel Macdonald). Mrs. Davidson adds: "This statement was necessary, as my mother had taken the name of Edsir, it being impossible to be called by the name of either of her parents." This paper was then (1832) in the possession of William Bowie, Esq., W.S., Edinburgh. "My father and mother," she continues, "carried for their coat-of-arms, on their carriages on the proper right the Macdonald arms, and on the left the lion of England rampant on a field of Plantagenet roses" (*sic*).

Now in the will of the deceased Squire, dated February 7th, 1807, he devised his estates of Gunthwaite and Thorpe in life rent to his nephew, "the Hon. Godfrey Macdonald, Colonel in his late Majesty's Regiment of Foot," who, upon succeeding to them, was to assume the surname and arms of Bosville only; and after whose death, his eldest son, Alexander William Robert Macdonald, was to hold them under similar conditions. By a codicil to this will, however, dated 20th January 1812, the testator further declared that if this said Alexander William Robert Macdonald or any issue of his body should eventually become possessed of the title and property of Lord Macdonald, then these aforesaid Yorkshire estates were to devolve to the next heir under the will.

So Colonel Macdonald took the name of his dead uncle, and became Colonel Bosville, shortly afterwards moving his family to the picturesque old home of his maternal ancestors, Thorpe Hall, near Bridlington; whereupon another poetaster, mourning the loss of the old Squire, adroitly sang a welcome to the new, and celebrated this welding together of the families of Macdonald and Bosville, by addressing the Shade of the deceased "Billy" thus—

"Soon, too, shall come thy well-appointed Heir,
The Joys of Peace, by Valour earn'd to share,
To bless the faithful Love, that oft deplores
His long, long Absence on Iberia's Shores;

[*Photograph by Laurence Anderson, Esq.*

THORPE HALL, BRIDLINGTON.

To face p. 212.

Yet no Complaint, save on the Mourner's cheek
A silent Tear, which more than words can speak,
Marks to her Children's gaze their Mother's Woe,
Yet tells a Hope that Mothers only know;
The dear, fond Hope their much-loved Sire to see,
With Health, with Honour crown'd, from Danger free:
True to himself, to sacred Friendship true,
With just selection Bosville's Plans pursue: . . .
Draw from two kindred Stems one noble Line,
Add Name to Name, and Worth with Worth combine!"

But not yet was the "well-appointed heir" to enter upon the enjoyment of his fresh possession, or of the companionship of his wife and children. The plight of Europe called every soldier to his post; the great opposing forces of Wellington and Napoleon were occupied in a struggle such as the civilised world had never before witnessed: while the Corsican, drunk with the blood of mankind, was waging a fresh campaign against Russia. How bitterly the Colonel felt his prolonged separation from his wife, and how undiminished was the affection with which, after so many years of wedded life, he never ceased to regard her, is testified by some verses written by him to her during his absence with his regiment in Spain, and which still breathe all the ardour of that youthful lover of a romantic elopement in the then far-away past.

"TO LOUISA!"

(On leaving her to join the army in Spain.)

"Dear Louisa, my bosom could never survive
A thought of dishonour to thee;
I never could listen unmoved to thy sighs,
Or thy tears without suffering see.

I could never behold the soft bloom of thy cheek,
By the pale hand of sorrow decay;
Nor those smiles, the sweet language of happiness,
In pining regret fade away.

If I fly, dear Louisa, 'tis not from thy arms,
It is Glory which bids me depart,
For in peace, or in battle, alone can thy charms
Give warmth to the throb of my heart.

Thou would'st not behold me ingloriously yield
To pleasure, and shrink from Man's Toils;
When the wrongs of my Country invite to the Field,
And the bright hope of Victory smiles.

Oh, my Love! thy fond heart with rapture would beat,
Thy soft eyes with gratitude beam;
In the glory of Triumph thy Godfrey to meet,
And realise Fancy's sweet dream.

For that look, which is full of persuasion and love,
Speaks the fervour that glows in thy breast,
Then think not a truant inconstant I rove,
To leave my Louisa distrest.

Come! gird on my sword; and when joined in the fight,
With the blood of my foes it shall reek;
The form of Louisa shall rise to my sight
Like an Angel to plead for the weak.

Should I fall—but I will not indulge the sad thought:
Yet Louisa, Death spares not the brave;
And should his strong arm thy Soldier assault,
And the Battlefield be his cold grave;

Oh! think that unsullied by Fear or by Shame,
His last thought, while he struggled in Death,
On thy image was bent, and thy ever-loved name
Hung trembling on Life's latest breath."

But the correspondence of Godfrey Bosville to his wife throughout his absence from her during

the Peninsular War exhibits, in regard to public events, the caution that, as he explained to her, was essential under conditions which made the arrival of any missive at its intended destination a matter of uncertainty. Nevertheless, a letter has survived sent to Godfrey by his brother, Archibald Macdonald, from St. Petersburg, which is much less guarded in expression. It was written two days before the French troops took possession of Moscow, and refers to the battle of Borodino, at which, the Russians having stood their ground, it was subsequently reported that their General, Kutuzoff,[1] had obtained a victory over Napoleon. Moreover, besides discussing in interesting terms the events then taking place in Russia, it gives a curious account of the intimate knowledge exhibited by the Tsar Alexander respecting the Macdonald family and their position in Scotland—

ARCHIBALD MACDONALD TO GODFREY, COLONEL BOSVILLE

ST. PETERSBURG,
18*th September* 1812.

MY DEAR GODFREY,—Our messenger took his departure so suddenly from hence that not one-half of our letters were finished in time for him, he was hurried away for the purpose of

[1] Michael Ilarionovich Kutuzoff (1745–1813), Prince of Smolensk, Russian Field-Marshal. In 1812, as Commander-in-Chief of the Russian forces, he fought Napoleon obstinately at Borodino, 7th September 1812, and obtained a victory over Davout and Ney at Smolensk.

conveying to England as speedily as possible the news of the Great Victory which has been gained by Kutuzoff over the French.

The whole city was in a perfect blaze with it, illuminated from one end to the other, the very shipping in the river were lighted. But what a most desperate business it has been! Upwards of 80,000 men they report to have been killed, etc. The Russians themselves acknowledge to have lost nearly 30,000, and they have remained Masters of the Field, the aggregate therefore on both sides must have been enormous.

I have not been long enough in Russia to remember the names of places, but the action was fought within 80 English miles of Moscow, whither the French were making rapid strides, and the people were really beginning to be somewhat alarmed; but with such troops as I have seen, they had little to fear. I never saw really finer-looking men, or men with a more military aspect. The enthusiasm is beyond everything you can imagine, as much so, or more than ever it was in Spain, and the number of Recruits and new levies, that are continually on their march from this City, to join the army would, of themselves, you would suppose, be enough to drive or drown any Force that could be brought against them. 10,000 of them passed in review before the Emperor yesterday morning, and as many are moving in the direction of the army from Moscow. . . . The French, they say, have also received a strong reinforcement of about 50,000, and every moment fresh accounts are looked for of another tremendous engagement.

Bonaparte must do something, he cannot remain in his present position, and he dare not, perhaps, retreat; a pinching winter would be destruction to his army, and the weather has

already begun to break up. He never was so circumstanced before, and his talents will be more put to the test than ever.

Sir Robert Wilson and Lord Tyrconnel left us yesterday morning to join the army, they obtained the Emperor's permission. . . . Kutuzoff seems to be a very general favourite. We were at a party the other night at the Princess Kutuzoff's and congratulated her upon her husband's glorious success. The news arrived at Petersburgh in the midst of the ceremonials at the Shrine of St. Alexander Newski (one of the finest church ceremonies that ever I saw, and the music was magnificent). Immediately after the service, the Emperor called forth the Minister of Foreign Affairs and commanded him to proclaim to the congregation the news of the Victory. It was received, as you may suppose, with great joy, but unfortunately in this country they do not, as in England, publish a list of killed and wounded, so that great anxiety succeeds great joy—every one alarmed for the safety of their sons, brothers, fathers, or friends, and they lapse almost into despair.

What a splendid City this is, the Public buildings, Palaces, Rivers, Bridges, etc. etc., give it a magnificent appearance; but their carriages and Equipages are a little *infra dig.* Their coachmen wear their beards to their waists and look more like the London old Clothesmen.

We were presented a few mornings ago in great form to the Emperor, Empress, Dowager Empress, Grand Duchesses, Grand Dukes, etc. etc., and were most graciously received. The Emperor himself is a very affable man, disliking all *fuss* and parade; he walks about the streets,

quite by himself, without a single attendant, and drives about in his open carriage perfectly plain, without more than one servant behind him.

He asked me if we did not consider the French General Macdonald as a Cadet of our house; and observed that we could boast of being at the head of one of the oldest Clans in Scotland. *He was well prepared with all our History before he came into the audience-room*, and seemed well pleased to see the English once more in Russia.

This letter marks the epoch when the tide turned in the fortunes of Napoleon. On the 18th of October he was forced to evacuate Moscow, and to commence that terrible retreat, the horrors of which sully the page of history. By 1814 it was believed that his power was eternally destroyed. No one then anticipated even its brief resuscitation in the Reign of a Hundred Days; and it was then, therefore, in anticipation of permanent peace that Colonel Bosville retired from the army with the brevet rank of General.

CHAPTER VIII

The Wrong Righted

Thus at last was Godfrey Bosville able to enter into possession of the home which awaited him, and to rejoice in the society of his wife and children from whom he had been separated during so great a part of his life. Henceforth it was, we are told, a very happy existence which he and Louisa spent together in the old house which they had always loved. Filled with delight in their new estate, they expended upon it unfailing thought and care, till beneath their skill it blossomed into fresh beauty. "They planted hillsides and groves, made large fish-ponds—these were finished in 1815—and they built the dairy and planted a lime avenue down the drive. The cold winter of the East Riding proved too much for the latter, and only a row of rather stunted limes remain, but many lilac bushes of their planting still sweeten the air for their descendants." [1]

Moreover, as the peaceful years went by, with their children growing up around them,

[1] *A Romantic Chapter in Family History*, p. 24.

sons and daughters alike being gifted with great musical talent, each in turn learnt to play a different instrument so that the hours which might otherwise have been passed in idleness were spent in this pleasant pastime in which those of their neighbours who were similarly accomplished gladly joined. Lively and talented, indeed, the family at Thorpe were universally popular, and with none more so than with that other Yorkshire family, the Spencer-Stanhopes, who resided in the vicinity of Gunthwaite, and with whom they could, as before mentioned, boast a friendship which had been hereditary through many generations. The former traveller to the Hebrides, John Stanhope, for long the youthful friend of Archibald Macdonald, now extended that comradeship to the nephew of his previous *compagnon de voyage*, Alexander, the eldest son of Godfrey, a man whose fine, intellectual face did not belie his charming personality. The two friends were constantly to be found in each other's society. Finally, they both married within an interval of a few months, John Stanhope wedding a Norfolk bride in December 1822, and Alexander Macdonald, in the following July 1823, being happily united to Matilda Bayard, member of a Huguenot branch of the family of the celebrated Chevalier Bayard, who bore for their arms a white horse with the motto *Sans peur et sans reproche*.

[*Photo. by G. Gibson.*

FLOWER GARDEN BELOW THORPE HALL.

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In the year following this latter wedding, however, an event befell which, although not unexpected, wrought a change in the prospects of the young couple. In 1824 there died, unmarried, Alexander Wentworth, second Lord Macdonald, Godfrey's elder brother and the adored "Lord Papa" of his vast family of nephews and nieces; whereupon Godfrey, General Bosville, became third Lord Macdonald and eleventh Baronet of Sleat, and succeeded to the family estates in Skye, including Armadale Castle, which had been built by his brother as a residence. He therefore resumed the name of Macdonald after Bosville.

"And now long summer journeys took place, when the whole family would go to Skye, setting off from Thorpe in the family coach, crossing the Gypsey Beck by two bridges near the stables, and driving on and on till Glasgow was reached, when coach and all were taken on board a steamer." There followed after, sunny days spent gladly in a golden dream—days of sailing over the blue waters of the Minch, of rambling along the rocky shore, of drinking in the wild breezes and wilder romance of this ancient kingdom of their forefathers; till, with the approach of winter, the thought of their comfortable Yorkshire home lured the Chief and his family from the loved but lonely Isle, and the long journey to Thorpe was once more accomplished.

It is scarcely necessary to add that "Godfrey

was exceedingly proud of his Highland blood and famous descent, and was careful to use the designation *of the Isles*, thus maintaining the old claims of the House of Sleat, of which he was the eighteenth Chief, that its head was the representative and heir of the last Lord of the Isles.

"Glengarry (Captain Macdonell) did not approve of these claims, and although he never took the several legal opportunities he had had to object to them formally, yet he made himself so obnoxious that Godfrey challenged him to fight a duel. The encounter, however, happily never came off." [1]

Other sidelights are occasionally thrown upon this period in the lives of Godfrey and Louisa. Their travels between Armadale and Thorpe were diversified by visits to London, but more often to Edinburgh and to Thurso, the home of Godfrey's sister Diana, who in 1788 had married Sir John Sinclair, famous as the founder of the Board of Agriculture and as an extensive author.[2] He, it is said, had heard so much of the charm and accomplishments of the beautiful Diana Macdonald before he made her acquaintance, that, even then, he had begun to dream of making her his wife. Subsequent to their marriage, which took place in St. George's, Hanover

[1] *A Romantic Chapter in Family History*, pp. 25–6.

[2] Sir John Sinclair, Bt., born at Thurso Castle, 1754; was admitted to both the Scottish and English Bars, 1791–99, and sat in Parliament, 1780–1811. He established the Board of Agriculture in 1793. He also wrote on all manner of topics. He died in Edinburgh in 1835.

SIR GODFREY MACDONALD,
11th Baronet, 3rd Lord Macdonald of Slate.

From the picture by Thomas Barber at Thorpe.

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Square, in March 1788, the couple attended Court, when the King remarked that he might perhaps have seen individually a handsomer man and a handsomer woman than Sir George and his bride, yet they were undoubtedly the handsomest *couple* who had ever been presented to him.

A frequent correspondence was kept up between the family of Godfrey and that of his brother-in-law, while now and again a merry passage of wit took place between the great Sir John and Mrs. Bosville, afterwards Lady Macdonald. Before her husband's accession to the title we find her receiving from Thurso a comb with the following *jeu d'esprit*:—

"Lines by the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bt., of Ulbster, with à new-fashioned comb, which he presents to the Hon. Mrs. Bosville of Thorpe Hall in the County of York.

This Comb accept; improv'd by Floris' art,
It will new lustre to your locks impart,
Will make your tresses flow with double grace,
And add fresh charms to Bosville's beauteous face!"

To which Louisa replied—

"Sir John, this present I receive
And for your sake will use;
But what can tuneless Bosville give
In answer to your Muse?

No easy Verse her Genius lends,
No ready Rhyme bestows;
But Gratitude shall make amends;
And *that* sincerely flows!

The compliment you pay my face,
Politeness may impart;
And yet it comes with so much grace,
I'll take it from the Heart.

There, there alone, Sir John, is found
The value of fine words;
And there alone that worth is crowned
Which honest Truth affords.

By foreign Art no need is there
This feeling to renew;
For every time I comb my Hair,
I'll surely think of you!

L. B."

Sir John, it may be added, eventually became the father of six daughters, who all were over six feet in height, so that the space before his house in Edinburgh was known locally as "The Giants' Causeway." His fourth daughter, Catherine, born in 1800, who has previously been referred to in these pages, was the clever author of *Holiday House* and of various other tales or descriptive works. She was, moreover, the anonymous heroine of one story which she tells in reference to the family of her uncle, Lord Macdonald. Sir Walter Scott, who, as a Lowlander, was often inaccurate in regard to matters respecting which a Highlander would have been fully primed, once spoke slightingly in her presence of the "Slate family," as he named that of the Chief on account of his property being situated in the district of Sleat (pronounced *Slate*). "Ah," retorted Miss Sinclair wittily,

" you will find, on inquiry, that in the House of Macdonald the *Slates* are always uppermost ! "

A common friend both of Lord Macdonald and Sir John Sinclair also appears to have been an indefatigable correspondent of both families. This was William Penn, a great-grandson of the founder of Pennsylvania [1] ; a somewhat singular and, it must be admitted, not an altogether satisfactory, character. In view of his descent, he regarded himself much in the light of a monarch who had been deposed from a kingdom which should have been his. For this reason he writes to Lord Macdonald as one sovereign to another, " Pennsylvania to his brother of the Isles," and his letters teem with allusions to his own quasi-regal claim. In October 1825, during one of the first journeys from Armadale back to Thorpe undertaken by Lord Macdonald after his accession, he and his family encountered some serious mishap, whereupon their ultimate arrival in Yorkshire was signalised by an enthusiastic congratulation from this friend who had read an account of the misadventure in the daily papers.

" I count upon this finding you, my dear Isles, returned to Yorkshire through Earthly conveyances ! I solemnly protest that I should not more deeply have rejoiced at reading in to-day's paper an assurance of my own restoration

[1] William Penn (1776–1845) was the eldest son of Richard Penn, a grandson of the founder of Pennsylvania. William Penn was an extensive author. Among other things he wrote verse and prose for

to Pennsylvania than of your safety and Lady Macdonald's! May you long live both—

> "With Beauty blossom'd and with Valour Blaz'd,
> 'Mid the fair Scyons which yourselves have rais'd.
> Sweet blooms the Rose, the towering Oak expands—
> The Grace and Guard of Britain's golden Sands!"

On another occasion "Pennsylvania" expatiates on the fact that "the Sword which Sir Donald drew in the '15 was wielded on the same side that the Sword of Pennsylvania would have been drawn had I been his contemporary"; while later, in a communication dated from "7, Lambeth Road, near the Obelisk," he thus addresses his "Brother of the Isles," then recently come to London—

"I hope you are all arriv'd in perfect Health. I shall take an early opportunity of enquiring in Person after you, Lady Macdonald and my fair friends. I dined the other day with my dear old friend, your brother Archy, where we had old Sir John 'Himself the great Sublime he draws' as Author of the Treatise on Longevity;[1] and Alexander with whom I am in incessant communication on his and your Royal Descents. You are doubtless come to Town with an Eye to paying your Respects to *Brummell's fat Friend*, your venerable Kinsman & my Liege Lord, the august Sovereign of us all."

the *Gentleman's Magazine*, under the signature of the Rajah of Vaneplysia (an anagram of Pennsylvania). He died in Nelson Square, Southwark, in 1845.

[1] *The Code of Health and Longevity*, by the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bt., published 1807–8.

But alas for "Pennsylvania"! We are told that "extravagance and conviviality ruined his prospects." His later life was spent in the debtor's prison, and "Brummell's fat friend," George IV., remarked of him with a wit more keen than kind, that "*he was a Pen(n) often cut, but never mended.*" He eventually died in poverty and obscurity, while possibly the most distinguished incident in connection with his career was its termination, when his interment took place in the church of St. Mary Redclyffe, Bristol, where he was laid to rest by the side of his celebrated ancestor, Admiral Sir William Penn.

Meanwhile the man whom Penn had gaily depicted as absorbed in the study of the "Royal descents" of the Macdonald family—Alexander, the eldest son of the Chief, little dreamed how soon that ancestry of which he was so justly proud was to become as dust and ashes in his sight, and how his great name and fair prospects were to vanish ere ever he had grasped them.

Eight years sped peacefully by after Godfrey, Lord Macdonald, had succeeded his brother, and in the happy home life with his wife and family that former nightmare of doubt respecting the ultimate fate of their eldest son appears to have been lulled to rest, till it gradually faded from the thoughts of both parents. They had done all that lay in their power to ensure the recognition of his legitimacy in the future; and truly did it seem incredible that the domicile

could ever have been English of a father born and bred in Scotland and now the eighteenth Chief of the Macdonalds of Sleat. To few, indeed, the existence of that doubt was known; and to the man most concerned it remained undreamed of. The blow when it fell was all the more overwhelming, and the manner of its happening was singularly cruel.

Alexander Macdonald was visiting his friend, John Stanhope, at Cannon Hall, in October 1832, when the two were invited to dine at Bretton Hall, about a couple of miles off, with Mrs. Beaumont, better known by her nickname of "Madam Beaumont," a lady of pronounced and autocratic character, who was "at once the terror and the amusement of the West Riding."

The dinners at Bretton were long and sumptuous, and while the lengthy meal was in progress, the sound of horse's hoofs were heard, and shortly afterwards news was brought to Alexander Macdonald that a messenger had come galloping in haste to acquaint him with the sudden death of his father, Godfrey, Lord Macdonald, who had expired that day in Bridlington, from a heart attack, in his fifty-seventh year.

Alexander Macdonald, on hearing this news, at once rose from the table, intending to hasten to the bedside of his dead father. But Madam Beaumont saw no reason why her dinner-party should be thus upset. Amid the sympathetic silence which the announcement of the event

had occasioned, she put a restraining hand on the arm of her departing guest. "Sit down," she commanded loudly, "*you are not Lord Macdonald.*"

Dumbfounded and white as a sheet, Alexander Macdonald obeyed; no doubt in dread of the disclosures which a persistence in his intention might entail. It was the first hint which had reached him that he was not his father's heir.[1]

To John Stanhope it befell, when the two friends were at last alone together, to explain to his unhappy guest the true significance of Madam Beaumont's remark; and still crushed by such a revelation Alexander re-entered the house of mourning at Thorpe. "Sad and full of despair must have been the meeting of son and mother." To Lady Macdonald that far-away romance with the lover who now lay dead, that one rash act of her innocent girlhood, must have been cruelly present to her, resuscitated in the person of her first-born son, broken-hearted, shamed, and dishonoured. No record has been kept of the scenes and discussion which must have followed—only the results showed. Alexander, who had been noted for his gaiety and good company, became a sad, silent man, who shunned rather than sought his neighbours. In spite of his father's expectation, as clearly set forth in the will of the latter,[2] that he, the eldest

[1] *Annals of a Yorkshire House*, by A. M. W. Stirling, vol. ii. pp. 328–9.

[2] "*Whereas my eldest son, Alexander William Robert Macdonald, and my second son, Godfrey William Wentworth Macdonald, are entitled to*

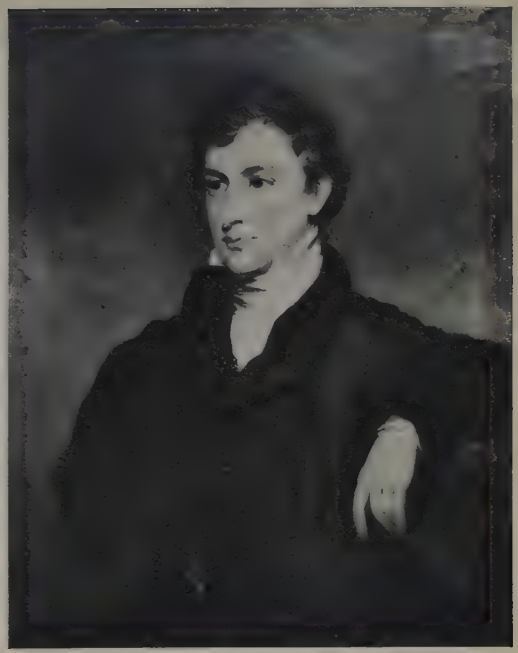
son, would succeed to the Scots honours and estates and that the second son, Godfrey William, should inherit the Yorkshire estates, it was Godfrey William who became fourth Lord Macdonald, and Alexander who, taking the position of a second son, became owner of Thorpe and Gunthwaite. By so doing, indeed, he found awaiting him a house which he had long looked upon as his home, further he was legally provided with a name both old and honourable, since, under the will of his uncle, he was henceforth to be known as Bosville. Nevertheless, he could but feel bitterly that this was not his birthright, that the name which had been borne by his father—the cherished title of *Macdonald* with all its proud associations—he was required to renounce for ever.

And in all this there was a cruel misapprehension of a situation to which the law of domicile has often given rise. It was, no doubt, right that the peerage should devolve on the younger brother, since it was an Irish peerage which is governed by the English law of succession, and to which, therefore, only a son born subsequent to a marriage according to the law of England could succeed; but by a tragic mistake that son was supposed to succeed also to the Scottish estates and to all the far older honours in Scotland to which his elder

succeed me, the one in the estate and barony of Macdonald in Scotland, and the other in the said estates in Yorkshire, devised by the will of my said uncle in terms of the respective investures thereof," etc. etc.

[*Sir Francis Grant, pinxit.*

MATILDA MOFFAT BAYARD,
Wife of Alexander William Robert Macdonald.



[*Barber, pinxit.*

ALEXANDER WILLIAM ROBERT MACDONALD,
de jure, 12th Baronet.

To face p. 230.

brother, legitimate according to the law of Scotland, was the true and lawful heir.

But Alexander "Bosville," overwhelmed by the blow which had befallen him, and dreading on behalf of his relations to give any avoidable publicity to a scandal intolerable alike for his mother and her entire family, accepted the situation without adequately probing it, and remaining upon his estate in Yorkshire thenceforward devoted himself to improving that property. Meanwhile Louisa, Lady Macdonald, crushed alike by the loss of her husband, and by the knowledge of that wrong which had blighted the life of her eldest son, did not long survive the dual tragedy. With—so it seems—a strange sense of premonition, she had but a few weeks before the death of Lord Macdonald copied into a book at Armadale the following verses, with their significant hint both of approaching severance and swift reunion :—

"To be so near thee and for ever parted!
For ever lost! What art thou now to me?
Shall the departed gaze on me again?
Shall he glide past me in the midnight hour,
While I perceive him not, and think, perhaps,
'Tis but the mournful breeze which passes by.
O soon shall years, fast fleeting, bear me on
To the fair land where we shall ever rest!

L. M. M.

Armadale Castle, 15*th July* 1832."

So Louisa, with that one dark page in her otherwise happy history, passed to her "fair

land" of rest and reunion on February 10th, 1835, in the fifty-second year of her age; and her son Alexander, whose life it seemed that she had unwittingly wrecked, was left to face the battle of existence a little longer. Nevertheless, although Fate had already dealt hardly with him, his cup of bitterness was not yet full. While bravely thrusting the past behind him he was devoting all his energies to the improvement of his Yorkshire property, his brother, the fourth Lord Macdonald, on the contrary "quickly exhausted the revenues of his Highland domains, and, finding his affairs becoming embarrassed, desired to sell part of Skye and other property. But here a surprise awaited him. His creditors told him he had no title to these estates,[1] as (according to the law of Scotland, by which alone they could be held or disposed of) he had a legitimate brother in England. At the same time it was pointed out to him that, if he were to prove this brother's legitimacy, forthwith Alexander must take the Scottish estates, and under the codicil of old William Bosville's will, if he, Godfrey William, now the fourth Lord Macdonald, acknowledged his position as a second son of the late Lord Macdonald, he would, instead of his present inheritance, become possessed of the unencumbered lands of Thorpe and Gunthwaite. As this latter property had no life-bar on it like the Macdonald entailed estates, it could be sold

[1] *A Romantic Chapter in Family History*, p. 32.

as required, or sums raised upon it to satisfy his creditors.

"Thus a still more intricate legal question arose between the two brothers; and Alexander's position was truly a cruel one. Godfrey, who had taken away his birthright, now wished to deprive him of a home which he had come to love, and yet, if he clung to that home, he must pronounce his own illegitimacy.

"In this piteous case, he declined to do or say anything. It was for others to decide. Finally, after much wrangling and debating, a private Act of Parliament was passed, giving effect to an arrangement between the brothers, by which the Yorkshire estates were settled upon the said Alexander Bosville and the Scotch estates upon the said Godfrey, fourth Lord Macdonald. The Act made no attempt to define the domicile of their father at the time of his first marriage, nor did it say anything about the legitimacy of his son Alexander; it never even mentioned the old Nova Scotia Baronetcy which the Macdonalds had borne for so many generations. All it did was to settle the estates, and to authorise the fourth Lord to sell some of his property and satisfy his creditors." [1] The Act was passed in 1847, but too late to bring to Alexander even the poor comfort of security in the possession of his home. The long strain of

[1] *A Romantic Chapter in Family History*, pp. 33–4. Large portions of the family inheritance were sold by this Chief, including North Uist and Kilmuir in Trotternish with its ancient castle of Duntulm.

anxiety which he had undergone, the perpetual misfortunes which had pursued him, and the undeserved disgrace which had been his portion, all combined to crush his gentle, sensitive nature, with the result that, in the same year when his Yorkshire estate at least was assured to him, he died of a broken heart, aged only forty-seven. He left two children, a son, Godfrey Wentworth Bayard "Bosville," born 1826, and a daughter, Julia, wife of the eighth Lord Middleton.

The son of the disinherited Alexander succeeded to Thorpe. He told his sister, Lady Middleton, that he would probably never marry, but that, if he ever did so and had an heir, he would then try to settle the question of his grandfather's domicile and all it involved. He was born in 1826, and remained a bachelor until 1864, when he married the Hon. Harriet Cassandra Willoughby, sister of Henry, eighth Lord Middleton. A son was born to them on 26th September 1865, but a fortnight later the father died, so that Godfrey Wentworth Bayard Bosville never probed the all-important question respecting his descent.

The little son he left was christened Alexander Wentworth Macdonald, and was known, as had been his father, by the surname of Bosville for forty-five years of his life. "His mother," we are told, "had never rightly understood the history of Godfrey and Louisa, and so she never instructed her son in it. It was naturally never spoken of in

the family, except that Lady Middleton used to say that 'Alex could have the Scots baronetcy for the asking any day,' that 'right was right,' and that he ought to claim it. . . . While in Scotland old people still shook their heads and muttered darkly that a wrong had been done."[1]

So this second Alexander "Bosville" grew up at Thorpe knowing little of the mischance which had wrecked the life of the grandfather who had borne his name. He went to Eton and Oxford; next, in 1886, he married Alice Edith Middleton,[2] and to them was born a son, Godfrey Middleton, and a daughter, Celia Violet. And now at last, when that tragedy of those bygone generations seemed forgotten—erased even from the knowledge of those most affected by it—when it seemed incredible that the wrong could ever be righted, by a strange turn of events this came to pass. The story is best told in the words of the chief actor through all that followed—

Mrs. Bosville, having a great love of reading and of old histories, was delighted to find at Thorpe many letters and interesting papers and pedigrees, etc. As the years went by she read and arranged many, and always felt more and more astonished that her husband's name was not Macdonald. However, both he and she,

[1] *A Romantic Chapter in Family History*, pp. 35–6.

[2] Alice Edith Middleton, daughter of John Middleton, Esq., the descendant of a cadet of the house of the old Scots Earls of Middleton. Through her maternal grandmother (the great-granddaughter of Sir Robert Sinclair, fifth Baronet, and sister of Sir Graeme Sinclair Lockhart, tenth Baronet, of Castlehill) she counts two Royal Stuart descents from James II. and James V.

while grieving over the injustice to Godfrey and Louisa, whose letters, often read, made them seem very near and very dear, believed that the Act of Parliament of 1847 had settled everything for ever. Occasionally a legal friend would ask puzzling questions and give very positive assurances that the law of domicile, now better understood, could not fail to say that Godfrey's domicile had always been Scotch. . . . But a resort to law seemed dreadful. . . .

At last a letter came to Alex Bosville, insufficiently addressed and having wandered about, from a perfect stranger, but a very important clansman, no other than Angus Macdonald of Clanranald, who, deeply interested in the Clan Donald, and desiring to draw the branches of the Clan into closer unity, wished to set right a wrong which he considered had caused a clansman to suffer unjustly, and now wrote—asking to be excused if his inquiries were disliked—to inquire why Mr. Bosville was not the heir of his great-grandfather. Later on, this kind clansman came to stay at Thorpe, and explained much about many matters, finally urging Alex Bosville to take the opinion of a Scots lawyer.

After still more delay, as it seemed such a bold thing to do after so many years had gone by, the Bosvilles consulted Scots lawyers. Their replies and opinions were entirely favourable, and it was interesting to learn that the old story was well known in Scotland, and that people versed in such matters had often wondered why action had not been taken long before.[1]

And now, from many unexpected sources, old and neglected documents came to light. At the time when the Act of 1847 was framed, a

[1] *A Romantic Chapter in Family History*, pp. 37–8.

mass of papers had been sent up to London to be examined by legal experts, and with them was sent the Prayer Book containing the entries which recorded the birth of each of the thirteen children of Godfrey and Louisa. But the unfortunate, dispossessed Alexander dying that same year of a broken heart, these papers and books were never returned to Thorpe, where their very existence was soon forgotten. Some years afterwards General James Macdonald, the brother of the dead Alexander, received a letter from an official who pointed out that, while a great number of old documents were being destroyed, a Bible and Prayer Book had been found, and as these contained entries relating to the family of General Macdonald, possibly he might wish to preserve them. General Macdonald replied in the affirmative, so that, from that date forward, the books remained in his keeping; but at Thorpe their survival was unknown. At last, in view of the trial which was impending, the son of General Macdonald offered the loan of the Prayer Book, and since the first name upon the list in it was that of the disinherited *Alexander Macdonald*, who afterwards became Bosville, the latter-day Alexander "Bosville," afterwards to become Macdonald, arranged with his cousin to restore the book to the old house at Thorpe whence it had originally been taken.

By many an equally unforeseen course of events, the search once instituted, evidence accu-

mulated swiftly, till all that bygone, romantic story with its painful sequel lay unfolded in tragic clearness. The love-letters of Godfrey and Louisa, all proving the changeless devotion of the husband and wife, as they held themselves to be before God and man; the verses, still breathing the ardour of a youthful lover, which Godfrey had indited to his wife after long years of wedded existence; the repeated attempts of the harassed couple, subsequent to 1802, to prove to the world that from the first moment of their boy-and-girl union they had held themselves to be indissolubly joined in the bond of wedlock; and finally, that old family Prayer Book, in which Godfrey had registered the birth of each of his thirteen children, duly signing each entry, with never a misgiving as he proudly wrote the names of the first three that these were not as truly his legitimate offspring as others which came later. Bit by bit the pathetic history lay revealed; and while it became evident that the couple from the first day of their union had held themselves to be man and wife, that they had remained faithful to each other through thirty-five years of wedded life, and through all the vicissitudes of repeated separation, there remained one point to be decided—the domicile of Godfrey at the date of his marriage.

Now if that domicile were Scots, the marriage in Norwich itself sufficed to legitimise the children

born previous to it, without further establishing the legality, according to the law of Scotland, of the "marriage by consent" which had preceded it. And since a man whose absence from his native country has been enforced by service in the army does not, on that account, lose his domicile of origin, the first essential point was to discover whether any record could be produced of the military services of Godfrey, afterwards third Lord Macdonald, and the dates of such services. Mr. and Mrs. "Bosville," therefore, applied to the War Office to inquire if any such registers were likely to have been preserved, and they were informed that the dates of the required entries being so remote, if any such were still in existence, these would be lodged at the Record Office in London.

Thither they accordingly repaired on Wednesday, June 16th, 1908, only to learn that the searcher, whom they had appointed to meet them, had been unexpectedly summoned elsewhere, and that there was no one to aid them in what appeared to be a task impossible to attempt without such expert assistance. Mrs. "Bosville," however, declared that under the circumstances she was determined to see if anything could be done, and she promptly requested that all the records should be brought to her of the services of Generals who had retired between the years 1810 and 1820. An immense bundle of papers, set up on end, was at last

placed before her, and, aghast at the huge pile, she set to work. Scarcely had she embarked upon her apparently interminable undertaking than, glancing along the edges of the files, she noticed that one bundle was tied up with a fresh red tape. It immediately occurred to her that the searcher whom she had employed might have broken the tape with which this bundle had been formerly tied and thus been forced to substitute a new piece; so, drawing out this particular packet, she began to inspect the contents. A few moments convinced her of the accuracy of her conclusion. *The tenth paper in the bundle was the record she required, made out in the actual handwriting of Godfrey Macdonald.* With the discovery of such a treasure her search was ended as soon as it was commenced; and the precious document, together with another upon the same subject, which was found with it, were speedily photographed and placed in the lawyers' hands.

From that time matters progressed rapidly—

In May 1909 the case was begun. Lord Macdonald's *curator bonis* (his second son) thought it right to oppose Mr. Bosville's claim to have his grandfather's legitimacy declared, and after the first adverse decision against him on preliminary pleas, he appealed. The appeal again went in Mr. Bosville's favour, and the case was sent to trial on the merits. After a time the opposition was withdrawn. The case finally came on for hearing at the end of May 1910.[1]

[1] *A Romantic Chapter in Family History*, p. 39.

And thus, about one hundred and ten years after that runaway marriage of Godfrey and Louisa, a trial was instituted to test the legality of their union; and meanwhile certain strange coincidences were observed to mark the various stages of the proceedings which followed, and which were so curiously numerous as to appear deserving of mention.

Up to September 1909 the strictest privacy had been maintained with regard to the contemplated Claim. No mention of it had appeared in the Press, and the knowledge of it had been kept from all beyond the immediate family circle. Mrs. "Bosville," however, became unaccountably possessed with the belief that something would happen in connection with the case upon September 12th, the anniversary of the birthday of the wronged and dispossessed Alexander, who had died in 1847. Her husband laughed at the idea, and on looking in the almanac and finding that that date fell upon a Sunday, she likewise felt that her prediction must be foolish. Moreover, when the day arrived, she and her husband having attended church according to their custom in the morning and the evening, the uneventful hours went by with nothing unusual to mark their passing, and it became more and more improbable that anything should befall to justify her premonition.

But as twilight fell the expected event at last occurred. She and her husband returned

home together after the evening service, and as they approached the house they observed to their surprise that a man, partially concealed among the bushes, was hiding, but evidently watching them. Mr. "Bosville" at once made inquiries respecting this suspicious incident, and was told that the person in question was a Bridlington journalist who particularly wished to see him, but was nervous about preferring this request. It happened that the Paper to which this man belonged had, in connection with a local matter, once printed some scathing remarks respecting the Squire of Thorpe, and its representative was therefore extremely doubtful what reception he would be accorded. Nevertheless, having obtained the coveted interview, he proceeded to explain that he had come on a matter which was of the utmost importance to him professionally, in short, he wished to beg for information in his capacity of journalist respecting the Claim which Mr. "Bosville" was bringing forward. The latter, amused at the temerity of such a request under such conditions, exclaimed, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him—with copy!" and, good-naturedly promising any assistance in the matter which he might find it practicable to give at a later date, he inquired how the knowledge that the Claim was being made could possibly have become known to his interlocutor. Greatly startled was he then to learn that, on that very day, September 12th, a Sunday newspaper—

The Observer—had published a full account of the case which, although inaccurate in certain particulars, yet made full mention of the names of all concerned in it, and of the entire story connected with it, thus for the first time giving the knowledge to the general public!

Thenceforward privacy was impossible, every paper in England followed the evidence at the trial in its minutest particulars; but that strange train of coincidence which continued to attend the progress of events remained unsuspected by the outer world. It may be described as follows:—

On Sunday, September 12th, the birthday of Alexander William Robert "Bosville," the disinherited son of the third Lord Macdonald, the first news of the Claim brought forward by his grandson was made known to the public in *The Observer*.

On November 23rd, the birthday of John Middleton, the father of the Pursuer's wife, Alice "Bosville," the first hearing of the case took place.

On January 6th, 1910, the birthday of Godfrey Wentworth Bayard, father of the Pursuer, the Courts reassembled in Edinburgh after Recess, preparatory to continuing the hearing of Lord Macdonald's appeal.

On January 28th, 1910, the twenty-first

birthday of Celia Violet, daughter of the Pursuer, her father won the Appeal.

On February 21st, 1910, the birthday of the Honble. Harriet Cassandra "Bosville," *née* Willoughby, mother of the Pursuer, an intimation was conveyed to the solicitors of the latter stating that, since the judgment of the Inner House had allowed proof of the action, the Defenders desired to withdraw from the case.

On June 4th, 1910, the case finally came on for judgment, and Lord Skerrington pronounced without reservation in favour of the Pursuer, holding that the domicile of Godfrey, afterwards third Lord Macdonald, *had been Scottish from his birth and beyond the time of his marriage, and that his children were all equally legitimate.*[1] Upon hearing the verdict the victor remarked to his wife, 'Well, *this* event, at least, has happened on a day which is not an anniversary of the birthday of any one concerned!" "Yes, it is," she replied promptly; "it is the birthday of the uncle of the lady whose good name you have just restored to her—George III.!"

Thus while those vanished generations who had mourned that tragedy of a bygone century seemed, stage by stage, to be strangely linked with the work of restitution, all which they had once lamented was erased for ever.

[1] See Appendix VI.

DUNTULM CASTLE, ISLE OF SKYE, 1912, LOOKING NORTH.

From a water colour by Murray Macdonald.

To face p. 244.

The poor broken-hearted Alexander was given his place as twelfth Baronet and nineteenth Chief of Sleat; Godfrey Wentworth Bayard, his son, as thirteenth Baronet and twentieth Chief; and Alexander Wentworth Macdonald Bosville became *Macdonald*, fourteenth Baronet and twenty-first Chief of Sleat. This Macdonald Baronetcy is now the premier baronetcy of Scotland.

Great was the relief of the family, and full and grateful the joy. Angus Macdonald—now become Chief of Clanranald by his brother's death—shared the delight, so that for the first time for about two hundred years or so, Sleat and Clanranald rejoiced in friendship together.

The Lyon King of Arms matriculated the Arms of Sir Alexander Bosville Macdonald in Scotland, and recognised the resumption of the name of Macdonald.

Congratulations poured in at Thorpe, and many were received from "Loyal clansmen."

Thus was a great wrong righted and thus were the faithful loves of Godfrey and Louisa vindicated.[1]

And now once more history repeats itself. As in the days of Godfrey and Louisa, annually with the coming of summer, the Chief and his family journey from their Yorkshire home at sunny Thorpe to far-away Skye, that Island Kingdom of their ancestors. To-day, indeed, the dangers and discomforts which beset the travellers of a former century are unknown to their descendants; not only has the railway diminished the inaccessibility of the once lonely Isle, but as the motor car speeds through its rugged land, the romance of the past and the prose of the present

[1] *A Romantic Chapter in Family History*, pp. 39–40.

are brought into juxtaposition in a manner of which even John Stanhope never dreamed. True also is it that in the surroundings of the Chief the same incongruous mingling of the dead and living centuries may be traced. For while Macdonald of the Isles now lives in a modern house, hard by the ruins of Duntulm and erected upon the site where formerly resided the hereditary physicians of his clan, yet as the building which once stood upon this spot fell into decay it was restored by stones robbed from the old Castle, so that thus the Chief of to-day still dwells within the walls which sheltered his ancestors.

Now and again, too, a whisper from the haunted past has surely come to his ken. It happened that the Chief begged a clansman to paint the remains of the ancient Castle upon the cliff, and the artist came to Skye for the purpose. Then as he sat upon the headland transferring the scene before him to his canvas, he became aware of the steady tramp of footsteps in the vaults beneath. To and fro went the restless tread, pacing ever backwards and forwards, so that upon his return to the house he asked Lady Macdonald whether there were rooms below the old ruin which overlooked the sea. "There are many rooms there," she answered, "but all now closed up with earth, *so that no living being can set foot inside them!*" And the thoughts of all present flew back to the legend of Donald Gorme, and how his unquiet wraith was said to have

DUNTULM CASTLE AND HOUSE, SHOWING THE HILL OF JUDGMENT BEHIND THE CASTLE.

From a water colour by Murray Macdonald.

To face p. 246.

driven the Macdonalds from the home of their forefathers. Did the bold, tameless spirit of fierce Donald still haunt the wreckage which he had brought to pass? Was he doomed to wander eternally through the halls which he had made desolate, till the last vestige of them had perished from the face of the earth?

Nevertheless, the evil attributed to that possibly maligned marauder of old has not extended to his modern representative. With the flight of years, indeed, much has passed from the present Macdonald. Vanished for ever are the doughty warriors who did service to his forebears; gone is the pomp and circumstance which attended those dead Chiefs. The power which they wielded has passed from him, and the life-blood of his clansmen is no longer his lawful due. So, too, the land which his forefathers owned is no more his; and while Duntulm has mingled further with the dust and Monkstadt has fallen into the hands of strangers, that other house, Armadale, with the estates which were diverted by an Act of Parliament, remains in the possession of the descendants of Godfrey William, the fourth Lord Macdonald.

Yet from the latter-day descendant of the great Lords of the Isles one inheritance can never be wrested—that heritage of an age-old past, that glory of a great tradition. While the sunshine and storms of summer drift over the misty Island as they did through the

generations when his ancestors were rulers there, the mischance of his loss of birthright, the abiding romance of its restoration, can unite the dead centuries with the living, and knit them in one splendid whole. Further, in that chain of history which binds the vanished past to the vivid present, he has aided in fashioning yet another link, whereby for an ancient and bitter feud there has been exchanged a bond of friendship between former foes.

Down through the centuries, as we have seen, three rivals have claimed the supremacy once vested in their common ancestor. Three Chiefs of Clan Donald—Clanranald, Glengarry and Sleat—each of whom asserts his claim to be the lawful representative of the old Lords of the Isles, have severally maintained that right with bloodshed in the past, and with smouldering animosity in later times. And upon any occasion when more than one Chief was present, that feud of precedence, despite the teachings of a tamer age, could yet leap into guarded flame. . . .

Now with the restoration of the Head of the House of Sleat there was perforce revived in his person the pretensions of that House to the Chiefship of Clan Donald and to all which that claim involved; while it was also obvious that protest against this claim on the part of Clanranald and Glengarry would inevitably, as in former generations, divide the clan into hostile factions. Wherefore Clanranald, having profoundly at

heart the unity and well-being of that great brotherhood, proposed to Sleat a means whereby he held that the old wound might be healed. Let each Chief, he urged, while conceding nothing on the score of heredity, yet consent to sink every personal consideration and to cease from urging his individual claim in order to promote harmony among themselves and peace in the community.

For so long as the argument had been based on the question of heredity and primogeniture, so long had it been interminable; but if the Chiefship of Clan Donald was in truth dependent upon the operation of the law of tanistry—if it was an honour to be decided solely by the elective capacity of the clan—then, since this method of decision was no longer practicable owing to the present scattered condition of the community, in the recognition of this fact there surely lay a means whereby a peaceful settlement among the Chiefs could be attained without the sacrifice of individual dignity.

Nevertheless, while Sleat and Glengarry agreed cordially with the suggestion of Clanranald, one insuperable obstacle presented itself in that very problem of precedence. For since in the matter of heredity each Chief could concede nothing, and since occasion must assuredly arise when more than one Chief would be present, any settlement which failed to provide for such a contingency was but temporarily shelving a dispute which would ere long be resuscitated.

Then it was that the restored Chief of Sleat suggested a simple means of arriving at the required solution. Henceforth, he proposed, at any gathering where there was present more than one Chief of Clan Donald, the rival claimants for supremacy were to determine the situation *pro tem.* by a ruling of Chance. The spin of a coin, the casting of dice, the drawing of lots would suffice to decide amicably this problem of the ages, provided that all were agreed to abide by the conclusion thus briefly arrived at. For it must be clearly set forth that such decision was to be accepted by each and all solely upon the understanding that the supremacy thus acknowledged was admitted as an act of courtesy, for the convenience and friendship of those present; that it was of a temporary nature, and that it in nowise affected the unalterable belief and permanent claim of each Chief, individually, to his right of precedence.

With this suggestion Clanranald and Glengarry readily concurred; so a treaty, forthwith drawn up, was signed by each claimant, it being remarked afterwards as a curious fact that none of the Chiefs signed in Scotland—one being in France, one in Russia, and one in Yorkshire—typical, indeed, of the now scattered condition of the great Clan Donald. Moreoever, each Chief, in his own copy of the treaty, set his name first of the three signatures; and thus the treaty for Clan Uisdein stands as follows :—

LETTERS OF CERTIFICATION AND AGREEMENT

BY AND BETWEEN

THE CHIEF AND CAPTAIN OF CLAN RANALD, M'DONELL OF GLENGARRY, AND MACDONALD OF SLEAT.

TO THE WHOLE KIN AND NAME OF CLAN DONALD

We, the undersigned, ANGUS RODERICK MACDONALD, otherwise MAC MHIC AILEIN, CHIEF and CAPTAIN of CLAN RANALD, AENEAS RANALD M'DONELL, otherwise MAC MHIC ALASDAIR, of GLENGARRY and SIR ALEXANDER WENTWORTH MACDONALD BOSVILLE MACDONALD, otherwise MACDHONUILL NAN EILEAN, of Sleat, Knight Baronet, desire to certify and make known by these present letters to the whole kin and name of CLAN DONALD, and to all others whom it may concern, that, after full consideration of the matters aftermentioned, and of the whole writs, evidents, and other testimony now available, we have come to the conclusions following, videlicet:

First

That following upon the forfeiture and death of JOHN LORD of the ISLES and EARL of ROSS, and the death without issue in 1545 of his grandson DONALD DUBH, the various branches of CLAN DONALD, of which the LORD of the ISLES was supreme and undisputed Chief, separated from and became independent of one another.

Second

That although claims to the supreme Chiefship of the whole CLAN DONALD have been maintained by our predecessors, and are still maintained by ourselves, there is no evidence that the whole Clan has ever admitted or decided in favour of any of the said claims.

Third

That owing to the change of circumstances and the dispersion throughout the world of so many of the kin of CLAN DONALD, it is now impossible for the Clan to give any decision on the matter.

Fourth

That as a result of these conflicting claims to the supreme Chiefship there have been in the past great jealousy and dissension among the different branches of the Clan, and in particular among our houses of CLAN RANALD, GLENGARRY, and SLEAT, whereby great injury and prejudice have been suffered by our whole race and kin.

Therefore

with the view of, so far as in us lies, putting an end to such jealousy and dissension, and enabling the whole kin of CLAN DONALD to join unreservedly in all undertakings that may tend to the honour and advantage of our name

WE, as Chiefs of our several houses, have agreed and hereby agree as follows videlicet:

First

While no one of us in any way abandons his claim to the supreme Chiefship of the whole race of CLAN DONALD as justly belonging to him by virtue of his descent, WE all and each of us agree to cease from active assertion of our claims, and we call upon our respective houses and all depending thereon to loyally follow and uphold us in so doing.

Second

In the event of more than one of us being present on any occasion, and the question of pre-eminence and precedency within the Clan having to be considered, such pre-eminence and precedency shall be peremptorily decided for the occasion by lot without prejudice to the permanent position and claim of any of us.

Third

In order to remove from controversy a matter which has for long given rise to dispute, WE, the Chiefs of the houses of GLENGARRY and CLAN RANALD, do not purpose hereafter to object to the use by ME, the Chief of the house of SLEAT, of the designation 'NAN EILEAN,' or 'OF THE ISLES,' not because we, the Chiefs of the said houses of CLAN RANALD and GLENGARRY, admit that I, the Chief of the said house of SLEAT, am the nearest and lawful heir male of the said JOHN LORD of the ISLES and EARL of ROSS, but solely in respect of the fact that the said designation has by custom come to be generally associated with my said house of SLEAT.

In Witness whereof we have signed, sealed, and delivered these presents in quadruplicate on the dates marked by us respectively under our Signatures, and before the witnesses subscribing.

ALEXANDER MACDONALD OF THE ISLES, SLEAT.
Signed at Thorpe Hall, Bridlington, this fifteenth day of July 1911.

Signed, Sealed, and Delivered by SLEAT before and in presence of
Godfrey Middleton Bosville Macdonald, B.A., Oxon., his Son, Thorpe Hall, Bridlington.
Celia Violet Bosville Macdonald, Spinster, his Daughter, Thorpe Hall, Bridlington.

ANGUS R. MACDONALD, CLANRANALD.
Signed at Bordeaux, this twenty-ninth day of June 1911.

Signed, Sealed, and Delivered by CLANRANALD before and in presence of
Ranald D. G. Macdonald (of Sanda), 39 Cours du xxx Juliet, Bordeaux.
Mary Louisa Macdonald, Wife of the above.

ÆNEAS RANALD M'DONELL, GLENGARRY.
Signed at Tuapsé, South Russia, this tenth day of September 1911.

Signed, Sealed, and Delivered by GLENGARRY before and in presence of
Stair C. Agnew, Barrister-at-Law, 4 Paper Buildings, Temple, London.
John C. Montgomerie, Jun., Dalmore, Stair, Ayrshire.

Thus was this feud of the centuries closed in harmony, and not long afterwards when the Chief of Sleat was speaking at a meeting of the Clan Donald Society of Edinburgh, he pointed out the manner in which he regarded this healing of an ancient wound :—

Clan sentiment—these words represent a propelling force which has worked for hundreds of years, without diminution in bulk or in intensity, like a tiny atom of radium giving off perpetual energy, without shrinkage or waste. There is one obvious way in which clan sentiment can be turned into a curse instead of a blessing, and our clan has suffered dearly from it in the past. It is the misdirection of a force which should make for unity and power, into an instrument of disruption and consequent weakness. It was the enemies of the clan in the fifteenth century, who, taking advantage of internal jealousies, prepared a trap for us into which Clan Donald marched right gallantly, straight into it to the enduring satisfaction of those who prepared the gin. . . .

Two years ago certain steps were contemplated to begin the healing of the old feud.

In this treaty no one abandons his claim, the high contracting parties simply agreeing to refrain from actively asserting their claims, in the hope of promoting the unity of the clan. . . . I am not foolish enough to suppose that one ink-covered sheepskin in the shape of a treaty is, in a moment, to prove a miraculous plaster to heal a sore of such long standing, but I do regard it as a perfectly honest attempt to draw the edges of the wound together, and to apply to them the antiseptic treatment of mutual goodwill. Let the clan, therefore, fall into line, not under

the visible leadership of an individual, but under the invisible leadership of the name, for it is the NAME which, through the force of Clan sentiment, binds us together through the ages in one vast and world-wide family.

Thus did the restored Chief read aright that riddle of the Leadership which he claimed to represent; that in the puny aggrandisement of the individual at which the claimants had previously grasped, they had missed the grand secret of their heritage; that in the preservation of that great bond and brotherhood alone lay their kingly prerogative and their true pride. And perhaps it may be regarded as more than a mere coincidence that upon the day when this Chief was installed in his place at the Head of his House, in a devotional book which had long been in use in his family the text especially indicated for that date was found to be strangely prophetic in its essence—

AND THE GLORY OF THIS LATTER HOUSE SHALL BE GREATER THAN THE GLORY OF THE FORMER, SAITH THE LORD OF HOSTS: AND IN THIS PLACE WILL I GIVE PEACE.

PEDIGREE

COMPILED BY

LADY MACDONALD OF THE ISLES

FROM THE FOLLOWING AUTHORITIES:[1]

llectanea de Rebus Albanicis.
ne Book of Clanranald (MS.). Printed in *Reliquiæ Celticæ*, vol. ii.
ne Clan Donald. By the Rev. A. MACDONALD of Killearnan and the Rev. A. MACDONALD of Kiltarlity. 3 vols.
REGORY'S *History of the Western Highlands and Isles of Scotland.*
S. *History of the Macdonalds of Slate.* By DONALD GREGORY.
TOWNE'S *History of the Highlands.* 4 vols.

ne *generations* are numbered 1, 2, 3, etc.
ne Chiefs of Sleat are numbered I., II., III., etc.
ne Baronets' numbers are written under each.

CONN-CEUD-CHATHACH OR CONSTANTINE CENTIMACHUS (CONN OF A HUNDRED FIGHTS), *d.* 157.

(Conn was *the hundredth*[2] "Ard Righ" or supreme King of Ireland; his court was at Tara, and he flourished in the second century of our era.)

ART (AANFHIR).

("Built the celebrated palace of Maigh Chuarta.")

CORMAC.

CAIRBRE, LIFFEACHAIR, OR RIADA.

(Founder of the Dalriadic race.)

EOCHACH DUIBHLEIN.

(This King of Ireland is said to have married a Scottish Princess, Aileach, a daughter of Ubdaire, King of Alba. The royal couple had three sons all called *Colla* with other names, of whom Colla Uais was the eldest. His reign in Ireland was much disturbed, and the three Collas obtained extensive settlements in *Scotland*. The clan was for long called "Clann Cholla." Colla Uais gave his share of Ireland to his brothers, and lived fifteen years in Scotland, but he died at Tara of the Kings in Ireland, 337 A.D.)

COLLA UAIS, *d.* 337.

EOCHAIDH OR ETHACH.

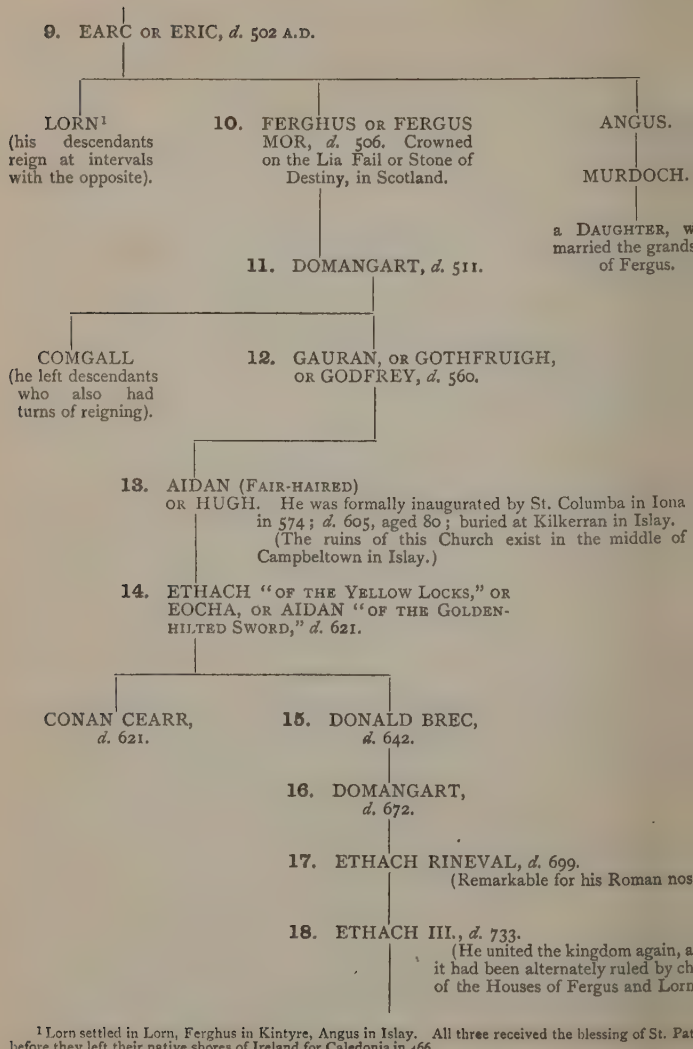
CARRAN, OR CRIOMHTHAN, OR ARTHUR.

[1] This pedigree is given merely as representing the views of the authorities consulted. When these authorities happen to differ it is of course impossible for any but an expert to form a confident opinion with regard to the matter in dispute.

It is also plain that the earlier portion is based mainly on tradition.

But the whole pedigree may prove useful to the reader, and help to elucidate many points which might otherwise prove perplexing.

[2] See *History of Ireland to the Coming of Henry II.* By Arthur Ua Clerigh, M.A., K.C.


9. EARC OR ERIC, d. 502 A.D.
LORN[1]
(his descendants reign at intervals with the opposite).
10. FERGHUS OR FERGUS MOR, d. 506. Crowned on the Lia Fail or Stone of Destiny, in Scotland.
ANGUS.
MURDOCH.
a DAUGHTER, w
married the grands
of Fergus.
11. DOMANGART, d. 511.
COMGALL
(he left descendants who also had turns of reigning).
12. GAURAN, OR GOTHFRUIGH, OR GODFREY, d. 560.
13. AIDAN (FAIR-HAIRED) OR HUGH. He was formally inaugurated by St. Columba in Iona in 574; d. 605, aged 80; buried at Kilkerran in Islay.
(The ruins of this Church exist in the middle of Campbeltown in Islay.)
14. ETHACH "OF THE YELLOW LOCKS," OR EOCHA, OR AIDAN "OF THE GOLDEN-HILTED SWORD," d. 621.
CONAN CEARR, d. 621.
15. DONALD BREC, d. 642.
16. DOMANGART, d. 672.
17. ETHACH RINEVAL, d. 699.
(Remarkable for his Roman nos
18. ETHACH III., d. 733.
(He united the kingdom again, a
it had been alternately ruled by ch
of the Houses of Fergus and Lorn

[1] Lorn settled in Lorn, Ferghus in Kintyre, Angus in Islay. All three received the blessing of St. Pat before they left their native shores of Ireland for Caledonia in 466.

9. AIDAN OR HUGH, *d.* 769.
He reigned for 30 years. Called by the Gaelic Bard AODH NA ARD-FHLAITH, or HUGH, the HIGH or GREAT KING.

0. FERGUS II., *d.* 772.[1]

1. MAINE OR EACIME.

2. GODFREY, "TOSHACH" OF THE ISLES ("RULER").
(His daughter was the wife of Kenneth MacAlpin.)

3. NIALLGHUSA OR NEILL.

4. SUIBNE OR SWYFFINE.

5. MEARRDHA OR IMERGI,
Latinised MARCUS.
(Imergi is very likely the Iehmare of the Saxon Chronicle, one of the three kings who submitted to Canute, the Danish King of England, who invaded Scotland in 1031. Hailes in his *Annals* states that *Marcus, King of the Isles*, with Kenneth, King of the Scots, and Malcolm, King of the Cambri, entered into a bond for mutual defence in 973.)

6. SOLAIM, SOLAN, OR SELLA.

7. GILLEDOMNAN.
(In his time the Western Isles of Scotland were conquered by the King of Norway. The daughter of Gilledomnan married Harold Gillies, one of the Kings of Norway. Gilledomnan was driven from his territories and took refuge in Ireland.)

8. GILLEBRIDE OR GILBERT,
"RIG EILEAN SHIDER," *i.e.* KING OF THE SUDERREYS OR SOUTH ISLES.
(Gillebride, in his efforts to regain his inheritance, often had to take refuge in a cave in Morven on the shore of Loch Linnhe, and was consequently known as Gillebride na h'uaimh (Gillebride of the Cave). Gillebride's daughter married Wymond MacHeth, Mormaor of Moray.)

9. SOMERLED OR SOMHAIRLE MOR MACGILLEBHRIDE.
(Somerled drove the Norsemen from Oirthirgael (his mainland—Scottish—territories) to Innsigall (the islands), and assumed the title of Thane or Regulus of Argyll. Somerled married Ragnhildis, daughter of Olave the Red, King of Man and the Isles. Olave's son Godred, ruling tyrannically, his people revolted, and Somerled helping the revolt, defeated Godred on the Night of Epiphany 1156 A.D., and became Rex Insularum. He advanced against Malcolm IV., "the Maiden" King of Scotland, in 1164, and was treacherously murdered after the Battle of Renfrew which he fought against Malcolm IV. in that year. He is buried in the Monastery (now ruined) of Saddell in Kintyre. Somerled Rex Insularum reigned over a kingdom extending from the Butt of Lewis to the most southerly point of Man; but after his death Godred reappeared from Norway and regained possession of Man and the Northern Isles. Somerled, whose daughter Bethoc, or Beatrice, became Prioress of Iona, left also three sons by Ragnhildis.)

[1] After the death of Fergus II., his kingdom passed away from his son, who was a minor at the time of his father's death, to Selvach II. of the race of Lorn. Eocha IV. or Achaius, a son of Aidan or Hugh, reigned on. 796 to 82[illegible], and married Urgusia, daughter of Urguis, the Pictish sovereign, and their grandson was Kenneth MacAlpin, King of Scotland, 843, *d.* 859. Achaius *d.* 826. Maine seems to have owned the territory of "Argayl" and the Isles.

30. REGINALD. Got Kintyre and Isla. On his seal to the Charter of Paisley Abbey he is called Reginald Rex Insularum Dominus de Ergile. He died 1207 A.D. He is called Reginald De Ile.

DUGALL.[1] Got Lorn and Mull and Jura.

DUGALL SERAG. DUNCAN. USPAC HAKON.[2]

EWEN OR JOHN.

JULIANA and another DAUGHTER. (Juliana married Alexr. of Isla, son of Angus Mor,—see 33.)

ANGUS.

Three sons. They and their father killed in 1210 in battle against Norsemen from Skye.

JANE, marrie Alexander, eldest son Walter, Hig Steward Scotland. Their so Walter ma ried Marjor Bruce, who son wa Robert (Stewart) I of Scotland

REGINALD = FONIA, daughter of the Mormaor of Moray, granddaughter of Fergus, Prince of Galloway, and had three sons.

31. DONALD = a Daughter of Walter, High Steward of Scotland. Got South Kintyre, Isla, and other islands; called "King of Inssegall." Probably died before 1249 A.D.

RODERICK. Got North Kintyre, Bute, and the lands of Garmoran which had been owned by Angus MacSomerled. Roderick had two sons, Dugall and Allan. His family became known as the MacRuaries of Garmoran and the North Isles. They were often styled De Insulis, the main line alone using the designation of *De Ile* (of Isla).

DUGALL, also said to be the progenitor of the Cla Dougal.

(These three Princes, sons of Reginald MacSomerled, warre against Alexander II. of Scotland. Donald allied himself with th King of Norway, and the alliance between his family of Isla an Norway continued without interruption until the close of th Norwegian occupation of the Isles. Donald is said to have mad a pilgrimage to Rome. From this Donald the Clan Donald take its name. In its oldest form Donald is Domvall, and means "world wielder." Donald and the Stewart lady had two sons.)

32. ANGUS MOR. Died about the end of the thirteenth century in Isla, and was buried at "Columkill, the sacred storehouse of his predecessors and guardian of their bones."

ALEXANDER.

[1] The Book of Lecan gives this Dugall as the progenitor of the Macdougalls, and he is sometimes said have been the eldest son.

[2] Uspac Hakon was made by King Haco of Norway King in the Sudereys (Southern Isles = the Weste Isles, and only *South* as opposed to Orkney and Shetland).

3. ALEXANDER = JULIANA OF LORN. (See sons of Reginald's brother, Dugall.)
He got Isla and territories on the mainland.

EGINALD. ANGUS. SOMERLED.
LACK JOHN. CHARLES. GODFREY.
(These and their descendants all lost ne premier position in the Clann Cholla.)

esponded with Edward I. of England (some of their etters exist), but in 1306 *Angus Og* became the firm riend of Robert Bruce, received him as a fugitive, nd sheltered him in his Castle of Saddell in Kintyre. *lexander* espoused the cause of Edward I. against Bruce, and upon Bruce achieving the independence of cotland, Alexander, on account of his attitude, was orfeited in all his estate and his descendants cut off rom the succession for ever.

33. ANGUS OG = AGNES, daughter of Guy O'Cahan of Ulster. Her dowry was 140 men out of every surname in O'Cahan's territory. Angus Og did great service to Robert Bruce with his clan, fighting at Bannockburn in 1314. Before the battle Bruce said to Angus Og, "My hope is constant in thee." This is still carried as a motto by the Clanranald branch of the Clan Donald. Angus Og died in his Castle at Finlaggan, Islay, in 1330, and was buried in the tomb of his ancestors in Iona.
("JUNIOR"). He got the lordship of Kintyre. He succeeded his brother Alexander in 1308 both in his lands and in the chiefship of the clan. He and his brother Alexander had cor-

JOHN SPRANGACH ("BOLD"). *Baliol* gave him Ardnamurchan.

By another mother Angus Og had a son, another John, known as Iain Fraoch. He is alleged by the Seannachies to have been illegitimate. His mother was a daughter of Dougall MacHenry, a leading man in Glenco. Iain Fraoch became the progenitor of the family of *Macdonald of Glenco.*

34. JOHN = (1) AMIE, daughter of Roderick, son of Allan MacRuari, his third cousin (the papal dispensation signed at Avignon, 4th June 1337).
Known as the "Good John of Isla," because of his gifts to the Church. Died 1386, at Ardtornish, and is buried at Oran in Hy.[1]

= (2) (after "repudiating" Amie MacRuari) MARGARET STEWART OF SCOTLAND, daughter of Robert II., his cousin also. (Papal dispensation dated 14th June 1350.)

By AMIE MACRUARI.

[1] Iona was first called simply I, which is Irish for Island, then Hy (so called by the Venerable Bede), hen Latinised by the Monks into Iona, and also called I-columb-cil (Isle of Columba's cell or Church).

34. | 34.

JOHN. | REGINALD OR RONALD, ancestor of Clanranald and Glengarry. | GODFREY, from whom the "Siol Ghorraidh."

35. DONALD, LORD OF THE ISLES. = LADY MARY LESLIE, daughter of Sir Walter Leslie and Euphemia, Countess of Ross. Lady Mary became Countess of Ross in her own right. Donald fought the Battle of Harlaw in 1411, and so won acknowledgment of his right to the Earldom of Ross.

JOHN MOR TANISTEAR, founder of the family of *Dunnyveg*. From him descended Sorley Buidhe (or Buy) and his line of McDonnells.

ANGUS.

ALEXANDER CARRACH ("CURLY"), of whom the family of *Keppoch*.

HUGH Got Chart of th thana of Gle tilt; his descendan became *Mackintoshes*.

36. ALEXANDER, LORD OF THE ISLES AND EARL OF ROSS (who was buried in the Chanonry of Ross, 8th May 1449). (See *Chronicles of the Earls of Ross*, p. 10.) = (1) ELIZABETH, daughter of Alexander Seton, Lord of Gordon and Huntly.

= (2) A daughter of Macfee or MacDuffee of Lochaber.

= (3) A daughter of Gilliepatrick Roy, son of Rory, son of the Green Abbot.

ANGUS, Bishop of the Isles.

A So a mon

37. JOHN,[1] LORD OF THE ISLES AND EARL OF ROSS, married Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Livingstone, Great Chamberlain of Scotland, by whom he had no issue. He died at Dundee, January 1502-3.[2] He had two natural sons.

CELESTINE, of whom the family of *Lochalsh*, which became *extinct in the male line* on the death of Sir Donald Gallda, Celestine's grandson, who was knighted by James IV. of Scotland on the field of Flodden in 1513.

HUGH, OR HUISTEAN the founder of the fami of Sleat (Clann Huistean

(Note to *Hugh*.—Th Peerages of Crawfurd (1716 Douglas (1764), an Douglas and Wood (1813 all give Hugh as Alexander's second son, and sa his mother was Lord Huntly's daughter.

[1] See note on p. 264.

[2] See *Treasurer's Accounts*, vol. ii. pp. 354, 57

38. JOHN ANGUS OG = THE LADY MARGARET CAMPBELL, daughter of the Earl of Argyle.

39. DONALD DUBH, died 1545.

37. [1] I. HUGH = (1) In 1460, MARY, OR ELIZABETH, GUNN, daughter of the Crowner of Caithness.
d. 1498, and was buried in Sand in North Uist.

= (2) In 1469 (see *re* Charter in Gregory's Macdonalds of Slate, MS.), FYNVOLA, daughter of Alexander MacIain of Ardnamurchan.

= (3) A daughter of MacLeod of Harris.

38. III. DONALD GALLACH, *d.* 1506 (so called because he was born and bred in his mother's country of Caithness), murdered by his illegitimate brother, ArchibaldDubh. = AGNES, daughter of Sir John Cathanach Macdonald of Dunnyveg and the Glens.

38. II. JOHN, *d.* 1505, without issue. He succeeded to the estates under the Charter of 1469 (*supra*) and unsuccessfully attempted to alienate them to Clanranald.

DONALD HERRACH.

[Hugh had three other sons, illegitimate—
1. ARCHIBALD DUBH, by a daughter of Torquil MacLeod of Harris.
2. ANGUS COLLACH, by a daughter of the Laird of Coll.
3. ANGUS DUBH, by a daughter of the Vicar of South Uist (Maurice)].

39. IV. DONALD GRUAMACH, *d.* 1539; claimed the Lordship of the Isles, and was slain during his siege of Eileandonan, 1540.[2] = (1) CATHERINE, daughter of Alexander Macdonald of Clanranald.
(2) MARGARET, daughter of MacLeod of Harris.

[1] The Roman figures refer to the number of the Chiefs of Sleat.
[2] The old way of writing Gruamach was *Grome*, which has originated the mistake, often made, of asserting that it was Donald *Gorm* who was slain at Eileandonan. See the true genealogy of "Donald Gorm" in the Register House, Edinburgh.

40. V. DONALD GORME, *d.* probably in England, whither he must have fled with Lennox in 1546. = MARGARET, daughter of MacLeod of Lewis.

JAMES of Castle Camus, progenitor of *Kingsburgh* and other families.

JOHN OG.

RANALD CALLOCH.

ARCHIBALD THE CLERK.

HUGH of "Castel Uisdean"; he died of thirst in a dungeon in Duntulm Castle. He had a son, ALEXANDER.

DONALD

41. VI. DONALD GORMESON "SASUNNACH," *d. c.* 1573-75. = (1) MARY, daughter of Hector Mor MacLean of Duart. (2) JEAN CAMPBELL of Cawdor, and widow of Alexander, 5th Lord Lovat.

ALEXANDER OG.

42. VII. DONALD GORME MOR. Died without issue in December 1616. = (1) Sister of Sir Rory MacLeod of Dunvegan, whom he divorced. (2) MARY, sister of Kenneth, 1st Lord MacKenzie of Kintail.

42. ARCHIBALD THE CLERK. = MARGARET, daughter of Angus Macdonald of Dunniveg and the Glens.

ALEXANDER

43. VIII. DONALD GORME OG 1st Baronet (1625), *d.* 1643. = JANET, daughter of Kenneth, 1st Lord MacKenzie of Kintail, and sister of 1st and 2nd Earls of Seaforth.

And other issue

44. IX. SIR JAMES MOR and Baronet, *d.* 8th December 1678. = (1) MARGARET, only daughter of Sir John Mackenzie of Tarbat. (2) MARY MACLEOD (1661) of Dunvegan.

DONALD, founder of the Castleton family.

And other issue

ALEXANDER.

24th July 1662.

45. X. SIR DONALD 3rd Baronet. = LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS, second daughter of Robert, 3rd Earl of Morton.

46. XI. SIR DONALD, 4th Baronet, "DOMHNUILL A CHOIGAIDH" (DONALD OF THE WARS). (He took part in the campaign of 1689 under Dundee, and his Highlanders, led by him, helped greatly to win the Battle of Killiecrankie. He died 1718.) = MARY, daughter of Donald Macdonald of Castleton.

46. XIII. JAMES "OF ORANSAY," Sir JAMES, 6th Baronet. = (1) MARY, daughter of Alexander Macleod of Greshornish. (2) MARGARET, daughter of John Macdonald of Castleton.

And other issue.

47. XII. SIR DONALD, 5th Baronet, *d.* young, without issue, 1720.

47. XIV. SIR ALEXANDER, 7th Baronet, *d.* 1746. = (1) ANNE, daughter of David Erskine of Dun, and widow of James, Lord Ogilvie. (2) LADY MARGARET MONTGOMERY, daughter of Alexander, 9th Earl of Eglintoun.

48. XV. SIR JAMES, 8th Baronet, "the Scottish Marcellus," *d.* in Rome, unmarried, 1766.

ARCHIBALD, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, of whom the family of Macdonald of *East Sheen*, *Baronets*.

SUSAN, *d.* 1755.

3rd May 1768.

48. XVI. SIR ALEXANDER, 9th Baronet, and in 1776 created Lord Macdonald "of Slate, Co. Antrim," in the Peerage of Ireland. = ELIZABETH DIANA, eldest daughter of Godfrey Bosville of Gunthwaite, Yorkshire; sister of William Bosville of Gunthwaite and Thorpe Hall, Yorkshire.

49. XVII. SIR ALEXANDER WENTWORTH, 10th Baronet, 2nd Lord, *d.* unmarried 1824.

49. XVIII. SIR GODFREY, 11th Baronet, 3rd Lord (from 1813 to 1824 he took the name of *Bosville*, on succeeding his uncle, William Bosville, in Gunthwaite and Thorpe, but took *Macdonald* again on succeeding his elder brother in 1824), died in 1832. = LOUISA MARIA, daughter of H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester and Lady Almeria Carpenter, daughter of George, 3rd Lord and 1st Earl of Tyrconnel.

And other issue.

50. XIX. ALEXANDER WILLIAM ROBERT, *de jure* 12th Baronet, *d.* 1847. = MATILDA MOFFAT, daughter of Colonel John Bayard.

GODFREY WILLIAM, 4th Lord Macdonald of Slate, Co. Antrim.

And other issue.

51. XX. GODFREY WENTWORTH BAYARD, *de jure* 13th Baronet, *d.* 1865. = HONOURABLE HARRIET CASSANDRA WILLOUGHBY, daughter of Henry Willoughby of Aspley, Co. Nottingham, and sister of Henry, 8th Lord Middleton.

JULIA, wife of Henry, 8th Lord Middleton.

52. XXI. SIR ALEXANDER WENTWORTH MACDONALD BOSVILLE, 14th Baronet. = 20th October 1886. ALICE EDITH, daughter of John Middleton.

53. GODFREY MIDDLETON, born 25th September 1887, at Thorpe Hall, Bridlington. B.A.Oxon 1910, called to the Bar (Inner Temple) 1912.

CELIA VIOLET, born 28th January 1889, at Thorpe Hall, Bridlington.

NOTE TO JOHN, 4TH LORD OF THE ISLES AND EARL OF ROSS, who died in 1502–3 (see p. 260).

Historians have asserted that John, 4th Lord of the Isles, was forfeited of his *Peerage* of the Isles in May 1493—but the evidence for this statement is not satisfactory. Gregory, who asserts it in his *History of the Western Highlands and Islands*, goes on to say (p. 58) that "in the month of January following, he appeared in presence of the King, and went through the form of making a voluntary surrender of his Lordship," and Gregory cites as his authority the *Acts of Lords of Council*.

It seems strange, to begin with, that if John was forfeited in May 1493, he should still have his Lordship to resign in January 1494. But on looking up Gregory's authority, it is at once apparent that he has mistaken the meaning of the entry in the *Acts*.

This shows that in June (not January) 1494 there was produced "a Procuratory by the Lord of the Isles resigning into the King's hands the superiority of part of the barony of Kynedward," a very different thing to the Lordship of the Isles.

In the above entry John is still styled "the Lord of the Isles." Thus, there seems to be no proof that the *Peerage* of the Isles was ever forfeited at all.

APPENDIX I

It has been asserted both that Hugh was Alexander's son by his wife Elizabeth Seton, and that his mother was a daughter of Gillepatrick Roy, a descendant of the O'Beolan Earls of Ross. So far as is known, the evidence in either case is not conclusive. Nevertheless there is every reason to regard him as legitimate.

In various charters, both Hugh of Sleat and Celestine of Lochalsh are designed by John, Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, simply as *frater*, without any qualifying word, *e.g.* the charter confirmed by James IV. in 1495 (see Pedigree, page 255) is granted "Carissimo fratri nostro Hugoni Alexandri de Insulis Domino de Slete," and one of the witnesses is "Celestino de Insulis de Lochalch fratre nostro" (*Reg. Mag. Sig.*, vol. xiii. No. 186). A contrary opinion was indeed at one time expressed in consequence of Hugh and Celestine being designed by John, Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, in a charter granted in 1470, as "*fratribus carnalibus.*" But a fuller knowledge of ancient writs has rendered any such inference of little or no value. *Carnalis*, it is now well known, is frequently applied to persons whose legitimacy is not open to question. A curious instance of the application of this word even to a brother uterine may be noted.

After the death of James I. of Scotland his widow, Joanna Beaufort (daughter of the Earl of Somerset),

was married in 1489 to Sir James Stewart, known as the Black Knight of Lorn. They had three sons, who were—

1. John.
2. James, afterwards Earl of Buchan.
3. Andrew, who became Bishop of Moray.

These three were thus half-brothers to King James II. of Scotland.

The eldest, *John*, who was created Earl of Atholl on 25th March 1459–60, received a charter of Balvany from King James II., "fratri suo Johanni Stewart comiti Atholiæ." Here, it will be seen, he is simply styled *frater*.

On 18th March 1481–82, in a regrant of the Earldom of Atholl from King James III., he is designed "frater carnalis quondam progenitoris sui Jacobi secundi."

The position, so far as known, seems to be fairly stated by Donald Gregory, in his *History of the Western Highlands and Isles of Scotland*, pp. 40–1, as follows :—

"By his Countess, Elizabeth, daughter of Alexander Seton, Lord of Gordon and Huntly, Alexander, Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, had issue, John, his successor. He had likewise two other legitimate sons (but whether by the same mother or not is uncertain), Celestine, Lord of Lochalche, and Hugh, Lord of Sleat"—and he adds in a footnote : "I call these sons legitimate, notwithstanding that Celestine is called 'filius *naturalis*' by Earl Alexander (Ch. in Ch. Chest of Macintosh, 1447) and 'frater *carnalis*' by Earl John (Reg. of Great Seal vi. 116, 1463), etc. etc. They are, however, both called 'frater,' without any qualification, by Earl John (Reg. of Great Seal vi. 116 ; xiii. 186). The history of Celestine and Hugh and their descendants . . . sufficiently shows that they were considered legitimate, and that consequently the words 'naturalis' and 'carnalis' taken by themselves, and without the

adjunct '*bastardus*,' do not necessarily imply bastardy. It is probable that they were used to designate the issue of those handfast or left-handed marriages which appear to have been so common in the Highlands and Isles. Both *naturalis* and *carnalis* are occasionally applied to individuals known to be legitimate in the strictest sense of the word. . . ."

A further question which might have been of importance, viz., as to the respective seniority of Hugh and Celestine, has now only an academic interest, through the extinction in the male line of the family of Lochalsh.

APPENDIX II

The Author had intended to print the collected views of various authorities respecting the supreme Chiefship of the Clan Donald, but has reluctantly decided not to do so owing to the following considerations. It appeared possible that to republish such opinions at this juncture might be considered inimical to the truce proclaimed by the Clan Donald Treaty; and further, it might be believed by some that Sir Alexander Macdonald of the Isles had given his tacit approval to these assertions of claim which would thus constitute a violation of his pledge given in the said Treaty. In view of such a contingency the Author, in the interests of the Clan, has withdrawn the Appendix as originally compiled, and must refer readers to *The Clan Donald* and the works of Donald Gregory for the opinions upon this subject expressed by historians prior to the Treaty.

APPENDIX III

As the Castle is fast falling into further decay, it may be interesting to preserve here a description given of it by Murdoch Mackenzie, who in the days of his boyhood received this account from an old man who remembered the building when it was entire. The outline of the Chief's galley is drawn upon the window of a room. The staircase is close by, and was built outside the wall of the building, ascending what now looks a mere buttress over an archway, and leading to an upper chamber—possibly communicating with all the chambers of that upper storey. The two large windows now in ruins, one in the former banqueting hall and one looking northwards over the little bay, were look-out posts, a man was always stationed at each and cannon protruded below. As already related, at high tide formerly the sea cut off the building from the mainland, so that it was an island Castle ; and the bridge which spanned this arm of the ocean, and which pointed towards the old garden, was raised every night and let down only during the day in time of peace. The underground rooms, now filled up, were lofty and spacious ; while a wide corridor ran between them, at the end of which lay the dungeons. A vaulted room, which was under a tower that has fallen within the last year, was the kitchen.

APPENDIX IV

LIST, NOW AT THORPE, of "LADY MACDONALD'S WEDDING CLOATHS." (She was Elizabeth Diana, daughter of Godfrey Bosville and his wife, Diana Wentworth, and married Alexander, ninth Baronet, Macdonald of the Isles and first Lord Macdonald of Slate, at St. Giles-in-the-field, London, on 3rd May 1768.)

	£	s.	d.
17½ yds. silverground silver flowers, £3, 3s.	55	2	6
22 yds. blue Brocaded Lustring, 12s.	13	4	0
21 yds. white with Sattin Spots, 8s.	8	12	0
18½ yds. White and gold Striped Gold Brocd., 22s. 6d.	20	10	0
Making a Silver Suit of Cloaths	1	1	0
Stomacher and Sleeve Knots made with Silver net and flowers	2	13	0
Silver Trimming for Robings, Sleeves, etc.	4	9	2
Making a Gold Sack	1	1	0
Stomacher Knots and Gold fringe to trim it	3	3	0
Green Bags to wrap them in	0	5	0
Making a white Sack petticoat and Wastcoat	1	11	6
3 yds. of Cloth 5 doz. and ½ Trimming at 5s. 6d. p. doz.	1	14	3
Making a Flower'd Sack and petticoat	1	1	0
5 Doz. Trimm^gs at 9s. per Doz. and 1 yd. of persian	2	7	0
Long cane french Hoop and bag for suit of Cloaths	1	13	6
A Silver Girdle 6s. 6d. Gold for Shoes	0	18	7
A pink Sarsnet Quilted Coat	1	16	0
Silver Shape for Shoes and Trimming	0	14	3
Sattin Shoes 3 pair and Making	1	7	6
A pair of Stone Buckles	4	4	0
A pair of Silver Buckles	0	17	6
Milliner's Bill for Lace, etc.	49	17	6½
A pair of Double Chain stitch Ruffles	1	6	0
A pair of Tribble Ditto	2	2	0
2 pair Jesuite Ruffles	1	16	6
2 fans, one 18^s. the other 10^s. 6^d.	1	8	6
Black Silk Apron	0	16	0

	£	s.	d.
Silk and thread Stockings	3	9	0
a White Sarsnet Cloak and Hatt, full brimm^{d}, with Blonde	3	16	0
a Mignionette Handkercheif	0	15	0
a fine Mignionette Handkercheif	1	13	0
12 Holland Shifts, 7$^{d.}$ per ell	7	6	11
Sleeves	9	9	0
2 ells of Lace for Little Ruffles	0	9	0
6 Night Shifts	4	1	0
Cambrick, 10$^{s.}$ per yd.	1	5	7
peice of Cambrick for pocket Hand^{s}	3	0	0
15 yds. and half of Corded Dimithy for Petticoats	1	11	0
3 Pair of Dimothy Pockets	0	15	0
2 Quilted Bedgowns	2	8	0
2 flannel petticoats	0	13	0
Ticken Stay	0	19	6
Making and Marking 18 Shifts	1	9	5
Combs and Brush	0	5	6

APPENDIX V

"The Declaration of Annan"

At Annan the 26th day of October 1807 the Honourable Lieutenant-Colonel Godfrey Macdonald of the 24th regiment of foot, and Mrs. Louisa Maria Edsir, his spouse, appeared before Richard Forrest, Esquire, Provost of Annan, and judicially declared that they were engaged and betrothed to each other as husband and wife in Christmas week 1799, and from that period understood themselves to be married persons, that the Colonel and his lady soon thereafter went to Ireland but were prevented then from having the marriage ceremony publicly performed owing to Mrs. Macdonald's desire that it should be so performed in England. That while in Ireland Mrs. Macdonald was delivered of a son christened by the name of Alexander William Robert. That while Colonel Macdonald was in Ireland he was recruiting for the 23rd Regiment that is receiving the Irish Militia Volunteers and at the expiration of that service he was ordered by the lord-lieutenant to continue on the recruiting service as were the other recruiting parties in Ireland at the time. That on his and Mrs. Macdonald's arrival in England he was ordered by Lieut.-Col. Ellis of the 23rd Regiment to Stourbridge where he continued a short time, and having while there got a majority in the 55th Regiment then at Silverhill Barracks in Sussex, he had not joined that regiment more than a fortnight or three weeks until they were

ordered to the West Indies whither he accompanied it, leaving Mrs. Macdonald at home at Notting Hill, Kensington. That he continued in the West Indies about ten months when he got a Lieutenant-Colonelcy in the 24th Regiment which he joined at Liverpool. That he got liberty at Liverpool to go to London for a short time to see his family. That the regiment marched from Liverpool to Brumswell Camps in Suffolk, where Colonel Macdonald joined it and continued there a few months when it proceeded to Norwich in which place having continued so long as to acquire a residence agreeably to the Ecclesiastical law of England, he obtained a licence, and Mrs. Macdonald and he were there formally married by the Reverend Mr. Edward Glover on the 30th day of December 1803. That Colonel and Mrs. Macdonald had judged it advisable and indeed necessary to make this declaration because notwithstanding its having been next to impossible for the Colonel owing to the different services he has been upon since Christmas 1799 to reside in Scotland or indeed in any one place for any length of time he has lately been told it may be made a question whether in the event of the succession of his brother's estate opening to him and his family, his eldest son owing to the circumstance of his having been born previous to the formality of the marriage betwixt his father and mother could legally succeed to the entailed estate, and that as this difficulty was mentioned to the Colonel since his arrival from the Cape of Good Hope on leave of absence nearly expired, and to which place he is to return by the first fleet, he is desirous that the whole circumstances of his marriage should be so explained as to bear evidence in a Court of Law in the event of any accident befalling him before his return to Europe.

In testimony of the verity of all which he and

Mrs. Macdonald along with the said Provost have signed this declaration, wrote above and on the three preceding pages by James Little, clerk to Richard Graham, Town Clerk of Annan, place and date aforesaid, with the marginal addition on the 3rd page, before these witnesses, the said Richard Graham and James Little.

G. Macdonald, *Lt.-Col. 24th Regiment.*
Louisa Maria Macdonald.
Richard Forrest, *Provost.*
Richard Graham, *Witness.*
James Little, *Witness.*

Note.—A copy of the above Declaration is contained in the fourth Lord Macdonald's "Bill of Complaint," in the Record Office in London—headed 1844, No. 52.—*Chancery Proceedings.*

APPENDIX VI

OPINION OF LORD SKERRINGTON *IN CAUSA* ALEXANDER WENTWORTH MACDONALD BOSVILLE *AGAINST* THE RIGHT HONOURABLE RONALD ARCHIBALD, LORD MACDONALD OF SLATE, AND ANOTHER, 4TH JUNE, 1910.

The Pursuer seeks to establish the legitimacy of his grandfather, Alexander William Robert Macdonald, afterwards Bosville, who was born on 12th of September, 1800. This Alexander was the eldest son of the Honourable Godfrey Macdonald who afterwards became the Third Lord Macdonald, but he was born three years before the marriage of his parents which took place at Norwich on 29th December, 1803. It follows that in order to succeed in his action the Pursuer must prove affirmatively that at the date of the marriage in 1803 Godfrey was domiciled in Scotland. Since the date when the order for proof was pronounced Lord Macdonald's *Curator Bonis* has withdrawn his defences but as the action is a consistorial one it is necessary carefully to scrutinise the evidence upon which the Pursuer founds his case. Caution is all the more necessary because the issue is whether 107 years ago a person who has been long dead did or did not have his domicile in Scotland. All the witnesses who could speak from personal knowledge are of course dead. It further appears that in the opinion of the persons who had the best means of knowing how the facts actually

stood and who had most interests to obtain a judicial decision upon the question of Alexander's legitimacy the problem was regarded as difficult if not insoluble.

If it had not been for the difficulty occasioned in the first place by the lapse of time and consequent loss of evidence, and in the second place by the conduct of the Pursuer's grandfather in practically acquiescing in the view that he was illegitimate and taking benefits and making transactions upon that footing, I should have considered the case as an unusually clear one. The question being as to the domicile of Godfrey Macdonald in the year 1803 one naturally inquires What was his domicile of origin? In other words What was the domicile of Godfrey's father at the time of Godfrey's birth?

Godfrey Macdonald, the Pursuer's great-grandfather, was born in his father's house in Edinburgh on 14th October 1775 and was baptized by the Minister of the West Church. His father Sir Alexander Macdonald was a Nova Scotia Baronet, the owner of large estates in Scotland, and was supposed to be the Chief of the Clan Macdonald. He had a residence at Armadale Castle in Skye and also a house in Edinburgh. It is not proved that prior to 1780 he had any home in England, but from 1780 to 1787 he rented a house in London and in the latter year he bought a house in Westminster which he sometimes occupied and sometimes let.

In 1783 when Godfrey was eight years old he was taken to London by his father and was sent to school in London and at Harrow and then to Oxford University. It cannot be seriously suggested that Sir Alexander Macdonald was not domiciled in Scotland up to at any rate the year 1780, but there is satisfactory evidence that notwithstanding his possession of a house in London he continued a domiciled Scotsman up to the

time of his death in 1795. By his Trust Disposition and Settlement dated 24th September 1794 he appointed tutors and curators to his children with " all the powers competent to tutors and curators by the law of Scotland." By a Bond of provision of the same date he made provisions for his younger children which he declared to be " in full satisfaction to them of all legitim, portion natural or dower which they or either of them can claim or demand by the law of Scotland through the father's death." The possession of a London residence by a rich and influential Scottish landowner is a very slender foundation upon which to build the inference that he has acquired an English domicile, but the documents referred to show that in the case of Sir Alexander Macdonald any such inference is inadmissible.

If I am right in thinking that Sir Alexander Macdonald was domiciled in Scotland both in 1775 when his son Godfrey was born and also at his death in 1795, two important consequences follow. In the first place Godfrey's domicile of origin was Scottish. In the second place Godfrey did not subsequently acquire an English domicile by his residence in England as a minor and as a member of his father's family. From Oxford University he entered the army in 1796 as a Lieutenant in the 60th Regiment and from that time until his death in 1832 he was engaged in active service in the army and, of course, had not a free choice as to where he would live. In a Memorial which was prepared on his behalf in 1807 but which was not completed and submitted to Counsel until 1824 it is stated that in 1801 he took a seven years' lease of a house at Nottinghill in the Parish of Kensington where the lady whom he regarded as his wife lived with his children during his absence in the West Indies. It is also stated " The Memorialist's sole object in having places of residence in England for his wife and family

was to have it in his power more easily to visit them when he chanced to be in England with his Regiments on his return from abroad ; for since he joined the army none of the Regiments to which he belonged had been in Scotland though it has always been his intention if ever he left the army or otherwise had an opportunity to return to Scotland." It appears from this Memorial that so early as 1807 Godfrey had doubts as to the legitimacy of Alexander and the other children who were born prior to his marriage, and it also appears from a Case submitted to English Counsel in 1807 that doubts were entertained as to the validity of the marriage owing to the supposed minority of the lady and to her supposed misnomer in the Licence and Register. The doubt as to the validity of the marriage proved to be unfounded, but, as will appear from the sequel, the doubt as to the legitimacy of the elder children was never cleared away. On the contrary it was handed on by Godfrey to his children and it exerted an important influence upon their lives.

In the year 1776 Sir Alexander Macdonald was created a Baron in the Peerage of Ireland under the title of Lord Macdonald of Slate in the county of Antrim. There was no such place as Slate in Antrim and the family had no connection with Ireland. On his death in 1795 the First Lord Macdonald was succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son Alexander the Second Lord Macdonald who died in 1824. The Second Lord was succeeded by his brother Godfrey the Third Lord who held the title and the estates in Scotland from 1824 until his death in 1832. In 1813 Godfrey had, under the Will of his uncle Mr. Bosville, become tenant for life of his uncle's estates in the County of York which he possessed from that date until his death.

Upon his succession to the Peerage and to the

Scottish estates in 1824, Godfrey the Third Lord Macdonald caused the Memorial which had been prepared in 1807 to be brought down to date and to be submitted to Scottish Counsel for his opinion as to the legitimacy of the children born before the marriage in 1803. The Counsel selected was George Cranstoun who was at that time Dean of the Faculty of Advocates and who was soon afterwards appointed a Judge under the title of Lord Corehouse. Mr. Cranstoun on 18th August 1824 gave it as his opinion " from the statement given that the Memorialist was domiciled in England at the time of his marriage " and that the elder children were accordingly illegitimate. Without the slightest disrespect to so eminent a lawyer as Lord Corehouse I may say that after carefully reading the Statement of facts submitted to him, I do not believe that any Counsel would at the present day endorse his opinion. There has been a considerable development in the law as to domicile since the year 1824. While it would be inaccurate to say that there had been any change of legal principle introduced during the last eighty-five years, the numerous cases which have arisen for decision disclose an increasing tendency on the part of the Courts and the House of Lords to emphasise the fact that a change of domicile is a serious matter, and to insist upon very clear evidence before deciding that the domicile of origin has been abandoned and a new domicile acquired elsewhere. I need refer only to three cases as illustrating this tendency, viz. *Munro* v. *Munro* (1837), 16 S. 18, rev. 1 Rob. App. p. 492 ; *Huntley* v. *Gaskell* (1905), 8 F. (H.L.) 4 ; and *Winans* v. *Attorney General*, 1904, A.C. p. 287. It may be noticed that in the first-mentioned case which came before the Court of Session in 1837 Lord Corehouse concurred with the majority of the Judges in holding that Sir Hugo Munro

had abandoned his original Scottish domicile and had acquired a domicile in England, but this judgment was reversed by the House of Lords who held that the domicile of origin prevailed because there had been no intention to abandon it and the party had not *animo et facto* acquired a new domicile.

Mr. Cranstoun's opinion which, with great respect, I consider to have been erroneous, had far-reaching consequences. Though from first to last Godfrey, the Third Lord, made no difference between the elder and the younger members of his family and to all appearance treated them all as equally legitimate he could not fail to be impressed by the opinion of the eminent Counsel whom he had consulted. Further, it is, I think, clear that the opinion of Counsel was communicated to his sons and accepted by them as probably sound. Upon no other theory can I explain the fact that upon the death of the Third Lord in 1832 his eldest son Alexander and his second son Godfrey (who was born in 1809 after his parents' marriage) acted upon the assumption that the former was illegitimate.

Accordingly Alexander entered into possession of the Yorkshire estates in virtue of the Will of his grand-uncle Mr. Bosville, while the younger brother made up a title to the Scottish estates by service as nearest and lawful heir to his father the Third Lord. No doubt both brothers were also influenced by the fact that the Peerage could not according to Irish Law devolve upon Alexander who was born out of wedlock. It would certainly have been anomalous if a dignity which was intended to belong to the head of an ancient Highland family and clan had devolved upon a Yorkshire Squire who was only a Cadet of the family. Accordingly it is at least intelligible that the brothers should have acted as they did. The subsequent litigation which seems to

have been equally disastrous to both brothers was forced upon them by the creditors of the Fourth Lord Macdonald. I need not again refer to the compromise effected by the Private Act of 1847 except to point out that nothing was enacted in regard to the Nova Scotia Baronetcy. The Pursuer states that one of his objects in bringing this action is to vindicate his right to this Baronetcy.

Upon the whole matter I am of opinion that notwithstanding the great delay which has taken place in bringing the question to judgment the whole material circumstances have been disclosed to the Court, and I am further of opinion that the conduct of the Pursuer's grandfather in submitting to the stigma of illegitimacy has been satisfactorily explained. Upon the evidence I am satisfied that Godfrey Macdonald's domicile of origin was Scottish and that there is no reason to suppose that prior to the year 1803 he had acquired a domicile in England. On the contrary the evidence goes to support the legal presumption that he was at that date domiciled in Scotland. It follows that the Pursuer's grandfather Alexander was legitimated by the marriage of his parents in 1803, and that decree must be pronounced to that effect.

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